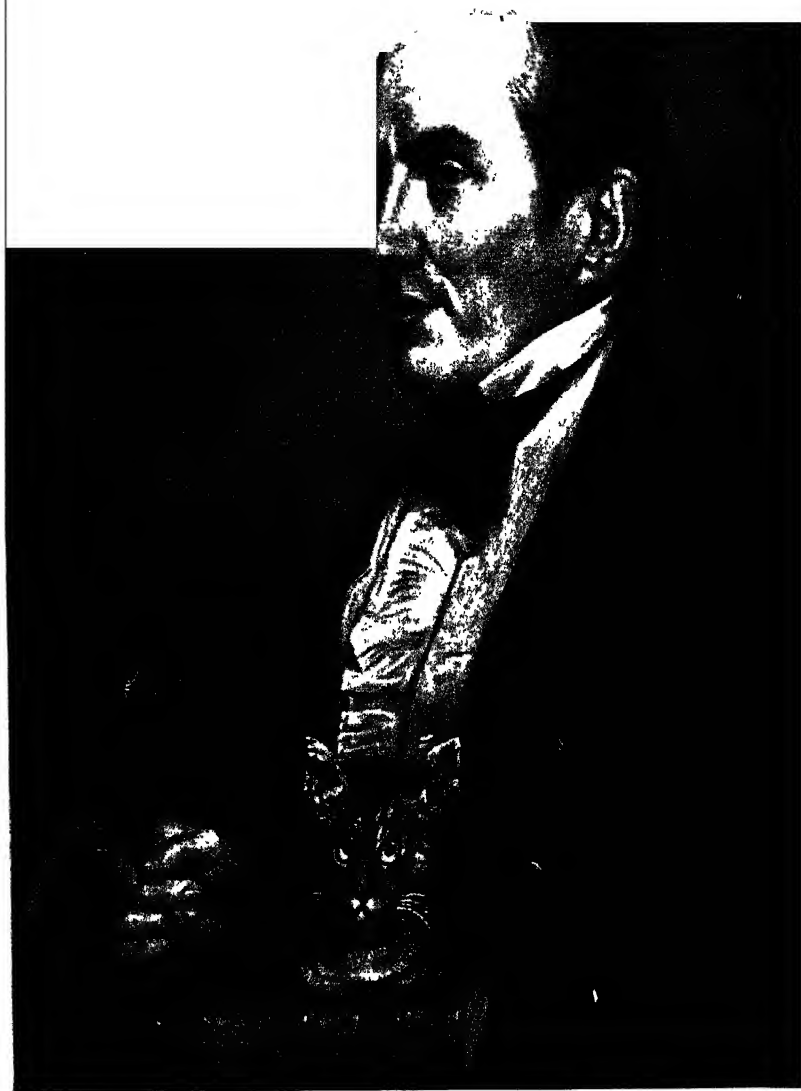


THE SQUIRE OF WALTON HALL

By the Same Author

PIRATES' WHO'S WHO
SIR JOHN HAWKINS
GATHERED TOGETHER (with HELEN GOSSE)
WORKS OF CAPT. CHARLES JOHNSON
MY PIRATE LIBRARY
REST BILLETS
HISTORY OF PIRACY
MEMOIRS OF A CAMP FOLLOWER
GO TO THE COUNTRY
TRAVELLER'S REST
ST. HELENA, 1502-1938



CHARLES WATERTON

from the painting by Charles Willson Peale, now in the National Portrait Gallery, London

THE SQUIRE OF WALTON HALL

THE LIFE OF CHARLES WATERTON

By
PHILIP GOSSE

*With one colour plate
and 7 half-tone illustrations*



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and Company Limited
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and Sydney

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Much useful information has been obtained from the *Dictionary of National Biography*, as well as from the following:

Waterton's own published writings.

Norman Moore's edition of Waterton's *Essays*.

J. G. Wood's edition of Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*.

J. G. Wood's *Out of Doors*.

Joseph Hatton's *Old Lamps for New*.

Miss Edith Sitwell's *English Eccentrics*.

Stonyhurst Centenary Record: 1894.

Stonyhurst Handbook.

Stonyhurst Magazine.

R. Hobson's *Charles Waterton: His Home, Habits, and Handiwork*.

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CHAPTER I
CHARLES WATERTON

“**W**HEN Mr. Waterton was seventy-seven years of age, I was witness to his scratching the back part of his head with the big toe of his right foot. He knew no fear; and in daring enterprise, or in what is vulgarly termed ‘pluck’, my friend signally excelled in comparison with the amount usually allotted to man.”

Of how few of us, on nearing the age of fourscore, could such as this be recorded?

The writer of these words was Dr. Hobson, Squire Waterton’s family physician and close friend for many years.

Hitherto no attempt has been made to give a full account of Charles Waterton’s truly remarkable life, and if the author succeeds in painting a portrait of the naturalist in true colours he will have the satisfaction of having resuscitated the memory of a once famous naturalist and popular writer who was a man of singularly saintly character and original disposition.

Certainly his biographer cannot plead ignorance of his subject’s forebears.

The Watertons of Walton Hall near Wakefield were an ancient Catholic and untitled Yorkshire family which traced its history back before the Norman Conquest. They claimed descent from the de Burghs who owned a deer park at Burgh in Cambridgeshire long before William of Normandy landed at Hastings in 1066. There were Watertons living at Waterton Hall in the Isle of Axholm in Lincolnshire in the twelfth century.

Charles Waterton might, and indeed did, boast of many distinguished ancestors, such as John de Waterton who, as Master of the King’s Horse, served at the battle of Agincourt, and of others who fought at Crécy and Marston Moor, or

Sir Robert Waterton who, as Governor of Pontefract, had charge of King Richard II—and is mentioned by name by Shakespeare. Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor to King Henry VIII, was another ancestor of whom he was very proud.

The twenty-seventh Lord of Walton gloried in his ancient lineage. He once said that if his ancestors had been as careful of their family records as Arabs are of the pedigrees of their horses, he might have been able to trace his descent back to Adam and Eve. As it was, he claimed amongst his more distinguished ancestors, Saint Matilda, Queen of Germany, Saint Margaret of Scotland, Saint Humbart of Savoy, Saint Louis of France, St. Ferdinand of Castile, Wladimir the Great, called Saint Wladimir of Russia, as well as St. Anne of Russia; truly a galaxy of saintly ancestors any Emperor might well be proud to claim.

Waterton's grandfather was sent a prisoner to York, before the battle of Culloden, because of his well-known sympathy for "poor Charley Stuart". On his release from York prison, the Squire of Walton Hall found that his horses had been sent to Wakefield, to be kept there at his own expense, though the magistrates generously allowed him to purchase a horse for his own riding, provided the price of it was under five pounds.

Even Charles's own father, as a Roman Catholic, paid double taxes for some years after he came to his estate.

Charles, too, stuck to his principles and always refused to take Sir Robert Peel's oath—"I do hereby disclaim, disavow and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment within this realm."

"I don't believe", declared Squire Waterton, "that Sir Robert cared one fig's end whether the soul of a Catholic went up, after death, to the King of Brightness, or descended to the King of Brimstone. . . . Still, take it or refuse it, the new dynasty may always make sure of my loyalty, even if any of our old line of kings are still in existence: for

"The illustrious house of Hanover
And Protestant succession,
To these I have allegiance sworn,
While they can keep possession."

A staunch Catholic family, the Watertons, like other English families which had remained loyal to the old faith, had for many generations suffered the rebuffs, indignities, and punishments which were the lot of all recusants.

"Up to the reign of Henry VIII", wrote Waterton, "things had gone swimmingly for the Watertons; and it does not appear that any of them had ever been in disgrace:

'Neque in his quisquam damnatus et exsul.'

But during the sway of that ferocious brute there was a sad reverse of fortune:

'Ex illo fluere, ac retro sublapsa referri,
Spes Danaum.'

'From thence the tide of fortune left our shore,
And ebbed much faster than it flowed before.'

"The cause of our disasters was briefly this: The King fell scandalously in love with a buxom lass and he wished to make her his lawful wife, notwithstanding that his most virtuous Queen was still alive. Having applied to the head of the Church for a divorce, his request was not complied with. Upon this refusal our royal goat became exceedingly mischievous: 'Audax omnia perpeti ruit per vetitum nefas.' Having caused himself to be made head of the Church, he suppressed all the monasteries, and squandered their revenues amongst gamblers, harlots, mountebanks, and apostates.

"The poor, by his villainies, were reduced to great misery, and they took to evil ways in order to keep body and soul together. During this merciless reign, 72,000 of them were hanged for thieving.

"In good Queen Mary's days, there was a short tide of flood in our favour; and Thomas Waterton of Walton Hall was High Sheriff of York. This was the last public commission held by our family. The succeeding reigns brought every species of reproach and indignity upon us. We were declared totally incapable of serving our country; we were held up to the scorn of a deluded multitude, as damnable idolaters, our only crime being a conscientious adherence to the creed of our ancestors, professed by England for nine

under Mr. Storey's care about the year 1792. Mr. Storey engaged a holy and benevolent priest, by name Robert Blacoe, to help him in the school. He was ill in health, having severely injured himself in his escape over the walls of Douai, at the commencement of the French Revolution.

"To this good priest succeeded another, the Reverend Joseph Shepherd. He was a very correct disciplinarian, and one morning, whilst he was treating me to the unwelcome application of a birch-rod, I flew at the calf of his leg, and made him remember the sharpness of my teeth. I wish I had them now; but no one has a right to lament the loss when he is fourscore years of age.

"In the days of Mr. Shepherd, priests always wore breeches and worsted stockings; so these were no defence against the teeth of an enraged boy, writhing under a correctional scourge.

"But now, let me enter into the minutiae of Tudhoe School. Mr. Storey had two wigs, one of which was of a flaxen colour, without powder, and had only one lower row of curls. The other had two rows, and was exceedingly well powdered. When he appeared in the schoolroom with this last wig on, I knew that I was safe from the birch, as he invariably went to Durham, and spent the day there.

"But when I saw that he had his flaxen wig on, my countenance fell.

"He was in the schoolroom all day and I was too often placed in a very uncomfortable position at nightfall. But sometimes I had to come in contact with the birch-rod for various frolics independent of school erudition. I once smarted severely for an act of kindness. We had a boy named Bryan Salvin, from Croxdale Hall. He was a dull, sluggish and unwieldy lad, quite incapable of climbing exertions. Being dissatisfied with the regulations of the establishment, he came to me one Palm Sunday, and entreated me to get into the schoolroom through the window, and write a letter of complaint to his sister Eliza in York.

"I did so, having insinuated myself with vast exertion through the iron stanchions which secured the window: 'sed

revocare gradum'. Whilst I was thrusting might and main through the stanchions, on my way out—suddenly, oh, horrible! the schoolroom door flew open, and on the threshold stood the Reverend Mr. Storey—a fiery, frightful, formidable spectre! To my horror and confusion, I drove my foot quite through a pane of glass, and there I stuck, impaled and imprisoned, but luckily not injured by the broken glass. Whilst I was there in unexpected captivity, he cried out, in an angry voice, 'So you are there, Master Charles, are you?' He got assistance, and they pulled me back by main force. But as it was Palm Sunday my execution was obligingly deferred until Monday morning.

"And thus I went on month after month, in sadness and in sunshine, in pleasure and in pain; the ordinary lot of adventurous schoolboys in their thorny path to the temple of erudition.

"Some time about the year '94 there came to Tudhoe four young grown-up men to study for the Church. These four young men all happened to be endowed with giant appetites, but oily Mrs. Atkinson, the housekeeper, thought that, now and then upon a pinch, they might struggle on with a short allowance. This was absolutely contrary to the law of nature; so, they seeing that I was a dashing and aspiring lad, it was arranged amongst us that I should cater for them surreptitiously, from time to time, under the cover of the night. Accordingly I stormed the larder, and filled my pockets full of bread and cheese, etc. My exertions were always successful, and my movements were never suspected, as I planned most cautiously during the day what I had to mature in the dead of night. In due time these four promising young men left Tudhoe, and were located at a place called Crook Hall, where they may be said to have been the foundations of the future college of Ushaw. I myself, too, consider that I have a right to claim a mite of merit, having contributed to the bodily support of those who laboured for Ushaw at its birth. Their task was that of giants in perpetual work, '*Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem*'.

"But let us return to Tudhoe.

"In my time it was a peaceful, healthy farming village, and abounded in local curiosities.

"Just on the king's highway, betwixt Durham and Bishop Auckland, and one field from the school, there stood a public-house called the 'White Horse', and kept by a man of the name of Charlton. He had a real gaunt English mastiff, half-starved for want of food, and so ferocious that nobody but himself dared to approach it. This publican had also a mare, surprising in her progeny; she had three foals, in three successive years, not one of which had the least appearance of a tail.

"One of Mr. Storey's powdered wigs was of so tempting an aspect, on the shelf where it was laid up in ordinary, that the cat actually kitted in it. I saw her and her little ones all together in the warm wig. He also kept a little white and black bitch, apparently of the King Charles's breed. One evening as we scholars were returning from a walk, Chloe started a hare, which we surrounded and captured, and carried in triumph to Mrs. Atkinson, who begged us a play-day for our success.

"On Easter Sunday Mr. Storey always treated us to Pasche eggs. They were boiled hard in a concoction of whin-flowers, which rendered them beautifully purple. We used them for warlike purposes, by holding them betwixt our forefinger and thumb with the sharp end upwards, and as little exposed as possible. An antagonist then approached, and with the sharp end of his own egg struck this egg. If he succeeded in cracking it, the vanquished egg was his; and he either sold it for a halfpenny in the market, or reserved it for his own eating. When all the sharp ends had been crushed, then the blunt ends entered into battle. Thus nearly every Pasche egg in the school had its career of combat. The possessor of a strong egg with a thick shell would sometimes vanquish a dozen of his opponents, all of which the conqueror ultimately transferred into his own stomach; when no more eggs with unbroken ends remained to carry on the war of Easter Week.

"The little black and white bitch once began to snarl, and then to bark at me, when I was on a roving expedition in

quest of hen's nests. I took up half a brick and knocked it head over heels. Mr. Storey was watching me at the time from one of the upper windows; but I had not seen him, until I heard the sound of his magisterial voice. He beckoned me to his room there and then, and whipped me soundly for my pains.

"Four of us scholars stayed at Tudhoe during the summer vacation when all the rest had gone home. Two of these had dispositions as malicious as those of two old apes. One fine summer morning they decoyed me into a field (I was just then from my mother's nursery) where there was a flock of geese. They assured me the geese had no right to be there, and it was necessary we should kill them, as they were trespassing on our master's grass. The scamps then furnished me with a hedge-stake. On approaching the flock, behold the gander came out to meet me; and whilst he was hissing defiance at us, I struck him on the neck, and killed him outright. My comrades immediately took to flight, and on reaching the house informed our master of what I had done. But when he heard my unvarnished account of the gander's death, he did not say one single unkind word to me, but scolded most severely the two boys who had led me into the scrape. The geese belonged to a farmer named John Hey, whose son Ralph used to provide me with bird's eggs. Ever after when I passed by his house, some of the children would point to me and say, 'Yaw killed aur guise'.

"At Bishop Auckland there lived a man by the name of Charles the Painter. He played extremely well on the Northumberland bagpipe, and his neighbour was a good performer on the flageolet.

"When we had pleased our master by continued good conduct he would send for these two musicians, who gave us a delightful evening concert in the general playroom, Mr. Storey himself supplying an extra treat of fruit, cakes and tea.

"Tudhoe had her own ghosts and spectres, just as the neighbouring villages had theirs.

"One was the Tudhoe mouse, well known and often seen in every house in the village; but I cannot affirm that I myself

ever saw it. It was an enormous mouse, of a dark brown colour, and did an immensity of mischief. No cat could face it; and as it wandered through the village, all the dogs would take off, frightened out of their wits, and howling as they ran away.

"Our master kept a large tom-cat in the house. A fine young man in the neighbouring village of Ferryhill had been severely bitten by a cat, and he died raving mad. On the day we got this information from Timothy Pickering, the carpenter at Tudhoe, I was on the prowl for adventures, and in passing through Mr. Storey's back-kitchen, his big black cat came up to me. Whilst I was tickling its bushy tail it turned round upon me, and gave me a severe bite in the calf of the leg. This I kept a profound secret, but I was quite sure I should go mad every day for many months afterwards.

"There was a blacksmith's shop leading down the village to Tudhoe Old Hall. Just opposite this shop was a pond, on the other side of the road. When any sudden death was to take place, or any sudden ill to befall the village, a large black horse used to emerge from it, and walk slowly up and down the village, carrying a rider without a head. The blacksmith's father, his father, himself, his three sons, and two daughters, had seen this midnight apparition rise out of the pond, and return to it before the break of day.

"John Hickson and Neddy Hunt, two hangers-on at the blacksmith's shop, had seen this phantom more than once, but they never durst approach it. Indeed, every man and woman and child believed in this centaur-spectre, and I am not quite sure if our old master himself did not partly believe that such a thing had occasionally been seen on very dark nights.

"Young Timothy Pickering, the respectable carpenter of the village (he who had married Miss Ord, the papermaker's daughter), had a cat of surpassing beauty. I once made some verses on this cat, and as Mr. Meynell, the lay Tutor, fancied I had alluded to himself, he whipped me without any kind of trial. . . ."

Charles had not been very long at Tudhoe before there

arrived one who was to become a close friend of his for several years. This was "Old Joe Bowren," of vast bodily bulk, who came to Tudhoe School from Sir John Lawson's at Brough Hall.

"We soon became hand in glove.

"He performed the duties of butcher, pig-server, scrub, and brewer, and ultimately migrated to Stonyhurst, where he exercised his vocation with great zeal and success, and there we renewed our valuable acquaintance.

"We had a Scottish boy with two thumbs on one hand.

"Lady Livingstone frequently came to see her two boys, David and Francis.

"Once she brought with her an East Indian officer, who was generally called Tiger Duff. You shall hear why.

"One afternoon when a party of officers were walking alongside of a jungle, a Bengal tiger sprang at the Colonel, knocked him down, and tore his mouth to the ear. They all ran away, leaving the poor Colonel to his fate. He recovered his senses while the tiger was standing over him. Drawing his dagger with great caution, he drove it quite through the animal's heart, and thus he saved his own life. Seeing me stare at his face, he most kindly allowed me to examine the scar.

"Mr. Storey kept one bay mare, admirably calculated to convey him backward and forward to the City of Durham on business, and occasionally to Bishop Auckland.

"He was very frugal in his establishment, apart from the school, saving all he could spare to comfort the poor.

"We had a smart and handsome dancing-master, named Forsett, and so active that he sprang up and down like a parched pea on a sounding-board. The first dance that he taught us was one to the tune of 'The Lass of Richmond Hill'.

"The name of our drawing-master in my time was Pether—a fair artist enough in his way.

"We were taught military exercises by Serjeant Newton of Durham. He was a magnificent soldier, every inch of him; possessing brain, spirit, and tact enough to command a regiment on a field of battle.

"My first adventure on the water made a lasting impression, on account of the catastrophe which attended it.

"There was a large horse-pond, separated by a hedge from the field which was allotted to the scholars for recreation-ground. An oblong tub, used for holding dough before it was baked, had just been placed by the side of the pond. I thought I should like to have an excursion on the deep; so taking a couple of stakes out of the hedge, to serve as oars, I got into the tub and pushed off—

‘*Ripae ulterioris amore*’.

I had got above half-way over, when, behold, the master and the late Sir John Lawson of Brough Hall suddenly rounded a corner and hove in sight. Terrified at their appearance, I first lost a stake, and then my balance: this caused the tub to roll like a man-of-war in a calm. Down I went to the bottom, and rose again covered with mud and dirt. ‘*Terribili squalore Charon.*’

"My good old master looked grave, and I read my destiny in his countenance: but Sir John said that it was a brave adventure, and he saved me from being brought to a court-martial for disobedience of orders, and for having lost my vessel.

"But it is time to cease on school affairs; fully aware that too much pudding chokes a dog.

"Let us visit the surrounding country.

"Tudhoe has no river, a misfortune ‘*Valde deflendus*’. In other respects the vicinity was charming; and it afforded an ample supply of woods and hedgerow trees to ensure a sufficient supply of carrion-crows, jackdaws, jays, magpies, brown owls, kestrels, merlins and sparrow-hawks, for the benefit of natural history and my own instruction and amusement. . . .

"Here I close my desultory reminiscences of Tudhoe and its neighbourhood, penned down hastily at the request of my dear cousin, George Waterton, now a student of divinity at Ushaw College."

There is one other anecdote of his Tudhoe days which

deserves preservation, as it is typical of Charles Waterton's kindness and generosity.

One day as he was walking up a lane he met an old woman, who asked him for charity. Unfortunately he had just spent his last pocket-money, and had not a single halfpenny left. The only thing that he could give the poor old woman was a fine darning-needle, which he kept in the hem of his jacket, and which was of the greatest value to him in blowing eggs.

Years afterwards, towards the end of a long life full of quiet acts of kindness, he once mentioned this gift of the darning-needle as the most meritorious act of charity he had ever done.

But the days of sunshine and cloud, of happy hours bird's-nesting alternating with whippings, were about to draw to a close, though not before he had made a representative collection of birds' eggs.

In 1796, when Charles was fourteen years old, his father decided to send him to a bigger and more advanced school than the one at Tudhoe.

The boy was not sorry to leave, for although he had been happy there on the whole, good Father Storey believed that the study of natural history in a boy was a weakness which should be eradicated by stern measures, though they proved sadly to fail in the case of little Charles, who later in life wrote:

"It was judged necessary by the master of the school to repress this inordinate relish for ornithological architecture, which, in his estimation, could be productive of no good. Accordingly the birch-rod was brought to bear upon me when occasion offered; but the warm application of it, in lieu of effacing my ruling passion, did but tend to render it more distinct and clear. Thus are bright colours in crockery-ware made permanent by the action of fire: thus is dough turned into crust by submitting it to the oven's heat."

CHAPTER II

STONYHURST

AFTER returning home from Tudhoe School, Charles spent several happy months wandering about the park at Walton Hall, where he was free to climb trees to his heart's content, steal eggs from nests, and watch the habits of birds, both land birds and the water birds which made their home on the fifty-acre lake surrounding the house.

Soon after his return it was by the merest chance that he did not meet with a fatal accident. About one o'clock one morning, when Monsieur Raquedel, the family chaplain, was lying awake, he thought he heard a strange noise in the bedroom next to his. He got up to see what it was, and on opening the door of Charles's bedroom discovered the boy in the very act of lifting up the sash of the window, and he was only just in time to leap forward and save him from falling out of a window three stories high. The lad was fast asleep, and as soon as the priest caught hold of him he gave a loud shriek.

On being questioned afterwards, Charles explained that he was dreaming he was on his way to a neighbouring wood, in which he knew of a crow's nest. Even in his sleep his mind ran continually on his favourite pursuit.

The new school chosen by Thomas for his eldest son and heir was Stonyhurst College, a few miles from Clitheroe in Lancashire. Not only was it the principal Roman Catholic school in the country, but his father had himself been educated at the famous Jesuit college when it was at Liège.

The school had already a long and distinguished, if chequered, history.

Founded in 1592 as a school for English boys at St. Omer

by Father Robert Parsons, it remained there until 1762, when, owing to the hostility of the Parliament of Paris to the Society of Jesus, the school was moved to Bruges, where it remained until 1773.

That year the Society was suppressed, and the Austrian Government was very glad to carry out the Papal Brief with severity.

The school then fled to Liège, where the English Jesuits had a house of Theology.

During the period of the Suppression (1773-1814) these English priests, no longer Jesuits, lived in community together at Liège under the protection of the Prince-Bishop of Liège and other friends. They remained there, conducting the school, until 1794 when the French Revolutionary armies marched on Liège, and once more they migrated.

This final migration to England must have been a picturesque pilgrimage.

The boys and masters travelled down the Meuse in boats to Rotterdam. On August 10, 1794, the party embarked on board the *John of Yarmouth* and put to sea bound for Hull. On their way they touched at Harwich and at Yarmouth, and eventually arrived safely at Hull, where they were civilly received by the Governor, Sir John Swinborne. Orders were waiting them to proceed to Stonyhurst, and barges were hired to convey the party up the Ouse to Selby, a voyage which the windings of the river extended to fifty miles.

When the party, consisting of priests and boys in the school uniform, landed at Selby, they were quickly surrounded by a gaping crowd of the inhabitants, who mistook them for Frenchmen, and the majority thought they deserved all they got for having killed the King!

The party then set out to walk to Leeds, which they reached on August 25. There they again travelled by canal boats to Skipton, twenty-three miles from Stonyhurst, and then started to walk the eighteen miles to Clitheroe.

By the time they reached Clitheroe they were worn out with fatigue, and the boys sat on the doorsteps of the houses, too

tired to mind the stares and comments of the inhabitants, who in the end took pity on them and gave them milk and buns.

They still had five more miles to trudge, and it was a dozen tired-out boys who at last saw before them the fine mansion which was to become the famous public school of Stonyhurst.

Tired as they were, there was a final race to see which could claim the honour of being the first Stonyhurst boy, and one, Brooke, outran the others and politely rang the front-door bell, but before the door was opened another boy, George Lambert Clifford, climbed in by a window and so was able to claim the honour.

To celebrate the historical occasion, the *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving for their safe and happy arrival, and from that day, August 29, 1794, dates the commencement of Stonyhurst College.

This magnificent new home for the wanderers was the generous gift of Thomas Weld of Lulworth Castle, who had himself been educated by the Jesuits at Bruges.

Thomas Weld did everything on the grand scale. He was a wealthy man but was said to have given away half his income to charity.

He had fifteen children and was a friend of King George III, who used to visit him at Lulworth when staying at Weymouth. On these occasions the Squire of Lulworth would receive His Majesty with all his fifteen children ranged on the stone terrace before the castle, singing "God Save the King".

This was the man who presented the palatial mansion and estate of one hundred acres to the English Jesuits who had educated him and were now homeless and in distress.

Charles was fourteen years of age when he arrived at Stonyhurst, then in its second year as an English school. The five years he spent at the Jesuit college were very happy ones.

The wise Fathers, instead of acting on the theory of Dr. Storey, that a boy's love of natural history should be rigorously suppressed, encouraged him to pursue his favourite hobby.

For the whole of his long life Charles Waterton retained happy recollections of his Stonyhurst days.

"My master was Father Clifford, a first cousin of the noble Lord of that name. He had left the world, and all its alluring follies, that he might serve Almighty God more perfectly, and work his way with more security up to the regions of eternal bliss. After educating those entrusted to his charge with a care and affection truly paternal, he burst a blood-vessel, and retired to Palermo for the benefit of a warmer climate. There he died the death of the just, in the habit of St. Ignatius.

"One day, when I was in the class of poetry, and which was about two years before I left the college for good and all, he called me up to his room. 'Charles,' said he to me, in a tone of voice perfectly irresistible, 'I have long been studying your disposition, and I clearly foresee that nothing will keep you at home. You will journey into far distant countries, where you will be exposed to many dangers. There is only one way for you to escape them. Promise me that, from this day forward, you will never put your lips to wine, or to spirituous liquors.' 'The sacrifice is nothing,' added he, 'but, in the end, will prove of incalculable advantage to you.' I agreed to his enlightened proposal; and from that hour to this, which is about nine-and-thirty years, I have never swallowed one glass of any kind of wine or of ardent spirits.

"At Stonyhurst there are boundaries marked out to the students which they are not allowed to pass; and there are prefects always pacing to and fro within the lines to prevent any unlucky boy from straying on the other side of them.

"Notwithstanding the vigilance of these lynx-eyed guardians, I could now and then manage to escape, and would bolt into a very extensive labyrinth of yew and holly trees close at hand.

"It was the chosen place of animated nature.

"Birds in particular used to frequent the spacious enclosure, both to obtain food and to enjoy security. Many a time have I hunted the fowmart and the squirrel. I once took a cut through it to a neighbouring wood, where I knew of a carrion-crow's nest. The prefect missed me; and, judging that I had

gone into the labyrinth, he gave chase without loss of time. After eluding him in cover for nearly half an hour, being hard pressed, I took away down a hedgerow. Here (as I learned afterwards) he got a distant sight of me; but it was not sufficiently distinct for him to know to a certainty that I was the fugitive.

"I luckily succeeded in reaching the outbuildings, which abutted on the college and lay at a considerable distance from the place where I had first started. I had just time to enter the postern-gate of a pig-sty, where, most opportunely, I found old Joe Bowren, the brewer, bringing straw into the sty. He was more attached to me than to any other boy, for I had known him when I was at school at Tudhoe, and had made him a present of a very fine terrier.

"'I've just saved myself, Joe,' said I; 'cover me up with litter.' He had barely complied with my request, when in bounced the prefect by the same gate through which I had entered.

"'Have you seen Charles Waterton?' said he, quite out of breath. My trusty guardian answered, in a tone of voice which would have deceived anybody, 'Sir, I have not spoken a word to Charles Waterton these three days, to the best of my knowledge.'

"Upon this the prefect, having lost all scent of me, gave up the pursuit, and went his way.

"When he had disappeared, I stole out of cover, as strongly perfumed as was old Falstaff when they had turned him out of the buck-basket.

"Once I had gone into the labyrinth to look into a magpie's nest, which was in a high hollow tree; and hearing the sound of voices near, I managed to get a resting-place in the tree just over the nest, and there I squatted, waiting the event.

"Immediately, the President, two other Jesuits, and the present Mr. Salvin of Croxdale Hall, passed close under the tree without perceiving me.

"The good Fathers were aware of my predominant propensity. Though it was innocent in itself, nevertheless it was productive of harm in its consequences, by causing me to

break the college rules and thus to give bad example to the community at large.

"Wherefore, with a magnanimity and excellent exercise of judgement, which are only the province of those who have acquired a consummate knowledge of human nature, and who know how to turn to advantage the extraordinary dispositions of those entrusted to their care, they sagaciously managed matters in such a way as to enable me to ride my hobby to a certain extent, and still, at the same time, to prevent me from giving a bad example. As the establishment was very large, and as it contained an abundance of prog, the Hanoverian rat, which fattens so well on English food, and which always contrives to thrust its nose into every man's house where there is anything to be got, swarmed throughout the vast extent of this antiquated mansion. The abilities which I showed in curtailing the career of this voracious intruder did not fail to bring me into considerable notice. The cook, the baker, the gardener, and my friend Old Bowren, could all bear testimony to my progress in this line.

"By a mutual understanding, I was considered rat-catcher to the establishment, and also fox-taker, founmart-killer, and crossbow-charger at the time when the young rooks were fledged. Moreover, I fulfilled the duties of organ-blower and football-maker with entire satisfaction to the public.

"I was now at the height of my ambition.

—'Poteras jam, Cadme, Videri
. . . felix.'

"I followed up my calling with great success. The vermin disappeared by the dozen; the books were moderately well-thumbed; and, according to my notion of things, all went on perfectly right.

"When I had finished my rhetoric, it was my father's wish that I should return home. The day I left the Jesuits' college was one of heartfelt sorrow to me. Under Almighty God and my parents, I owe everything to the Fathers of the Order of St. Ignatius.

"Their attention to my welfare was unceasing, while their solicitude for my advancement in virtue and in literature seemed to know no bounds.

"The permission which they granted me to work in my favourite vocation, when it did not interfere with the important duties of education, enabled me to commence a career which, in after times, afforded me a world of pleasure in the far distant regions of Brazil and Guiana.

"To the last year of my life I shall acknowledge, with feelings of sincerest gratitude, the many acts of paternal kindness which I so often received at the hand of the learned and generous Fathers of Stonyhurst College, *Praesidium et dulce decus meum.*"

In the days when Waterton was at Stonyhurst the boys wore a school uniform, consisting of a blue swallow-tail coat, with gold buttons, a check waistcoat and leather breeches. The head-dress was a cap made out of the pelt of a founmart or polecat.

For the rest of his life Charles Waterton always wore a similar blue tail-coat with gold buttons and a check waistcoat, and never would don a black coat nor follow the fashion in dress of polite society.

This inflexible rule was later on to deny him the coveted honour of an audience with the Pope, when he declined rather than don the conventional and correct evening dress which was always worn on such occasions.

Stonyhurst College was in Waterton's time, as is the case to-day, surrounded by tall trees, up which Charles might climb to his heart's content. But his climbing was not limited to trees.

On one memorable occasion—and the event has become legendary and the place still pointed out—Charles hankered after a jackdaw's nest high up in the clock tower. To reach the nest he proceeded to climb up the perpendicular face of the college building, and when he was about three-quarters of the way up, who should happen to pass beneath but the Rector, who, on looking up and seeing the perilous position

of young Waterton, ordered him immediately to come down. The boy begged to be allowed to go a little higher, since he was already almost within reach of the prize. But the Rector was insistent, and so the reluctant boy clambered slowly down to the ground. That same night, so the legend recounts, a loud crash was heard, and the very stone parapet by which Charles Waterton had been about to pull himself up fell headlong to the ground.

After leaving Stonyhurst, "safe retreat of health and peace", Charles returned home to join his family and spent a happy year there, "*Gaudens equis canibusque at aprici gramine campi.*"

Of his father he wrote:

"He had been a noted hunter in his early days; and as he still loved in his heart to hear the mellow tones of the foxhound, he introduced me to Lord Darlington, whose elegant seat on horseback and cool intrepidity in charging fences made him the admiration of his surrounding company."

CHAPTER III

MALAGA

I

FOR one year Charles lived at home with his parents, brothers and sisters, occupying himself on the farm and studying wild nature, and of course climbing most of the trees in the park. He became an accomplished horseman and a regular follower with Lord Darlington's pack, and soon was looked upon as the best rider after the master himself.

One happy result was brought about by his skill and daring on the hunting-field.

For more than a generation a coolness had existed between the Watertons and a neighbouring family.

One day when out with the hounds, the head of this family saw young Waterton jump a high hedge down into a small quarry which was on the other side.

"Zounds, Mr. Waterton!" shouted the baronet, amazed, and forgetting that they were not on speaking terms. "What a jump!"

After that they talked, rode home together, and the family feud came to an end.

Happy though he was at home, Charles began to be restless and to develop a longing to visit other countries. On speaking of this to his parents he found that both of them were willing and indeed anxious that he should see something of the world. In any case, the English Universities were still closed to Catholics, and so, as the short Peace of Amiens (1802) had made travel on the Continent possible, it was agreed that he should go to Spain.

"Two of my maternal uncles," Waterton afterwards wrote,

“who had received brilliant educations, and were endowed with great parts, but who were not considered worthy to serve their country in any genteel or confidential capacity, unless they would apostatize from the faith of their ancestors, had deemed it prudent to leave their native land and retire to foreign climes. A Portuguese gentleman named Martinez, who in his travels through England had received great hospitality from Sir Henry Bedingfeld of Oxburgh, in Norfolk, invited the wanderers to Malaga, where they finally settled, and became naturalized Spaniards.

“I sailed from Hull in the month of November, with my younger brother (poor fellow! he died afterwards in Pau-maron of the yellow fever), in the brig *Industry*, bound for Cadiz.

“The wind becoming adverse, we put into Margate Roads, and lay there for nine days. A breeze having sprung up from the northward, we went to sea again, in company with a Scotch brig which was going to Vigo, and we were within gun-shot of each other the next morning at daybreak.

“On the preceding night I had heard one of our own crew tell his comrade, that when he was ashore at Margate a sailor from the Scotch brig had told him that their mate was in a conspiracy to murder the captain, and to run away with the vessel.

“I questioned our tar very particularly the following day, as the brig was not far off; and finding his account quite consistent, I went down into the cabin, and committed it to paper. Having enclosed it in a bottle, we ran alongside of the brig for Vigo, and hailed the captain. I then threw the bottle on the quarter-deck.

“The captain immediately took it up, and carried it below. He returned to the deck in a short time, and made us a very low bow; which, no doubt, was the safest way to express his gratitude for the favour which we had done to him.

“We parted company in a gale of wind at nightfall, and I could never learn anything of the brig, or of the fate of her commander.

"On our arrival at Cadiz, we found the town illuminated, and there were bull-fights in honour of royal nuptials.

"We accompanied Consul Duff to the amphitheatre. He was dressed in a brilliant scarlet uniform, and though he had cautioned us not to lose sight of him as soon as the entertainment should be finished, still my eyes wandered upon a thousand objects, and I most unfortunately missed him just as we were departing from the amphitheatre.

"As there were hundreds of Spaniards in scarlet cloaks, it was probably on this account that the Consul had been particular in requesting us to keep him always in view. I walked up and down Cadiz till nearly midnight, without being able to speak one word of Spanish, and trying in vain to find the British Consul's house.

"At last, in utter despair, I resolved to stand still, and to endeavour to make out some passing Frenchman or some American, by the light of the moon, which shone brilliantly upon the white houses on each side of the street. The first person whom I accosted luckily turned out to be a French gentleman. I told him I was a stranger, and that I was benighted, and had lost my way. He most kindly took me to the Consul's house, which was a long way off.

"After staying a fortnight in Cadiz, we sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, for Malaga in Andalusia, a province famous for its wine, its pomegranates, its oranges, and its melons.

"My uncles had a pleasant country-house at the foot of the adjacent mountains, and many were the days of rural amusement which I had passed at it.

"The red-legged partridges abounded in the environs, and the vultures were remarkably large; whilst goldfinches appeared to be much more common than sparrows in England. During the spring, the quails and bee-eaters arrived in vast numbers from the opposite coast of Africa.

"Once when I was rambling on the seashore, a flock of a dozen red flamingoes passed nearly within gun-shot of me."

At his uncles' house he made friends with an Englishman who invited Charles to accompany him by land to Cadiz, taking Gibraltar on their way. Charles was very anxious to see the famous apes which live wild on the rock, and he was delighted when he was shown a party of between fifty and sixty of these animals.

They then went on to Algeciras, where they saw the English man-of-war *Hannibal*, seventy-four, piled up on the rocks. While they stood looking at her, Colonel Lyon of St. Roque, an Irishman, came up and introduced himself, and gave them an account of the disaster.

"This brave old Irish gentleman, aware that there would be no promotion for him in his own country, on account of his adherence to the ancient creed, had left it with many others in early life, and entered the Spanish brigade.

'Interque moerentes amicos,
Egregius properarat exul.'

"He told us he was standing in the fort of St. Roque just at the time that the *Hannibal* ran aground and was forced to strike her colours to the guns of Algeciras. At that moment, unconquerable love of his deserted country took possession of his soul. He threw down a telescope, which he held in his hand, and burst into a flood of tears. After he had told us this, he added, that whilst Sir James Saumarez was hotly engaged with the forts, his son, a boy of only eleven years old, stole away from St. Roque, and ran round the bay to Algeciras. There he mounted the battery against which Sir James was directing his heaviest shot; and he helped to serve the guns till all was over. 'On the boy's safe return home,' said the Colonel, 'though I admired his bravery, I was obliged to whip him for his rashness in having exposed himself to almost inevitable death.'

"I thought I could perceive a mark in the Colonel's face, as he said this, which led me to understand that there was something more than paternal anxiety for the boy's welfare which had caused him to apply the rod; and when I called to mind the affair of the telescope, I concluded that, had a French

squadron, in lieu of an English one, been bombarding Algeciras, young Lyon would have escaped even without a reprimand.

"More than a year of my life had now passed away in Malaga and its vicinity, without misfortune, without care, and without annoyance of any kind.

"The climate was delicious; and I felt regret in making preparations to leave this old Moorish town on a trip to Malta. But the Spanish proverb informs us, that man proposes, and God disposes: 'El hombre pone, y Dios dispone.' Many a bright and glorious morning ends in a gloomy setting sun."

Miss Edith Sitwell proved herself to be an admirer of Waterton—the writer as well as the man—when she wrote in her charming essay on him in *The English Eccentrics*:

"Who but Mr. Waterton could have survived the Black Vomit, in the Plague of Malaga, of which he gives an account, which to me at least is more terrible than Defoe's history of the Plague of London. I give it in its entirety, for it shows that Charles Waterton was, at his best, a great writer."

And I, for the same reason, give his story here in full.

"There began to be reports spread up and down the city that the black vomit had made its appearance; and every succeeding day brought testimony that things were not as they ought to be.

"I myself, in an alley near my uncle's house, saw a mattress of most suspicious appearance being hung out to dry.

"A Maltese captain, who had dined with us in good health at one o'clock, lay dead in his cabin before sunrise next morning. A few days after this I was seized with vomiting and fever during the night. I had the most dreadful spasms, and it was supposed that I could not last out till noon the next day. However, strength of constitution got me through it. In three weeks more, multitudes were seen to leave the city, which shortly after was declared to be in a state of pestilence. Some affirmed that the disorder had come from the Levant;

others said that it had been imported from the Havanna; but I think it probable that nobody could tell in what quarter it had originated.

"We had now all retired to the country-house—my eldest uncle returning to Malaga from time to time, according as the pressure of business demanded his presence in the city. He left us one Sunday evening, and said he would be back again some time on Monday; but that was my poor uncle's last day's ride.

"On arriving at his house in Malaga, there was a messenger waiting to inform him that Father Bustamante had fallen sick, and wished to see him.

"Father Bustamante was an aged priest, who had been particularly kind to my uncle on his first arrival in Malaga.

"My uncle went immediately to Father Bustamante, gave him every consolation in his power, and then returned to his own house very unwell, there to die a martyr to his charity. Father Bustamante breathed his last before daylight; my uncle took to his bed, and never rose more. As soon as we had received information of his sickness, I immediately set out on foot for the city. His friend Mr. Power, now of Gibraltar, was already in his room, doing everything that friendship could suggest or prudence dictate.

"My uncle's athletic constitution bore up against the disease much longer than we thought it possible. He struggled with it for five days, and sank at last about the hour of sunset.

"He stood six feet four inches high; and was of so kind and generous a disposition that he was beloved by all who knew him. Many a Spanish tear flowed when it was known that he had ceased to be. We got him a coffin made, in which he was conveyed at midnight to the outskirts of the town, there to be put into one of the pits which the galley-slaves had dug during the day for the reception of the dead.

"But they could not spare room for the coffin; so the body was taken out of it, and thrown upon the heap which already occupied the pit.

"A Spanish marquis lay just below him.

'Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an pauper, et infirmâ
De gente.'

"Thousands died as though they had been seized with cholera, others with black vomit, and others of decided yellow fever. There were a few instances of some who departed this life with very little pain or bad symptoms: they felt unwell, they went to bed, they had an idea that they would not get better, and they expired in a kind of slumber. It was sad in the extreme to see the bodies placed in the streets at the close of day, to be ready for the dead-carts as they passed along.

'Plurima perque vias, sternuntur inertia
passim Corpora.'

"The dogs howled fearfully during the night. All was gloom and horror in every street: and you might see the vultures on the strand tugging at the bodies which were washed ashore by the eastern wind. It was always said that 50,000 people left the city at the commencement of the pestilence; and that 14,000 of those who remained in it fell victims to the disease.

"There was an intrigue going on at court, for the interest of certain powerful people, to keep the port of Malaga closed long after the city had been declared free from the disorder; so that none of the vessels in the mole could obtain permission to depart for their destination.

"In the meantime the city was shaken with earthquakes; shock succeeding shock, till we all imagined that a catastrophe awaited us similar to that which had taken place at Lisbon.

"The pestilence killed you by degrees; and its approaches were sufficiently slow, in general, to enable you to submit to it with firmness and resignation.

"But the idea of being swallowed up alive by the yawning earth at a moment's notice made you sick at heart, and rendered you almost fearful of your own shadow. The first shock took place at six in the evening, with a noise as though a thousand

carriages had dashed against each other. This terrified many people to such a degree, that they paced all night up and down the Alameda, or public walk, rather than retire to their homes. I went to bed a little after midnight, but was aroused by another shock about five o'clock in the morning. It gave the bed a motion which made me fancy that it moved under me from side to side. I sprang up, and having put on my unmentionables (we wore no trousers in those days), I ran out in all haste to the Alameda. There the scene was most distressing: multitudes of both sexes, some nearly in a state of nudity, and others sick at stomach, were huddled together, not knowing which way to turn or what to do.

‘—Omnes eodem cogimur.’

However, it pleased Heaven, in its mercy, to spare us. The succeeding shocks became weaker and weaker, till at last we felt no more of them.

“I now began to think it high time to fly.

“I was acquainted with a Swedish captain, by name Bolin; a most excellent man, and of surprising intrepidity and coolness. His brig having been long laden with fruit for London, he was anxious to depart, and he formed a plan to escape from the harbour. There was no getting a regular clearance at the custom-house; neither would the Swedish Consul afford any assistance; so we went to our own Consul, Mr. Laird, with whom I was very intimate, requesting him to give me a certificate to signify that there had not been any sickness in the city for a long time: indeed, it was now in a remarkably healthy state.

“The Consul complied with my request. As he put the certificate into my hand, ‘My young friend,’ said he, in a very feeling tone, ‘I shall either have to see you sunk by a cannon from the fort, or hear of your being sent prisoner for life to the fortress of Ceuta, on the coast of Africa.’

“I now endeavoured to persuade my remaining uncle to try his fortune with me; but my entreaties were of no avail. He fell an early victim to the fever, which returned with increased virulence the following spring. A letter which I received from my worthy friend, Mr. Dillon of Alhaurin,

some twenty miles from Malaga, informed me that it swept away 36,000 souls.

"Our captain had taken the precaution to make out false papers, in case of need, on account of the war between Great Britain and France.

"My brother was entered as a passenger, myself as a Swedish carpenter. We slept on board for many successive nights, in hopes of a fair wind to carry us through the Straits. At last a real east wind did come, and it blew with great violence.

"The captain, whose foresight and precautions were truly admirable, had given the strictest orders to the crew that not a word should be spoken whilst we were preparing to escape. We lay in close tier amongst forty sail of merchantmen. The harbour-master, having come his usual rounds, and found all right, passed on without making any observations. At one o'clock, post meridian, just as the Governor had gone to the eastward to take an airing in his carriage, as was his custom every day, and the boats of two Spanish brigs of war at anchor in the harbour had landed their officers for the afternoon's amusements, our vessel worked out clear of the rest, and instantly became a cloud of canvas.

"The captain's countenance, which was very manly, exhibited a portrait of cool intrepidity rarely seen: had I possessed the power, I would have made him an admiral on the spot. The vessel drove through the surge with such a press of sail that I expected every moment to see her top-masts carried away. Long before the brigs of war had got their officers on board, and had weighed in chase of us, we were far at sea; and when night had set in, we lost sight of them for ever—our vessel passing Gibraltar at the rate of nearly eleven knots an hour.

"The wind headed us the following night. After thirty days of cold and stormy weather, we ran the risk of following a fishing-boat, for want of a pilot, and anchored off Brownsea Castle, near Poole, in Dorsetshire—an adverse wind not permitting us to proceed up Channel.

"Here we sent our papers and Consul Laird's certificate up to London. Contrary to my expectations, we received permission, in due time, to proceed up the Thames. I had often told Captain Bolin, during the voyage, that we should be sent back to the Mediterranean for a regular bill of health; but he thought otherwise, and he was right."

II

The voyage home from Malaga had been far from pleasant for Waterton. He had not fully recovered from the effects of the pestilence, and having none but thin clothes he suffered from the bitter weather and caught a severe cold which affected his lungs; so that when he got back to Walton Hall he was for several weeks under the care of the "celebrated Dr. Hay" of Leeds. In due time he regained his health and strength and was able, once again, to hunt with Lord Darlington's pack.

But he found the cold, bleak climate of Yorkshire too much for him, and soon began to pine for warmth and sunshine. This susceptibility to cold was to affect Charles for the rest of his life, although, as he was soon to discover, the hottest of climates caused him no inconvenience whatever.

When he returned from Malaga, he brought back as gifts several curios. One was a superbly mounted Spanish gun, the other a beautiful ivory crucifix, both presents to his uncle from the Duchess of Alva. The crucifix he presented to his mother.

Throughout his life Charles Waterton was given to credulity—except in the case of certain of his fellow-naturalists; and so it was in the nature of things for him to believe that the Spanish gun was the identical one which the famous Duke of Alva had with him in the Low Countries, and that the ivory crucifix had been stolen by a French General from Rome in 1796.

This same charming credulity assured him that the clock which always stood upon his desk had belonged to his ancestor Sir Thomas More.

Although he had promised Father Clifford at Stonyhurst never to drink wine or spirits, until Charles left Malaga he had been in the habit of drinking a little beer with his dinner, but on his return he found the taste of English beer so bitter after the milder and more palatable Spanish beer that he could not swallow it, and never again drank one drop of fermented liquor.

After spending the winter and the following summer at Walton Hall, hunting, studying wild life, and helping his father with the estate, Charles proposed to his parents that he should go, for a while at least, to some warmer climate.

One of his paternal uncles, Christopher, owned estates in Demerara in South America, where his father had recently purchased a neighbouring property, and Charles suggested that he be allowed to go out and superintend them, since there was no chance of travelling in Europe on account of the war, which had every appearance of becoming general.

The family connection with Demerara originated in a romantic episode.

One of his father's sisters, Anne, a remarkably handsome woman, walking one day along a street in Wakefield, was observed by a gentleman of the name of Michael Daly, home from Demerara. At first sight, Mr. Daly fell hopelessly in love with her.

In due time they were married, although the Waterton family was at first very adverse to the match, and the bride and bridegroom sailed for Demerara to live on the Daly estate at Bellevue.

Later, one of her brothers, Christopher, decided that he too should go out there and settle as a planter, since most professions were still closed to Catholics in England.

As soon as all arrangements had been made for the journey, Charles departed for the new world, and in the autumn of 1804 he set out from home for York, to take his seat in the London coach. On the way they met Lord Darlington with his hounds, just about to throw off, who asked Charles where he was going. "To South America," was the answer; to which the fox-hunter replied, "That is no place for a young

man like you, you had far better get down and come with us, we shall have a splendid season." "No, my lord," called back Charles from the top of the coach, "I'll go to South America," though not without a last longing look at the hounds as they disappeared from view.

But although he was sorry to leave them behind, he never in after-life regretted his decision to become a naturalist rather than a hunting-man. The hunting-field, he felt, though delightful, was too much of a playground for a man to spend his life in, while the forests of Demerara would combine the excitement of the chase with a useful and lifelong interest.

Arrived in London, Charles went to stay with his maternal uncle, Sir John Bedingfeld. His portrait used to hang in the dining-room at Walton Hall and was said to bear a striking likeness to his nephew. On his breast was painted the ribbon and badge of the Guelphic Order, presented to him by King George III. The occasion for which he was decorated happened in 1796 when the King was returning from the Drury Lane Theatre and his carriage was surrounded by an angry and threatening mob.

Just when the situation began to look serious Mr. Bedingfeld leapt on to the carriage step, and whipping out his spectacles-case pointed it at the crowd and threatened to shoot the first man who advanced. The crowd mistook the spectacles-case for a pistol, and the situation was saved.

While stopping with his uncle, Charles was taken by him to dine with Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society, and this was the last occasion on which he wore his hair powdered.

The famous naturalist was charmed by the modesty of his young guest and by his evident enthusiasm for natural history, and the two corresponded about subjects of common interest until Sir Joseph's death in 1820. At parting, the distinguished scientist gave the future explorer of Guiana the following valuable piece of advice on living in low and swampy countries within the tropics, places generally unhealthy and often fatal to Europeans.

"You may stay in them", he said, "for three years or so

and not suffer much. After that period, fever and ague, and probably a liver disease, will attack you, and you will die at last, worn out, unless you remove in time to a more favoured climate; wherefore, as you have not your bread to seek, you must come home once in three years, at farthest, and then all will go right."

Commenting on this advice years afterwards, Waterton wrote: "I followed this admirable advice with great success: still, I used to think that I ran less risk of perishing in those unwholesome swamps than most other Europeans, as I never found the weather too hot, and I could go bareheaded under a nearly equatorial sun without experiencing any inconvenience."

DEMERARA

ON November 29, 1804, Charles Waterton sailed from Portsmouth in the ship *Fame*, Captain Brand, and after an uneventful voyage of six weeks landed at the town of Stabroek, or Georgetown as it had been named when the British had captured the colony from the Dutch two years previously.

About his daily life and habits during the next few years we know but little. By the majority of the white colonists he appears to have been looked upon as something of an eccentric, a reflection which stuck to him for the rest of his life. Certainly his habits were not those of the majority of the young men of Demerara. For one thing, a teetotaler was a being hitherto unknown in this settlement, as indeed in most other British colonies in the tropics. As Mr James Rodway, an authority on the history of Demerara, wrote:

"In Demerara he was looked upon by the rollicking boys of that age as not quite right in his mind. For, first of all, he was a teetotaler, when custom never excused a man from having a drink. We may also safely state that he would be out of place among the cock-fighting and card-playing gamblers, as well as those votaries of Venus then prominent in Georgetown."

Apparently the twenty-two-year-old estate manager with plenty of pocket-money spent as little time as possible in the gay town of Stabroek, but when not busily occupied looking after *La Jalousie* and *Fellowship*, the estates of his uncle Christopher, and Walton Hall, a sugar estate recently purchased by his father in Essequibo, was happily employed studying the natural history of the neighbouring mud-flats and savanna.

No doubt Waterton took his duties seriously and conscientiously, and the responsibility and work of looking after three large estates cannot have been light. At Fellowship, over five hundred slaves were employed principally in growing coffee, while at La Jalousie more than three hundred slaves cultivated sugar and cotton.

He does not appear to have made a great number of friends, but those he did were to become very intimate friends.

His uncle Christopher and his family were in England, but he made almost a second home of Bellevue, the estate of his aunt Anne Daly and John Daly at Schoon Ord, although his best friend was a Scottish planter named Charles Edmonstone, whom he described as "The most valued friend I ever had in the world".

How his uncle Christopher became the proprietor of two flourishing estates is typical of the days when life for the average European man in the tropics was a short, if usually a merry one.

The climate on the low coastal region lying between the savanna and the coast was very malarial and caused much sickness, and many a planter died young, leaving a widow to inherit his estate and manage it as best she could.

Such a widow was Mrs. Anne Waddell, owner of Fellowship and La Jalousie.

She was already twice a widow when Christopher Waterton met her at the Dalys' house in 1790. At the death of her first husband she inherited the two plantations, and as the wealthy Mrs. Birmingham accepted in marriage Dr. John Waddell, who also died.

At the time of her third marriage, the bride can by no means have been an old woman, for she bore five children to her third husband, Christopher Waterton.

Waterton's most intimate friend, Charles Edmonstone, was a remarkable man, and was destined to play an important part in the naturalist's life. He was a character, even in Demerara where in the early eighteenth century characters were almost as common as widows.

What led to this close friendship between the Scottish

planter and the young Yorkshire squire I do not know, unless it was their mutual pride in their progenitors.

If Charles boasted of his saintly ancestors and aristocratic forebears, Edmonstone no doubt would produce his ancestors, amongst whom he claimed two princesses of the Royal Blood of Scotland, and if these failed to impress the Englishman, his trump card would be the celebrated Lady Godiva of Coventry.

Edmonstone must have been considerably the older of the two, because he went out to Demerara in 1781, at the time of the short British occupation, to try to restore the family fortunes. This he eventually succeeded in doing and was able to return to Scotland and buy back the old family property of Cardross Park in Dumbartonshire. On arriving in Guiana he had set up as a timber-cutter and merchant, and went into partnership with a fellow-Scot, William Reid, who lived up the Camouni Creek. Like many other colonists, Reid found it desirable, indeed necessary, to live on friendly terms with the Arowak Indians in his neighbourhood. One result of this friendliness was that he married the daughter of one of the Chiefs or "Owls", a young lady who went by the name of Princess Minda—her daughter was to become Mrs. Edmonstone. This fact may account for the influence Charles Edmonstone had with the Indians, who were able to help him in his search for suitable timber in the forest, and through Edmonstone to assist the Government in preventing the danger always threatening the outlying plantations from the camps of runaway negro slaves.

This menace was always present, though never so threatening as in the neighbouring Dutch colony of Surinam, and it was largely due to Edmonstone, who at different times led fifteen expeditions into the bush with uniform success, but not without danger, that the negroes were kept in check. For these exploits he was presented with a gold-hilted sword, a silver cup, freedom of taxes, and a valuable grant for timber-cutting.

The Edmonstone home at Warrows Place, up the Mibiri creek, was famous for its hospitality, and famous also were

its dinners of ham, pepper-pot and labba, the last being a kind of guinea-pig which inhabits the bush and when cooked is considered a particular delicacy.

Charles Waterton spent much of the time he could spare from his work at Warrows Place, for amongst its many attractions, to him, was the savanna surrounding the plantation, a paradise for wild birds.

Now and again Waterton would suffer attacks of fever, probably contracted through his habit of hunting for natural history specimens in the malarial swamps and mud-flats behind the plantations, a district not usually visited by white men, but the home of myriads of water-fowl such as scarlet ibises, white egrets, boat-bill herons, pelicans and countless small waders.

Of these attacks of fever Waterton wrote:

"Notwithstanding the most guarded sobriety and abstinence on my part, the fever and ague would at times assault me with great obstinacy. The attacks could always be traced to my getting wet, and remaining in my wet clothes until the sun had dried them; a custom never to be sufficiently condemned in any country. But, as Fénelon remarks, '*La jeunesse est présomptueuse: elle se promet tout d'elle-même; quoique fragile, elle croit pouvoir tout, et n'avoir jamais rien à craindre: elle se confie légèrement, et sans précaution*'."

Whenever he contracted a more than usually severe attack of fever he would go up to the Edmonstones' house for a change of air, where he never failed to recover his health.

In the year 1805 his father died, and Charles at the age of twenty-three inherited the property and became the twenty-seventh Squire of Walton Hall. Several times he returned to England to inspect his estate.

When the war of 1807 broke out between Spain and England, privateers from the Orinoco perpetually raided the Essequibo and caused ruinous devastation on the property of the English planters. One morning five or six planters, bolder than the rest, went out in a schooner with an American, Mr. Hubbard, to attack a Spanish privateer which had appeared in the offing. Alas, the bold adventurers had far better

have stayed at home and minded their own business, for the privateer on seeing the schooner at once bore down on her, and after only the most feeble resistance on the part of the schooner captured and carried her off. The would-be privateer-catchers now found themselves to be in a very ticklish and awkward predicament, for in their haste to go into action they had quite forgotten to take out a commission from their Government and so were liable to be summarily hanged as pirates.

Their friends on shore who had watched the short but decisive naval action were much concerned over their possible fate and were pleased to accept Waterton's offer, as being the only colonist who spoke Spanish, to go in quest of the unfortunate prisoners and to try his best to persuade the Spanish authorities to pardon them, or at least to save them from being hanged.

A vessel was engaged, and on board her the interpreter sailed for Barbadoes, to receive letters and instructions from Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane. He carried with him written instructions from Colonel Nicholson, the Governor of Demerara, dated October 24, 1807. Only a month earlier, Waterton had received from the Governor a commission of lieutenant in the 2nd regiment of militia. This commission had meant a great deal to the young Catholic, who on his arrival at Barbadoes wrote:

"As no declaration has been previously required from me against transubstantiation, nor any promise that I would support the nine and thirty articles of faith by law established, nor any innuendoes thrown out touching the 'devil, the Pope and the Pretender', I was free in conscience to accept of this commission. It was the first commission that any one of the name of Waterton had received from Queen Mary's days. During that long interval not a Waterton could be found vicious enough to regain his lost birthright at the incalculable sacrifice of conscience. It had been the object of those in power to tempt us to deviate into their new road, which they said would lead to heaven, but we were quite satisfied with the old beaten path; so that the threats, and the allurements,

and the cruel enactments of our would-be seducers were of no avail: saving that we were brought down from our once high estate, and rendered very small (and are yet very small) in the eyes of our fellow-subjects. But every dog has his day: 'To-day for thee, to-morrow for me', as Sancho Panza says."

During the passage to Barbadoes the sailors were kept continually at the pumps, for the schooner was a crazy and leaky old tub, and the passenger prudently slipped his Daniel's life-preserver under his pillow in case of need. This useful invention he had bought at Portsmouth, on the recommendation of his friend Captain Baker. However, the life-preserver was not needed, although it well might have been, for no sooner had the schooner dropped anchor in Carlisle Bay than she foundered.

On going ashore at Bridgetown, he learned that the Admiral had just sailed for the Saintes, so there was nothing else for the envoy to do than kick his heels at Barbadoes until the Admiral's return.

There can have been little at Barbadoes to occupy the time of a naturalist, but the island being the headquarters, during the war, of the army and navy, life was one perpetual round of gaiety. Waterton admitted he left there with regret, so we may suppose that, anyhow for once, the somewhat serious-minded young man unbent and entered into the fun.

While waiting for Admiral Cochrane's return, Waterton made friends with a French prisoner of war, Lieutenant Flagelle, who had been on board the French privateer *La Jeune Adèle* when she was captured after a fierce engagement by the *Windsor Castle*.

Waterton soon discovered the Frenchman to be "an officer of the most amiable manners and superior education. I helped him a little in money matters, and did him other trivial acts of kindness . . . he was sorry he could make me no return, as he was a prisoner in a foreign land: but he would write a letter for me, which possibly might be of service to me on some future day. Next morning Lieutenant Flagelle presented me with a letter, in which he requested that all captains of French men-of-war and of privateers in the Caribbean Sea

would treat me with kindness and attention, should misfortune throw me into their power."

Eventually a letter arrived informing Waterton that there was now no necessity for him to proceed to the Orinoco as all the English gentlemen were safe.

It appeared that as their vessel was entering the mouth of the river they had risen and suddenly attacked the Spanish crew and retaken their schooner and escaped. During the scuffle, the smallest of the English adventurers, a little man called Lynch, "got jostled overboard and was drowned, being the only white man who lost his life in the fray". After retaking their vessel they steered for Tobago, where they arrived only just in time, for they were almost dying for want of water.

It was in the following year, 1808, that Admiral Collingwood sent despatches to Demerara to be forwarded to the Captain-General of the Orinoco. Once again Waterton's proficiency in Spanish stood him in good stead, for the newly appointed Governor, Ross, selected him to be the bearer of the despatches to Angostura. Armed with a commission, dated August 8, Charles sailed from Demerara in the *Levina*, under a flag of truce. Owing to the strength of the current down the Orinoco, and to the numerous trunks of trees which were being swept down, the voyage proved a difficult one as far as Sacopan and then on to the fort at Barrancas. Here the Spanish officers provided them with a small craft suitable for the swiftly flowing river, a long boat, schooner-rigged.

This was Waterton's first experience of primeval tropical forest, and he revelled in the new experience, for "during the whole of the passage up the river there was a grand feast for the eyes and ears of an ornithologist".

There were swamps and wooded islands where hundreds and thousands of strange water-birds congregated, and when the traveller reached the higher ground he was thrilled to see immense flocks of brightly coloured parrots, while every now and again a scarlet, blue, or yellow macaw would fly overhead.

Many strange sounds struck the ear, the loudest being the harsh note of the kamichi, the turkey-like horned screamer.

But there were not only birds to excite Waterton's interest and admiration. There were reptiles, and he recounts an adventure with one, a very poisonous snake, which might well have ended fatally for him.

"Whilst we were wending our way up the river, an accident happened of a somewhat singular nature. There was a large labarri snake coiled up in a bush, which was close to us. I fired at it, and wounded it so severely that it could not escape. Being wishful to dissect it, I reached over into the bush, with the intention to seize it by the throat and convey it aboard. The Spaniard at the tiller, on seeing this, took the alarm, and immediately put his helm aport. This forced the vessel's head to the stream, and I was left hanging to the bush with the snake close to me, not having been able to recover my balance as the vessel veered from the land. I kept firm hold of the branch to which I was clinging, and was three times overhead in the water below, presenting an easy prey to any alligator that might have been on the look-out for a meal. . . . As they were pulling me up, I saw that the snake was evidently too far gone to do mischief, and so I laid hold of it, and brought it aboard with me, to the horror and surprise of the crew. It measured eight feet in length. As soon as I had got a change of clothes, I killed it and made a dissection of the head."

Eventually, after a long and arduous journey of over two hundred miles, but all too short for Waterton, they reached their destination.

"On arriving at Angostura, the capital of Orinoco,"—now Bolivar in the Republic of Venezuela—"we were received with great politeness by the Governor. Nothing could surpass the hospitality of the principal inhabitants. They never seemed satisfied unless we were partaking of the dainties which their houses afforded. Indeed, we had feasting, dancing, and music in superabundance. The Governor, Don Felipe de Ynciarte, was tall and corpulent. On our first introduction, he told me that he expected the pleasure of our company to dinner every day during our stay in Angostura. We had certainly every reason to entertain very high notions of the

plentiful supply of good things which the Orinoco afforded; for, at the first day's dinner, we counted no less than forty dishes of fish and flesh.

"The Governor was superbly attired in full uniform of gold and blue; the weight of which alone, in that hot climate, and at such a repast, was enough to have melted him down. He had not got half through his soup before he began visibly to liquefy. I looked at him, and bethought me of the old saying, "How I sweat!" said the mutton chop to the gridiron'. He now became exceedingly uneasy, and I myself had cause for alarm; but our sensations arose from very different causes. He, no doubt, already felt that the tightness of his uniform, and the weight of the ornaments upon it, would never allow him to get through that day's dinner with any degree of comfort to himself. I, on the other hand (who would have been amply satisfied with one dish well done), was horrified at the appalling sight of so many meats before me.

"Good breeding whispered to me, and said, 'Try a little of most of them'. Temperance replied, 'Do so at your peril; and, for your over-strained courtesy, you shall have yellow fever before midnight'. At last, the Governor said to me in Spanish, 'Don Carlos, this is more than man can bear. *No puedo sufrir tanto*. Pray pull off your coat, and tell your companions to do the same, and I'll shew them the example.' On saying this, he stripped to the waistcoat; and I and my friends, and every officer at the table, did the same. The next day, at dinner-time, we found his Excellency clad in a uniform of blue Salempore, slightly edged with gold lace.

"Don Felipe de Ynciarte had been a great explorer of Spanish Guiana in his day. He told me that he, in person, dressed as a common sailor, had surveyed the whole of the sea-coast from the Orinoco to the river Essequibo. He let me look at a superb map of his own drawing. It was beautifully finished, and my lips certainly watered to have a copy taken of it. After my return to Demerara, I sent this courteous Governor a fine telescope, which had just arrived from London.

"I corresponded with him until I sailed to Europe for my

health. During his government, beef was so plentiful that the heads and tongues of the slaughtered oxen were thrown to the vultures. Indeed, beef was only one penny a pound, and the finest fish could be had almost for nothing.

"Canning's new republics, which have arisen out of the former Spanish Transatlantic empire, may have tended to enrich a few needy adventurers from Europe; but, to the natives in general, they have proved a mighty curse."

On his return to Georgetown from his mission, Waterton learned of the serious illness of Governor Ross, who had been a good friend to him and was much beloved by the inhabitants of Demerara. He was about to retire and go home to England, and on March 31, 1809, an address was presented to him, in which the colonists gave expression of their gratitude for the many services he had rendered the colony during his governorship. Accompanying this address was a gift of 1500 guineas, subscribed as a token of esteem. On the day after the Governor sailed for Europe, the local newspaper printed a Latin poem in his praise, written by Waterton and entitled *Carmen Sapphicum*.

The next Governor was a very different type from Captain Ross.

"General Carmichael had one of the most difficult tempers in the world to manage. His disposition was generous, but at the same time it was exceedingly fiery; although his ire soon subsided, unless it had received extraordinary and repeated provocation. He had such a profound veneration for royalty, that I do believe he would have sent his own brother out of the house if he had heard him speak with levity of the Prince Regent of England.

"In person he was shrivelled and weather-beaten, and of diminutive stature; but he was wonderfully active, and vigorous in mind, notwithstanding his great age; for he must have been bordering on seventy at the time he succeeded to the government of Demerara."

The outlet for this septuagenarian's untiring energy was the stamping out of corruption and graft which he found

rife in every government department. Each official in turn was called upon to produce his accounts and explain any discrepancies in them. A thorough cleaning, in fact, of the Augean stables was soon in full swing, and the Governor won for himself in the colony the name of Old Hercules.

It was not long before Waterton unwittingly brought down upon himself the wrath of the Governor. In 1812 he had decided to give up the managership of his uncle's properties and go off exploring into the jungle, primarily to collect an Indian arrow poison called wourali, but also to collect birds.

When the new Governor arrived in Demerara it would have been the correct thing for Waterton to pay an official and formal visit to Government House. He neglected to do this, but was careful to pay farewell visits to all his old friends in the district.

Unfortunately the peppery Governor heard of these visits, and Waterton was immediately in his bad books.

The event which actually brought him into trouble took place at Charles Edmonstone's house, where he was paying a farewell visit to his old friends.

One of the defaulters, a high official, on being ordered to make a report on his department to the Governor, had thought it more prudent to decamp and try to escape overland to Spanish or Dutch territory. On hearing of this, the Governor had offered a reward of £500 for his apprehension. One day while Waterton was stopping at Warrows Place with the Edmonstones, the fugitive turned up, ill and in great distress, having been wandering in the jungle for three weeks in search of Waterton. His reason, he explained, for needing Waterton's help was that he wanted him to bleed him, and dared not trust any of the regular surgeons, owing to the proclamation out against him. By this time Waterton had the reputation of being a capable, if unqualified, surgeon, and already had contracted the habit of letting his own blood in large quantities whenever he considered his state of health called for that, then universal, form of treatment.

"We were at breakfast", wrote Waterton, "when a negro

came into the room, and informed us that a tent-boat with four was approaching. I looked out of the window, and saw the officers of justice in it. Not a moment was to be lost. I directed our outlaw to go through the back door into a field of standing canes. But so great was his perturbation that he jumped out of the window; and, in lieu of taking over a bridge close at hand, he ran through a filthy trench, nearly up to the arm-pits in water.

"It was not more than half flood tide in the river; and, on this account, the officers could not land at the house without walking up a square log of wood which had been placed on the mud, and formed part of the stelling, or wharf, for the accommodation of those who land when the water is low. On this log I took my stand, and disputed the passage with the officers of justice. They could not pass without forcing me up to the middle in mud, or making me retrace my steps up the log. When I thought there had been time enough allowed for the fugitive to make his escape, I returned to the house, they following close on my steps, and entering into it immediately after me. Not having succeeded in the object of their search, they returned to the boat, muttering curses in Dutch as they re-crossed the threshold."

This bold defiance of the minions of the law soon brought about a reprisal, for the very next day a warrant arrived ordering Waterton to immediately appear at Government House.

Although Waterton did not know the Governor personally, he was pretty well acquainted with his character and was fully convinced there was but one way for him to act, which was, if possible, to take him on his weak side.

"On my name being announced, he came into the hall. Whilst looking at me full in the face, he exclaimed, in a voice too severe to last long: 'And so, sir, you have dared to thwart the law, and to put my late proclamation at defiance?' 'General,' said I, 'you have judged rightly; and I throw myself on your well-known generosity. I had eaten the fugitive's bread of hospitality when fortune smiled upon him; and I could not find it in my heart to refuse him help in his

hour of need. Pity to the unfortunate prevailed over the obedience to your edict; and had General Carmichael himself stood in the shoes of the deserted outlaw, I would have stepped forward in his defence, and have dealt many a sturdy blow around me, before foreign bloodhounds should have fixed their crooked fangs in the British uniform."

This bold declaration, which to our modern ears may smack rather too much of the rhetoric of Drury Lane, acted like a charm on the irascible General.

"That's brave", said he; and then he advanced to me, and shook me by the hand."

After this they sat gossiping like two old friends for a couple of hours, during which Waterton told the General all about his intended expedition through the forests to the Portuguese settlements on the Rio Branco. He did not forget to assure the Governor that he had been careful to observe all the necessary formalities required by law from those who wished to leave the colony.

The Governor was by now all affability and kindness, and granted Waterton permission to range where he would throughout the colony for as long as he liked, and then and there gave orders for a passport to be made out, which he signed, the date being April 16, 1812.

Just before Waterton set off on the first of his famous "Wanderings", he attended a family gathering at Warrows Place. It was held to celebrate the christening of the Edmonstones' second child, Anne Mary. Legend tells that Charles Waterton held the baby in his arms at the ceremony, and afterwards told the parents that with their permission he would one day marry little Anne when she was old enough and if she were willing.

Seventeen years afterwards she became Mrs. Waterton.

CHAPTER V

THE WANDERINGS

WHEN Thomas Waterton died at Walton Hall in 1805, Charles returned to England to take possession of the family estate. The property was a compact one but not extensive. Had Charles inherited the whole of the lands which his ancestors held at the time of the Reformation he would have been a very wealthy man, with an income computed to be no less than £40,000 a year. But the greater part of the ancient estate had been confiscated by Henry VIII, and the small corner left with the Watertons had scarcely been sufficient to pay the double taxes and occasional fines which the penal laws imposed on Roman Catholics.

The new Squire of Walton, though but twenty-three years of age, had a shrewd appreciation of the value of money; although he was generous almost to a fault where generosity was deserving, he saw to it that money was not spent wastefully over the upkeep of Walton Hall and its surrounding park. His economy touched nothing which he considered right to maintain. He did not stint expense where repairs to buildings and fences were called for, or for charity. He believed hospitality to be one of the first duties of a country gentleman, and he let it be known that his table was always open, without invitation, to his neighbours; but during the whole fifty-nine years in which he reigned at Walton Hall he never once gave a dinner-party in the ordinary sense of the term. At first this unheard-of defiance of convention was considered extraordinary by the local gentry, but it was not long before the simple table of Walton Hall became noted for its hospitality and conviviality.

Charles Waterton was not content for long to play the part of Squire of his ancestral home, but began to hanker after

the forests of Guiana, where he had left his heart. During the six years following the death of his father, he resided at Demerara managing the family properties, but remembered to follow the sage advice of Sir Joseph Banks to return to England for a change every year or two.

In 1812 he decided to relinquish his managership for good and all, and to penetrate into the unknown forests of Guiana to investigate a subject which held for him an intense interest throughout his life. He wanted to find out all he could concerning an Indian poison called wourali which was used by the natives to poison their arrows. He wished to discover the actual tribe which made the poison, to find out, if he could, how it was prepared, obtain some in its pure state, and bring it back to experiment with.

What he had learnt in Guiana about wourali had given him the idea that it might prove a remedy for hydrophobia or for lock-jaw.

This ambition to procure an out-of-the-way drug in order to experiment with it might appear to indicate a scientific mind, but it may at once be stated, without fear of contradiction, that Charles Waterton was not a man of science nor had he a scientific mind. Although a keen and close observer and describer of nature, and an excellent field naturalist, his greatest admirers could hardly describe Waterton as a scientist. In fact, he himself always held what he disdainfully dubbed the "closet naturalist" in the greatest contempt. One example of this is the fact that he would never use the Latin generic or specific name for any bird or animal he described, a whim which often makes exact identification impossible. Waterton was essentially a field naturalist, and a very able one, and he ranks with other popular and distinguished field naturalists, such as Gilbert White, E. H. Aitken, and W. H. Hudson.

Waterton had no scientific education. As we know, at his private school at Tudhoe his absorbing interest in natural history was firmly discouraged as being unnatural. At Stonyhurst, although the Jesuit Fathers shewed the lad every sympathy and encouragement in his favourite pursuit, his education was purely classical.

At Stonyhurst, as at all other big public schools in those days, the study of science did not exist. Waterton's interest in wourali and its action was probably due to his interest in medicine. He was always doctoring himself, and others as well whenever he came across a sufferer willing to trust himself to his ruthless methods of treatment, which consisted mainly of lavish blood-letting and heroic purging.

When the young Squire of Walton Hall set out again for Demerara in the spring of 1812, wourali poison was not his only quest, though his principal one.

The other was to try to settle once and for all the truth of the age-long tradition of the golden city of El Dorado, and the existence of the equally famous lake of Parima, on whose shores it was still believed by many that the city stood, for Sir Walter Raleigh was by no means the last man to give credence to the story.

The maps of the day were of no assistance to the would-be explorer of the interior of Guiana. On them the coast-line was shewn pretty accurately, but the interior was simply a blank, with the larger rivers drawn flowing hither and thither as the map-maker imagined they might flow, while some of the maps, even the latest ones, actually delineated Lake Parima and El Dorado itself.

It was not until Sir Robert Schomburgk explored Guiana between 1831 and 1835 that a reliable map of the interior was published.

In his quest for wourali, to be used as a drug beneficial to suffering humanity, Waterton had a precedent. The Spaniards had explored and conquered tropical America in search of gold. The native races of tropical America gained nothing by their gold but slavery and decimation. But out of these forests came something of far greater value to the human race than all the gold. This was a drug, extracted from the bark of a tree. Thanks to the discovery of Jesuits' bark, or quinine, that deadly scourge of the tropics, malaria, was vanquished, and where vast areas of productive soil had lain uncultivated for want of inhabitants, thanks to quinine they were eventually populated by healthy races.

If, reasoned Waterton, a remedy for malaria had been found in the forests of South America, why not one for hydrophobia. And he had good reason for his surmise. The outstanding feature about hydrophobia is attacks of acute pain, due to violent involuntary contraction of the muscles, and it was known in Guiana that the Indian arrow poison called wourali had the effect of abolishing all muscular contraction or movement, and, if sufficient poison was injected, caused ultimate death from paralysis.

The time of year chosen by Waterton for his expedition was an inauspicious one. Why he, who knew the vagaries of the Guiana climate so well, decided to travel in the rainy season, it is hard to fathom. He must have known that April, May, and June were the wettest months of the year, when the whole country would be deluged by tropical downpours, often for days on end, often without a gleam of sunshine, when rivers would be flooded and malaria rife.

He took no white companion with him but was accompanied only by a few Indians, for without Indians such a journey through dense unknown jungle would in the best of conditions have been foredoomed to failure. A full account of this, his first journey, may be read in Waterton's own words in his *Wanderings in South America*, first published in 1825, but often reprinted.

Waterton set out from Stabroek in April 1812, with the intention of crossing British Guiana to Fort Saint Joachim, a Portuguese outpost on the Brazilian frontier.

At first the party, consisting of six Indians, one negro, and the leader, followed the course of the Demerara river on horseback, but before many miles the road came to an end and they had to proceed up the river in canoes.

Soon they were beyond the last European settlement, Amelia's Waard, a sugar-mill, in ruins and abandoned. After that, nothing was to be seen in any direction but an unbroken panorama of virgin forest and the winding Demerara river.

Every hour of the day, each bend of the river, brought fresh excitement and delight to Waterton. The trees in particular aroused his admiration. There was, for example, the

mora (*Mora excelsa*), a giant of the vegetable kingdom, sometimes attaining a height of two hundred feet.

"Heedless and bankrupt in all curiosity", exclaimed the enraptured naturalist, "must be he who can journey on without stopping to take a view of the towering Mora. Its topmost branch, when naked with age or dried by accident, is the favourite resort of the Toucan. Many a time has this singular bird felt the shot faintly strike him from the gun of the fowler beneath, and owed his life to the distance betwixt them."

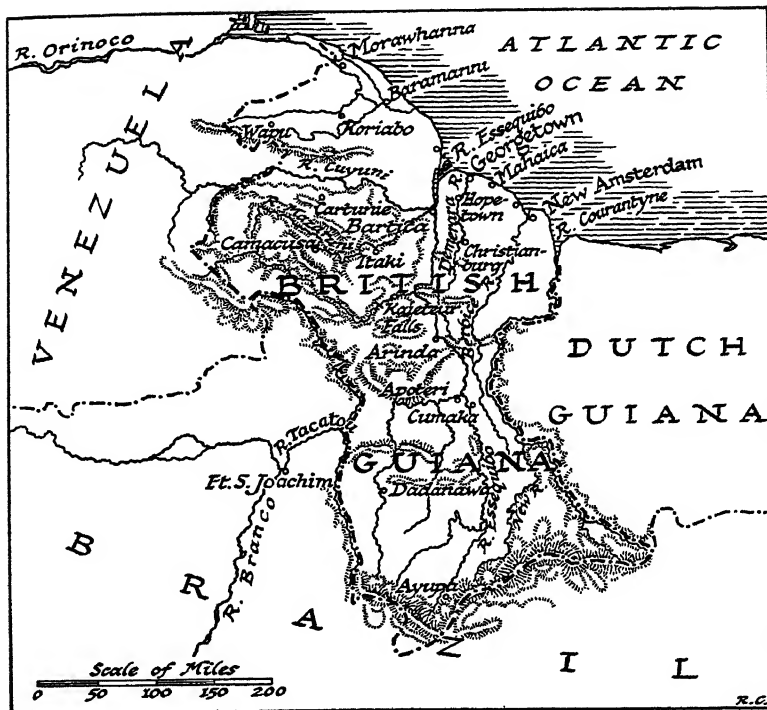
This bewildering feast of uncommon trees was spread before his admiring gaze:

"The Green-heart, famous for its hardness and durability; the Hackea, for its toughness; the Ducalabali, surpassing mahogany; the Ebony and Letter-wood, vying with the choicest woods of the old world; the Locust tree, yielding copal; and the Hayawa and Olon trees, furnishing a sweet-smelling resin, are all to be met with in the forest."

Of four-footed beasts he observed tigers—really jaguars—tiger-cats, tapirs, also the "labba" (*Coelogenys paca*), a guinea-pig the size of a hare and considered to be a great delicacy, and deer of several kinds. Other animals seen which also were regarded as good to eat were the opossum and two species of giant lizard, the iguana and the salempenta, which frequented the branches overhanging the river, and whose flesh, when cooked, Waterton thought to resemble that of chicken, both in flavour and quality.

There were peccaris in herds of three or four hundred, which the Indians shot with their poisoned arrows. Of monkeys he saw both the red and the brown, the Bisa and the Sacawinki, disporting themselves among the branches of the trees. Then there were ant-eaters and armadillos and porcupines in this naturalist's paradise, but of all the wild animals Waterton encountered in the Guiana forests none won his affections as did the sloth.

In his book of *Wanderings* he devoted considerable space to the Three-Toed Sloth, or Ai (*Bradypus tridactylus*). Hitherto the only descriptions of this rare and strange animal had been



made from dried skins, or else from living specimens in cages, and gave an entirely wrong conception of it.

"His looks," wrote the wanderer, "his gestures, and his cries, all conspire to entreat you to take pity on him. These are the only weapons of defence which nature hath given him. While other animals assemble in herds, or in pairs range through these boundless wilds, the sloth is solitary, and almost stationary; he cannot escape from you. It is said, his piteous moans make the tiger relent, and turn out of the way. Do not then level your gun at him, or pierce him with a poisoned arrow; he has never hurt one living creature. A few leaves, and those of the commonest and coarsest kind, are all he asks for his support. On comparing him with other animals, you would say that you could perceive deficiency,

deformity, and superabundance in his composition. He has no cutting teeth, and though four stomachs, he still wants the long intestines of ruminating animals. He has only one inferior aperture, as in birds. He has no soles to his feet, nor has he the power of moving his toes separately. His hair is flat, and puts you in mind of grass withered by the wintry blast. He has forty-six ribs, while the elephant has only forty, and his claws are disproportionately long. Were you to mark down, upon a graduated scale, the different claims to superiority amongst the four-footed animals, this poor, ill-formed creature's claim would be the last upon the lowest degree."

On another occasion when discussing the sloth he wrote:

"This singular animal is destined by nature to be produced, to live, and to die in the trees; . . . and he is evidently ill at ease when he tries to move on the ground, and it is then that he looks up in your face with a countenance that says, 'Have pity on me, for I am in pain and sorrow'."

Waterton once kept a pet sloth in his bedroom for several months. If he placed it on the ground the animal was helpless, so he kept it suspended on the back of a chair, where the sloth would hang for hours together, "and often with a low and inward cry, would seem to invite me to take notice of him".

"The sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in trees, and never leaves them but through force or by accident. An all-ruling Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the expanse of the skies, and the monkey and the squirrel to inhabit the trees: still, these may change their relative situations without feeling much inconvenience; but the sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees, and what is more extraordinary, not *upon* the branches like the squirrel and the monkey, but *under* them. He moves suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from it."

Sydney Smith wrote a long and appreciative review of the *Wanderings* when it appeared, and was characteristically witty over Waterton's sloth:

"The sloth, in its wild state, spends its life in trees, and

never leaves them but from force or accident. The eagle to the sky, the mole to the ground, the sloth to the tree; but what is most extraordinary, he lives not *upon* the branches, but *under* them. He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop.”

Each day of his arduous journey in the sweltering rain-sodden Guiana forest provided the naturalist with a very kaleidoscope of new and exciting objects. Birds of all colours and shape; strange animals; snakes big and little, brilliant green or sooty black; repulsive caymans wallowing in the muddy stream; gorgeous butterflies and moths; giant trees; flowering orchids; all these, as Waterton declared, were for anyone “whose eye can distinguish the various beauties of uncultivated nature, and whose ear is not shut to the wild sounds of the woods. . . . Every now and then the Maam or Tinamon sends forth one long and plaintive whistle from the depths of the forest, and then stops; whilst the yelping of the toucan, and the shrill voice of the bird called Pi-pi-yo, is heard during the interval. The Campanero never fails to attract the attention of the passenger; at a distance of nearly three miles you may hear this snow-white bird tolling every four or five minutes, like the distant convent bell. From six to nine in the morning, the forests resound with the mingled cries and strains of the feathered race; after this, they gradually die away. From eleven to three, all nature is hushed as in a midnight silence, and scarce a note is heard, saving that of the campanero and the pi-pi-yo; it is then that, oppressed by the solar heat, the birds retire to the thickest shade, and wait for the refreshing cool of evening. At sundown the Vampires, Bats and Goat-suckers dart from their lonely retreat, and skim along the trees on the river’s bank. The different kinds of Frogs almost stun the ear with their coarse and hollow-sounding croaking, while the Owls and Goat-suckers lament and mourn all the night long.

“About two hours before daybreak, you will hear the red monkey moaning as though in deep distress; the Houtow, a solitary bird, and only found in the thickest recesses of the

forest, distinctly articulates, 'houtou, houtou' in a low and plaintive tone, an hour before sunrise; the maam whistles about the same hour; the Hannaquoi, Pataca and Maroudi announce his near approach to the eastern horizon, and the Parrots and Parroquets confirm his arrival there."

After toiling some hundred and thirty miles by canoe up the Demerara river, past the great rock of Saba, the last outpost of civilization, and then on to the Great Falls, the small party left the river and set out on foot, carrying their canoes along narrow winding Indian footpaths through the jungle until they reached the Essequibo river, four days' march to the west.

This river was in flood and they had to force their way along until they came to the mouth of a smaller river, the Buro-Buro, up which they paddled, and in a few days' time arrived in the country of the Macoushi, from where, Waterton had learnt, came the mysterious wourali poison.

"The Indians in the just-mentioned settlement seemed to depend more on the wourali poison for killing their game than upon anything else. They had only one gun, and it appeared rusty and neglected, but their poisoned weapons were in fine order. Their blow pipes hung from the roof of the hut, carefully suspended by a silk-grass cord; and on taking a nearer view of them, no dust seemed to have collected there, nor had the spider spun the smallest web on them, which shewed they were in constant use. The quivers were close by them, with the jaw-bone of the fish Pirai tied by a string to their brim, and a small wicker basket of wild cotton, which hung down to the centre; they were nearly full of poisoned arrows. It was with difficulty these Indians could be persuaded to part with any of the wourali poison, though a good price was offered for it; they gave me to understand it was powder and shot to them and very difficult to be procured."

Having succeeded in obtaining some of the poison, the travellers continued their journey. According to their map, Waterton and his party were now in the neighbourhood of the famous Lake Parima, on the shore of which was supposed to

stand the golden city of El Dorado. But in spite of numerous enquiries of the Indians no evidence could be found of any lake, great or small, and Waterton thought the belief might have originated in the vast floods caused by the overflow of the banks of the river in the rainy season.

The explorers now left their canoes behind and proceeded on foot, marching for several days up to their knees in mud and water. This was trying enough, but the going was worse when they came to the bare hills which were covered by sharp stones, for it was the habit of Waterton on all his great journeys to go barefoot.

They were still in the Macoushi country, which, like the whole interior of Guiana and Brazil, is very thinly populated, but they managed to procure several more small quantities of wourali poison from the Indians, which proved to be extremely strong.

Learning from some Indians that they were now approaching the Portuguese frontier and that theirs was the last settlement before reaching the frontier, Waterton decided to wait there while a messenger carried a letter to the fort, giving his identity and begging the commander's permission to visit him.

Here is a translation of the letter he wrote:

"SIR,

"Not having the honour of being known to you I think it best and more courteous to remain here, until I have received your reply. Having reached the hut where I now am, I did not wish to return without having seen the fortress belonging to the Portuguese; and I ask your permission to do so.

"My motives are quite honest, and I have no intentions either commercial or military, being neither a trader nor officer.

"I am a Catholic gentleman having an estate in England, and have spent many years of my life travelling. Lately, I came from Demerara, which I left on the 5th of April, in order to see this beautiful country, and collect a few curiosities, specially a poison by name 'wourali'.

"The latest news which reached me in Demerara, before leaving, was half sad and half joyful. Sad I say, seeing that Valencia has fallen to the common foe and that General Blake and his valiant troops are prisoners of war. Joyful on the other hand, because Lord Wellington has taken Ciudad Rodrigo. In spite of the fall of Valencia it is clear to all the world, that with the enemy things are going from bad to worse each day. We should render thanks to the Almighty, that He has not deemed to punish us lately, plunderers of His holy churches.

"You will see that I do not write Portuguese nor even speak it, but having learnt Spanish we will not lack means of communicating and conversing with one another.

"Please excuse this letter not being written in ink, but an Indian let fall my inkstand and it is broken.

"May God give you many years of health. In the meanwhile,

"I have the honour to remain,

"Your most obedient servant,

"CARLOS WATERTON.

"1812."

In due time a polite reply was brought back to say the commander regretted very much having strict orders to allow no stranger to cross the frontier, and this being the case, he hoped the Englishman would not consider him uncivil; "but", he continued, "I have ordered a soldier to land you at a certain distance from the fort, where we can consult together".

On the canoe journey down the river Takutu, however, Waterton contracted a severe attack of fever and had to lie in his hammock, while another note was sent to tell the commander he had fallen sick.

The very next morning the Portuguese officer turned up. He was a tall, spare man, aged about fifty-five, "and though more than thirty years of service under the equatorial sun had burnt and shrivelled up his face, still there was something in it so inexpressibly affable and kind, that it set you

immediately at your ease. He came close up to the hammock, and taking hold of my wrist to feel the pulse: 'I am sorry, sir,' said he, 'to see that the fever has taken such a hold of you. You shall go directly with me', continued he, 'to the fort, and though we have no doctor there, I trust', added he, 'we shall soon bring you about again. The orders I have received forbidding the admission of strangers were never intended to be put in force against a sick English gentleman.'"

For a week Waterton was nursed by the friendly Portuguese governor and was then able to get up and walk about and examine the fort. He found that it had been severely damaged by a recent flood but was being repaired. Standing in a row just outside it, within a few yards of the river Branco, were the commander's house, the barracks, the chapel, the father confessor's house, and two other houses: these were the only buildings at Fort St. Joachim other than the fort itself. It was surrounded on all sides by extensive plains affording good pasturage for a fine breed of cattle, and the Portuguese were able to make enough butter and cheese for their own consumption.

On asking the commander if there were such places as Lake Parima or El Dorado, he replied that he looked upon them as altogether imaginary. "I have been above forty years", added he, "in Portuguese Guiana, but have never yet met with anybody who has seen the lake."

By this time Waterton had collected a good stock of the wourali poison and gathered a vast amount of information about its preparation and use, and so, having attained the principal object of his expedition, he decided to return to Stabroek by another route, down the Essequibo, which was still in flood. Tropical rain fell in torrents on most days, and one thunder-storm followed another. Altogether it was a journey neither pleasant nor without danger; made still more intolerable for Waterton by recurring attacks of severe malaria.

At length, however, he arrived, literally more dead than alive, at Mibiri creek, where he was well cared for by the Edmonstones and in due time nursed back to comparative good health. As it was obvious he could not remain longer

in Demerara except at grave risk, he began to make arrangements to leave for England.

Before sailing he wrote a letter to one of his old teachers at Stonyhurst, Father Charles Wright. It is a long letter, dated January 14, 1813.

After announcing his intention to relinquish the charge of his uncle Christopher's properties, as his aunt had come out to look after them, and describing his long journey to Fort St. Joachim, the writer continued, referring to the old days at Stonyhurst: "I know I had only half a cargo of learning, but that was entirely my own fault, though I think I could still make as good a fish of Latin as most of 'em—as for Greek I only took in a few packages—they are laid at the bottom of my hold ever since.

"But I have had many a tough spell at French, Spanish, and Latin, and according to my own reckoning have made a decent beat to windward."

During his absence from Georgetown, the Governor, General Carmichael, had written to Lord Bathurst to recommend Waterton as a person well fitted to conduct an exploring enterprise, if at any time the Secretary of State for the Colonies should contemplate sending an expedition abroad.

This letter was included in the colonial despatches which Waterton was to hand over to Lord Bathurst on his arrival in England, and with them he carried a warm letter of introduction from the Governor.

Waterton had booked his passage for Liverpool in the *Fame*, the ship in which he sailed when he first went out to Demerara in 1804, though she was now commanded by a Captain Williams.

On the eve of his departure the Governor gave a splendid ball at Government House in his honour.

Charles hoped that the voyage home by way of Granada and the island of St. Thomas would restore him to health, but when he landed at Liverpool he was far too weak and ill to travel to London with his despatches, so sent them by mail, with a letter of apology, to Lord Bathurst. In reply came a civil acknowledgement, asking him to go to London as soon

as he was well enough, as his Lordship wished him to explore Madagascar.

This indeed was an exciting surprise. Madagascar is even to-day, to most of us, one of the least-known islands of the world, but in 1813 it was even more a *terra incognita*.

This was in the month of May, and though Waterton still suffered from repeated attacks of tertian ague, it was only with the greatest reluctance that he felt constrained to refuse this tempting offer. In after years he always blamed himself for not having taken the risk and gone to Madagascar in spite of the malaria, as for example when he wrote:

“Horace once condemned himself for running away—‘relicta non bene parmula’. It was for me to have condemned myself too on this occasion; for I never acted so much against my own interest as when I declined to go to Madagascar. I ought to have proceeded thither by all means, and to have let the tertian ague take its chance. My commission was a star of the first magnitude. It appeared after a long night of political darkness, which had prevented the family from journeying onwards for the space of nearly three centuries. I can fancy that it beckoned to me, and that a voice from it said, ‘Come and serve your country; come and restore your family name to the national calendar, from which it has been so long and so unjustly withdrawn; come, and shew to the world that conscience, and not crime, has hitherto been the cause of your being kept in the background; come into the national dockyard, and refit your shattered bark, which has been cast on a lee-shore, where merciless wreckers have plundered its stores, and where the patriots of yesterday have looked down upon it with scorn and contempt, and have pronounced it unworthy to bear its country’s flag.’ I ought to have listened to this supposed adviser at the time, but I did not; and the star went down below the horizon, to appear no more.”

Instead of going to explore Madagascar, Charles stopped at home at Walton Hall, looking after the property and setting up the skins of the animals and birds he had collected in Guiana.

ADVENTURES AT HOME

IT is not known if the young Squire of Walton Hall still hunted with Lord Darlington's hounds, but we do know that he used sometimes to go shooting. It was on one of these occasions, when out shooting with his brother-in-law, Robert Carr, a solicitor of Wakefield, who had married his sister Helen, that he met with an accident.

This was, of course, in the days of muzzle-loaders, and he had just rammed the paper down on the powder when it exploded and drove the ramrod right through his forefinger, but without breaking the bone. The paper and ignited powder following through the hole rendered the wound as black as soot. Here, if ever, was a case for "Dr." Waterton to treat, and this is how he did so, in his own words:

"I repaired to a tenant's house and poured warm water plentifully through the wound, until I had washed away the marks of the gunpowder; then, collecting the ruptured tendons, which were hanging down, I replaced them carefully, and bound up the wound, not forgetting to give to the finger its original shape as nearly as possible.

"After this I opened a vein with the other hand, and took away to the extent of two and twenty ounces of blood. Whilst I am on phlebotomy, I may remark, that I consider inflammation to be the root and origin of almost all diseases. To subdue this at its earliest stage has been my constant care. Since my four and twentieth year, I have been blooded above one hundred and ten times, in eighty of which I have performed the operation on myself with my own hand." (This was written thirty-one years after the first bleeding, when he was fifty-five years of age.) "This with calomel and jalap

mixed together, as a purgative, with the use of rhubarb in occasional cases of dysentery, and with vast and often repeated potations of powdered Peruvian bark as a restorative, has enabled me to grapple successfully with sickness when I was far away from medical aid. In cases where laudanum was *absolutely* necessary, I was always extremely cautious, having seen far too many instances in other people of the distressing effects produced by the frequent use of this insidious drug. My severest trials of sickness were those when I had to contend with internal inflammation at the very time I was labouring under tertian ague. In those cases, the ague had to bear all the burden, for I knew that it was not a mortal complaint; whereas, internal inflammation was not to be trifled with for one moment. Under this impression, I would fearlessly open a vein, and would trust to the Peruvian bark, at a later period, to counteract the additional encouragement which I had been forced to give to the ague, through the medium of the lancet. I am now, I think, in as perfect health as a man can be. But let me finish the account of my accident.

"On reaching home, I applied a very large poultice, which was renewed twice every day. The inflammation never extended beyond the knuckles; and I recovered full use of the finger in due course of time."

During the next four years Waterton remained at Walton Hall. His days were mostly spent out of doors. There were the farms and agricultural lands to be managed, but this side of a landed gentleman's duties never interested him very much. His real interest lay amongst the wild birds and animals which lived around him in the park and which he began to protect by various means.

Sometimes he went out with his air-gun—not, of course, to shoot birds but to shoot rabbits, or occasionally one of his arch-enemies, the Hanoverian rat. On these expeditions he was often accompanied by his neighbour, Sir William Pilkington.

Walton Hall was at this period much plagued by poachers. One Saturday night a party of nine tailors, one of them a tailor's boy, set out from Wakefield to enjoy a "fiddling

party" at the inn at the village of Himsworth, some six miles distant from Walton Hall.

"In returning home they were seized with a vehement desire of looking into my rookery. The keeper surprised them in the act of helping themselves, and as he knew the major part of them personally, they consented to appear before me. The fellow had a touch of wag in him, and he introduced them thus: 'If you please, sir,' said he, 'I have caught eight tailors and a half stealing young rooks.' 'Well,' said I, 'after all this noise on Sunday morning you have not managed to bring me a full man, for we all know in Yorkshire that it requires nine tailors to make a man. Send them about their business; I can't think of prosecuting eight-ninths and a half of a man.'"

In his old age the Squire used to recount this witticism with glee, for he was ever one who loved to have his little joke.

But all his dealings with poachers did not terminate on such pleasant terms as they did with the eight and a half tailors.

Waterton recounts this adventure in one of his *Essays on Natural History*. The title of this particular essay may appear somewhat outside the strict boundaries of the subject, but it was a pleasing weakness of the naturalist, when a pen was in his hand, to wander from the straight and narrow path to explore tempting side-tracks of erudition.

The title in question is: "On Tight Shoes, Tight Stays and Cravats". It was the cravats which gave Waterton his opportunity to recount his story of the poachers.

"My own cravat, although it had nothing extraordinary either in size or shape, had once very nearly been the death of me. One night, on going my rounds alone in an adjacent wood, I came up with two poachers: fortunately one of them fled, and I saw no more of him. I engaged the other; wrenched the knife out of his hand, after I had parried his blow, and then closed with him. We soon came to the ground together, he uppermost. In the struggle, he contrived to get his hand into my cravat, and twisted it till I was within an ace of being strangled. Just as all was apparently over with me, I made one last convulsive effort, and I sent my knees, as he lay upon me, full against his stomach, and threw him off. Away he

went, carrying with him my hat, and leaving me his own, together with his knife and twenty wire snares."

When Waterton returned from Demerara he brought with him an unusual pet. This was a young marjay, or tiger-cat, which a negro slave had caught in a coffee plantation belonging to a Dutch lady named Vandenheuvel. The tiger-cat is a fierce, intractable animal, and always supposed to be untamable. But with patience and gentleness Waterton at last succeeded in taming his, and it would follow him about the house and the park like a dog. He even trained it to hunt with his pointers when he went shooting, but its greatest accomplishment was the destruction of rats. Each evening the tiger-cat would ascend the staircase at Walton Hall and take up its post in wait for one of these rodents. In due time, if a rat appeared, it would make one lightning pounce and never fail to seize its prey. This was before Waterton commenced his most ruthless war on the Hanoverian rats, which used to swarm all over the house and the island on which the house stood.

Waterton was not what is often described as a "dog-lover", though neither was he a "dog-hater", a term equally silly, for who but a fanatic would love or hate the whole race of dogs? One may love some of our human race and dislike others without being a man-lover or a man-hater.

Waterton was one of those people, to-day considered old-fashioned, who liked dogs in their place, and that place was the kennel and not the house.

We cannot do better than allow the Squire to explain in his own words his views about dogs. Here are his reasons for not allowing a dog in his house, and the disease he refers to is hydrophobia:

"As regards myself, having been once in jeopardy, I own that I have no great desire to see dogs in my house. Firstly, the disease alarms me; secondly, I don't like to have my furniture bedewed every time that a dog passes to and fro; thirdly, the yelping of a dog, on a stranger's arrival, is very disagreeable to my ears; and fourthly, dogs, by prying into every bush and corner, are sure to drive the wild birds far

away. Under these considerations, I appropriate to dogs their proper domicilium, which is the kennel. Mine is particularly clean and commodious. Many years have now passed since the dog and the Hanoverian rat were forbidden to pass the threshold of my house."

Birds being, in the opinion of Waterton, the most attractive of all living things, it is not to be wondered at that everything was done at Walton to encourage them to make their home in the park and to increase and multiply there in quiet security.

In time Walton Hall was to become the first of all British bird sanctuaries.

These efforts to attract and protect birds, and to persuade them to stop and nest at Walton, began with the Barn or White Owl.

"This pretty aerial wanderer of the night," writes Waterton in one of his essays, "often comes into my room; and after flitting to and fro, on wing so soft and silent that he is scarcely heard, he takes his departure from the same window at which he entered. I own I have a great liking for this bird; and I have offered it hospitality and protection on account of its persecutions and for its many services to me."

In this same essay he points out how many verses have been written in many languages about the owl, but he could call to mind only one ode which expressed any pity for it.

When he was a very small child his nursery-maid used to sing these verses to the tune of *The Storm*, "Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer". Waterton in after years was able to remember only the first two stanzas:

"Once I was a monarch's daughter
And sat on a lady's knee;
But am now a nightly rover,
Banish'd to the ivy tree;

Crying, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo,
Hoo, hoo, hoo, my feet are cold!
Pity me, for here you see me,
Persecuted, poor and old."

"Up to the year 1813, the Barn Owl had a sad time of it at Walton Hall. Its supposed mournful notes alarmed the

ancient housekeeper. She knew full well what sorrow it had brought into other houses when she was a young woman; and there was enough of mischief in the midnight wintry blast, without having it increased by the dismal screams of something which people knew very little about, and which everybody said was far too busy in the churchyard at night-time. Nay, it was a well-known fact, that if any person were sick in the neighbourhood, it would be for ever looking in at the window, and holding a conversation outside with somebody, they did not know whom. The gamekeeper agreed with her in everything she said on this important subject; and he always stood better in her books, when he had managed to shoot a bird of this bad and mischievous family. However, in 1813, on my return from the wilds of Guiana, having suffered myself and learned mercy, I broke in pieces the code of penal laws which the knavery of the gamekeeper and the lamentable ignorance of the other servants had hitherto put into force, far too successfully, to thin the numbers of this poor, harmless, unsuspecting tribe.

"On the ruin of the old gateway, against which, tradition says, the waves of the lake have dashed for the better part of a thousand years, I made a place with stone and mortar about four feet square, and fixed a thick oaken stick firmly into it. Huge masses of ivy now quite cover it. In about a month or so after it was finished, a pair of barn owls came and took up their abode in it. I threatened to strangle the keeper if ever, after this, he molested either the old birds or their young ones: and I assured the housekeeper that I would take upon myself the whole responsibility of all the sickness, woe and sorrow that the new tenants might bring into the Hall. She made a low curtsy, as much as to say, 'Sir, I fall into your will and pleasure'. But I saw in her eye that she had made up her mind to have to do with things of fearful and portentous shape, and to hear many a midnight wailing in the surrounding woods.

"I do not think that, up to the day of this old lady's death, which took place in her eighty-fourth year, she ever looked with pleasure or contentment on the barn owl, as it flew

round the large sycamore trees which grew near the old ruined gateway.

"When I found that this first settlement on the gateway had succeeded so well, I set about forming other establishments. This year, I have had four broods, and I trust that next season I can calculate on having nine. This will be a pretty increase, and it will help to supply the place of those which, in this neighbourhood, are still unfortunately doomed to death by the hand of cruelty or superstition.

"We can now always have a peep at the owls in their habitation on the old ruined gateway, whenever we choose. Confident of protection, these pretty birds betray no fear when the stranger mounts up to their place of abode."

THE SECOND JOURNEY

IN March, 1816, Waterton embarked at Liverpool on board the *Indian*, Captain Balberney, for his second exploration of the forests of South America. The voyage to Pernambuco in Brazil was similar to scores of other voyages in sailing-ships. Days of calm and monotony intervened with days of high seas and storm, when the vessel had to run before the gale under bare poles or ride out a squall, hove to.

Yet, however monotonous such a voyage might be, to a naturalist there was almost daily something novel to interest him.

Gulls of several kinds accompanied the ship as far as the Bay of Biscay, when, a gale springing up with mountainous seas, Mother Carey's Chickens, or stormy petrels, made their first appearance.

But it was after they entered the tropics that Waterton really enjoyed himself.

"The Ocean", he recorded in his journal, "swarms with curiosities. Probably the flying-fish may be considered as one of the most singular." He made copious notes on the habits of this "little scaled inhabitant of water and air". There were dolphins, which pursued the flying-fish—now become "little marine aerial fugitives", and occasionally one of the sailors would climb out to the spritsail-yard-arm and harpoon a dolphin, which made a welcome addition to the mess for all hands.

Frigate-birds soared majestically overhead, and often a tropic-bird would come close enough for Waterton to see the long feathers of its tail. The study of these and other birds, and monster sharks which lay basking on the surface, helped to pass the days.

On entering the bay of Pernambuco he was enchanted by his first view of the city, with its clustered houses of many colours, and by the surrounding hills clothed with green trees bending before the unceasing trade-wind. As so often occurs with coastal towns, particularly in the tropics, the distant view from the sea was far more pleasing than the nearer view.

Waterton found little to praise but much that was vile in the city's narrow stinking streets, its mouldy and neglected houses, and the indescribable dirt everywhere.

"When you view the port of Pernambuco, full of ships of all nations, when you know that the richest commodities of Europe, Africa, and Asia are brought to it; when you see immense quantities of cotton, dye-wood, and the choicest fruits pouring into the town, you are apt to wonder at the little attention these people pay to the common comforts which one always expects to find in a large and opulent city. However, if the inhabitants are satisfied, there is nothing more to be said.

"Should they ever be convinced that inconveniences exist, and that the nuisances are too frequent, the remedy is in their own hands. At present, certainly, they seem perfectly regardless of them; and the Captain-General of Pernambuco walks through the streets with as apparent content and composure as an English statesman would proceed down Charing-Cross. Custom reconciles everything. In a week or two the stranger himself begins to feel less the things which annoyed him so much upon his first arrival, and after a few months' residence he thinks no more about them, while he is partaking of the hospitality and enjoying the elegance and splendour within doors in this great city."

But directly the disappointed visitor escaped from the noisome streets of Pernambuco he sang quite a different song. He went to stay with a Mr. Dennis Kearney and his wife at a delightful village called Monteiro, some six or seven miles outside the city, where he settled down to collect and skin birds.

"The environs of Pernambuco are very pretty. You see country houses in all directions, and the appearance of here

and there a sugar plantation enriches the scenery. Palm trees, cocoa-nut trees, Orange and Lemon groves and all the different fruits peculiar to Brazil, are here in the greatest abundance.

"At Olinda there is a national botanical garden; it wants space, produce, and improvement. The forests, which are several leagues off, abound with birds, beasts, insects, and serpents. Besides a brilliant plumage, many of the birds have a very fine song. The Troupiale, noted for its rich colours, sings delightfully in the environs of Pernambuco. The Red-headed Finch, larger than the European sparrow, pours forth a sweet and varied strain, in company with two species of wren, a little before daylight. There are also several species of the thrush, which have a song somewhat different from that of the European thrush; and two species of the linnet, whose strain is so soft and sweet that it dooms them to captivity in the houses. A bird called here Sangre do Buey, blood of the Ox, cannot fail to engage your attention; he is of the passerine tribe, and very common about the houses; the wings and tail are black, and every other part of the body a flaming red."

One afternoon while at Monteiro, Waterton met with an odd adventure which might have had an unpleasant termination. He was wandering about in an abandoned weed-grown orange grove when his attention was drawn to a noisily chattering flock of birds. On drawing near in order to discover what excited them so much, he saw what he took to be a green grasshopper fluttering in the long grass beneath the tree in which the birds were congregated. That the fluttering object was a grasshopper he felt no doubt, and was just about to grasp it in his hands when suddenly the head of a large rattlesnake rose up out of the grass, ready to strike, and the naturalist only escaped being bitten by this very deadly snake by an instantaneous leap backwards. What he had taken to be a grasshopper was, in fact, the elevated rattle in the tail of the snake, a danger warning to the intruder if he approached any nearer.

Waterton's collecting was soon brought to a close by the onset of the rainy season, which coincided with the time of

moult, when the birds' plumage becomes bedraggled and not worth preserving.

By now he had skinned "fifty-eight specimens of the handsomest of them", and it was time to proceed elsewhere.

With the eight words quoted above, Waterton paid himself a very poor compliment, for they are evidence that he was not a scientific collector.

When a naturalist goes to out-of-the-way places of the world to collect birds, it is the out-of-the-way birds which are wanted by the museums at home, not just the handsomest. To collect only those of gaudy plumage is not what is required. Such birds are certain to have been collected already and are not needed. It is the unobtrusive birds which are wanted by the museums, the inconspicuous little "warblers", the brown sparrow-like birds or the small dun-coloured waders which trip along the shore, following the receding tide. It is among such as these that the collector may hope to find rare specimens and even species new to science.

Waterton was attracted by the birds of brilliant plumage, and thus not only did he procure very few specimens of real importance during all his journeys into countries practically untouched by collectors, but he scarcely ever brought back a female specimen, because its plumage is generally duller and less showy than that of the male. In his collection of birds, which, very naturally, is the pride of Stonyhurst College museum, there is hardly a hen bird in all the glass cases.

Waterton had unique opportunities for adding species new to science, yet he discovered but one new bird, a humming-bird, *Thalurania Watertoni*, the skin of which he presented to a friend, an ardent collector of humming-birds.

This unfortunate foible of Waterton's for acquiring only brightly coloured birds was a real loss to ornithology and very regrettable. It was due, no doubt, to the fact that he had never studied zoology, but treated his collecting as a hobby.

The truth is, that though he was interested in the habits of live birds, he took great pride in his own methods of



WATERTON MOUNTED ON THE CAYMAN
(from an illustration in the "Wanderings")



skinning and mounting his specimens, and liked these to be handsomely coloured birds which would prove attractive to the visitors who came to see his collection.

That Waterton himself was under no misapprehension about his claims to be a scientific collector is borne out by his own words, when writing about this peculiar humming-bird:

"I once possessed a humming-bird, which wonderfully attracted the attention of the late worthy Mr. George Loddiges. He stood riveted to the spot as he examined it. Knowing that he had formed his own collection of humming-birds chiefly for the good of science, and aware that mine had no ulterior pretensions than to attract the passing notice of accidental visitors, I begged him to accept it."

Having obtained skins of all the brightly coloured birds at Monteiro, Waterton decided to go elsewhere.

The place he would have liked to visit was Maranhão, but this would have meant a journey of some forty days on horse-back, which, owing to the heavy rains just broken, would have exposed his specimens to almost certain damage.

He might have travelled part of the way in a coasting-vessel, but all these were slave-ships, which sailed up and down the coast of Brazil, doing a brisk trade at each port, selling negroes. Waterton did not mind roughing it, but even he jibbed at a voyage in a small slave-ship.

In the end he decided to go to Cayenne, in French Guiana, which at that time was in the hands of the Portuguese.

The project he had in mind was an ambitious one. It was to go to Cayenne and there find a ship to take him to Pará, at the mouth of the Amazon, and then to proceed up that river and up the Rio Negro, and then to go on foot to the source of the Essequibo river, exploring on the way the little-known crystal mountains and having another search for the mysterious Lake Parima. Having done this, he intended to canoe down the Essequibo to end up at Stabroek; an arduous and dangerous journey of some two thousand miles.

With this expedition in view he embarked at Pernambuco on board a Portuguese brig. The accommodation for pas-

sengers must have been wretched, for "the most eligible bedroom was the top of a hen-coop on deck. Even here, an unsavoury little beast, called bug, was neither shy nor deficient in appetite."

The boredom of this uncomfortable voyage was broken only on one occasion, when, as the ship was crossing the line, four huge sharks appeared in her wake and were all caught by the Portuguese sailors.

Even the most wearisome of voyages comes to an end in time. On the fourteenth day after leaving Pernambuco the brig cast anchor off the island of Cayenne, and Waterton had his first view of French Guiana.

"The entrance is beautiful. To windward, not far off, there are two bold wooded islands, called Father and Mother; and nearer them are others, their children, smaller, though as beautiful as their parents. Another is seen a long way to leeward of the family, and seems as if it had strayed from home, and cannot find its way back. The French call it 'l'enfant perdu'. As you pass the islands, the stately hills on the main, ornamented with ever verdant foliage, show you that this is by far the sublimest scenery on the sea-coast, from the Amazon to the Oroonoke."

Some thirty miles off the coast they passed the bare towering rock of Le Grand Connétable, close enough to see hundreds of black frigate-birds and long-tailed tropic-birds wheeling and circling round the rugged summit. As they drew near to the shore of the mainland, vast numbers of snow-white egrets, scarlet curlews, spoonbills, and rosy flamingos were visible feeding on the mud-flats.

The town of Cayenne appeared to be well laid out and strongly fortified, but the French inhabitants were still smarting under the disgrace brought about by their Governor, Monsieur Victor Hugues, who had ignominiously surrendered the town to the Portuguese, and when Waterton landed, the flag of Braganza and not the tricolour waved from the ramparts. The late "haughty, iron-hearted governor" was to be seen "stripped of all his revolutionary honours, broken down and ruined and under arrest in his own house".

But there were still a few who esteemed him, among them his four accomplished daughters.

"Towards the close of day, when the sun's rays are no longer oppressive, these much pitied ladies are seen walking up and down the balcony with their aged parent, trying, by their kind and filial attention, to remove the settled gloom from his too guilty brow."

Finding this settled gloom also affected the usually gay and hospitable citizens, Waterton decided not to remain at Cayenne but to journey on, only tarrying to pay a visit to the world-famous botanical gardens at La Gabrielle.

Monsieur Martin, a first-rate botanist, was in charge of them, and under a royal commission from the king of France he had travelled all over the East, collecting living specimens for the gardens.

Almost every known fruit tree of the tropics was to be seen there, also species of almost every other kind of tree and plant. In the cool of the evening twenty thousand clove trees, in blossom, perfumed the air with their delicious scent.

Waterton wished to leave Cayenne as soon as possible, but was determined first to obtain, if he could, a specimen of the tropic-bird for his collection. He had so far been unable to procure one, and the sight of so many of these birds flying round the Grand Connétable as he passed the rock on his first approach to Cayenne had given him the idea of visiting this out-of-the-way home of rare sea-birds. So he hired a canoe manned by seven negroes and set off one evening, proceeding down the maze of creeks which runs between the island of Cayenne and the mainland, reckoning on reaching the sea-coast about daybreak. The expedition was not a success.

To begin with, it rained unceasingly during the greater part of the night, and as the canoe provided no shelter of any kind, Waterton was soon soaked to the skin. By dawn they had reached the sea-coast, but at about ten o'clock, owing to the ebbing of the tide, the canoe was left high and dry on an almost boundless mud-flat. There they had to remain, as it was impossible to get the canoe to the sea, or to return to the

land over the soft mud; so all day long, without respite or pity, the tropic sun blazed down upon them.

"A blazing sun beat full upon us, and gave to the surrounding mud-flat the appearance of an immeasurable looking-glass. On every side of us were egrettes and herons, scarlet curlews and spoonbills, and other sea-fowl, in countless numbers, all feeding on the crabs which swarmed throughout the mud-flat. At a considerable distance from us, and far beyond the reach of shot, we counted above five hundred flamingos, which were ranged in a straight line, putting us in mind of a file of soldiers in the scarlet uniform."

When at last the longed-for returning tide made its appearance in the evening, the sea was so rough as to put any further attempt to reach Connétable out of the question, and the defeated party were compelled to follow the tide back to Cayenne, where they did not arrive until the following morning, after a second night of drenching rain.

As soon as he got back, Waterton began to make enquiries about a ship for Para, and for the first time he learned that it might take several weeks for a ship to reach this port, from which he had intended to begin his great journey up the Amazon. One Portuguese vessel, he was told, had already been beating up against the current for four weeks, and was still only half-way to Para.

As an alternative he took a passage in an American vessel for Paramaribo in Dutch Guiana, intending to go from there overland into Surinam and so down the river Corentyn to New Amsterdam and then on to Demerara.

A full account of this journey and of all the birds and other beasts he met with may be read in *Wanderings in South America*.

Let us rejoin him later, on his safe arrival at Georgetown. It was four years since he was last there, and he was much impressed by its evident prosperity. The streets, he noticed, were spacious, well bricked, and elevated above the swampy ground on which the town was built. The bridges over the canals were in good condition, and many new and handsome houses were being erected. The principal town of Demerara

was indeed in a flourishing way. "Almost every commodity and luxury of London may be bought in the shops of Stabroek. The hotels are commodious, clean, and well attended. Demerara boasts as fine and well-disciplined militia as any colony in the western world.

"The court of justice, where in times of old the bandage was easily removed from the eyes of the goddess, and her scales thrown down out of equilibrium, now rises in dignity under the firmness, talents, and urbanity of Mr. President Rough."

He then goes on to praise the enterprise and prosperity of this new British colony, and he greatly admired the evidence of high cultivation in the plantations.

"A tolerable idea may be formed", he wrote, "of their value when you know that last year Demerara numbered seventy-two thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine slaves. They made above forty-four million pounds of sugar, near two million gallons of rum, above eleven million pounds of coffee, and"—a further example of Waterton's fondness for detail—"three million eight hundred and nineteen thousand five hundred and twelve pounds of cotton; the receipt into the public chest was five hundred and fifty-three thousand nine hundred and fifty-six guilders; the public expenditure, four hundred and fifty-one thousand six hundred and three guilders."

After presenting his readers with these meticulous statistics, Waterton has something to say about the then burning question of slavery.

Great efforts were being made in England to abolish slavery, to make the trade in slaves illegal, and eventually to free all slaves in the British colonies. All this did not come about until seventeen years later, when by Act of Parliament all the 770,280 slaves in the British Empire became free. Waterton's views on slavery, one cannot help but feel, were somewhat influenced, though quite unconsciously, by the fact that he himself was a slave-owner, and that much of his wealth was derived from the family estates in Demerara where slave-labour was employed.

The reasonings of such a just and benevolent character are naturally worthy of note, and as they represent the views of a good master, the following extract is interesting:

"Slavery can never be defended; he whose heart is not of iron can never wish to be able to defend it; while he heaves a sigh for the poor negro in captivity, he wishes from his soul that the traffic had been stifled in its birth; but unfortunately, the governments of Europe nourished it, and now that they are exerting themselves to do away with the evil and ensure liberty to the sons of Africa, the situation of the plantation slaves is depicted as truly deplorable, and their condition wretched. It is not so. A Briton's heart, proverbially kind and generous, is not changed by climate, or its streams of compassion dried up by the scorching heat of a Demerara sun; he cheers his negroes, comforts them in sickness, is kind to them in old age, and never forgets that they are his fellow creatures."

Alas, it is difficult to believe that the heart of no British slave-owner was ever changed by the climate or that his streams of compassion were not all too often dried up by the scorching sun and the mosquitoes of Demerara. That there were many kind masters is true, but there were also far too many who were the reverse.

Yet in fairness to the slave-owner it is as well to remember that the worst slave-drivers of all were the managers who were put in charge of the plantations and paid, by the absentee owner, a salary which depended on the profits made by the manager; a wicked system which encouraged an unscrupulous manager to flog every ounce of work he could out of the slaves.

It was not often that Waterton enjoyed life in a town; usually he would leave the haunts of man as quickly as he could, to retire into his beloved forests. But on this occasion he seems thoroughly to have enjoyed the gaiety of hospitable Georgetown.

Did ever a guest express himself more warmly at parting from his hospitable host than did Waterton when he left Demerara to go on his travels?

These are his words:

"Long may ye flourish, peaceful and liberal inhabitants of Demerara. Your doors are ever open to harbour the harbourless; your purses never shut to the wants of the distressed: many a ruined fugitive from the Oroonoke will bless your kindness to him in the hour of need, when, flying from the woes of civil discord, without food or raiment, he begged for shelter beneath your roof. . . . The traveller, as he leaves your port, casts a longing, lingering look behind: your attentions, your hospitality, your pleasantries and mirth, are uppermost in his thoughts: your prosperity is close to his heart.

"Let us now, gentle reader, retire from the busy scenes of man, and journey on towards the wilds in quest of the feathered tribe."

And then follow a few practical hints for you, "gentle reader", on how to prepare for your journey with the Wanderer, in quest of the feathered tribe.

"Leave behind you your high-seasoned dishes, your wines and your delicacies; carry nothing but what is necessary for your own comfort and the object in view, and depend upon the skill of an Indian, or your own, for fish and game.

"A sheet, about twelve feet long, ten wide, painted, and with loop-holes on each side, will be of great service; in a few minutes you can suspend it betwixt two trees in the shape of a roof. Under this, in your hammock, you may defy the pelting shower, and sleep heedless of the dews of night. A hat, a shirt, and a light pair of trousers will be all the raiment you require. Custom will soon teach you to tread lightly and barefoot on the little inequalities of the ground, and shew you how to pass on, unwounded, amid the mantling briers."

For the following six months the naturalist wandered in forests, observing nature, collecting "above two hundred specimens of the finest birds", jotting down copious notes on their haunts and habits, and putting on record a mass of other valuable information concerning the natural history of Guiana.

Waterton returned home on board the *Dee*, West Indiaman,

commanded by Captain Gray. The only incident of note during the voyage was the capture of a Phaeton, or tropic-bird. For a long while Waterton had hankered after one of these for his collection, but hitherto all in vain. Years afterwards he wrote the following account of the incident:

“On my passage home across the Atlantic, we saw Phaeton sitting on the wave, within gunshot of the ship—a rare occurrence. I fired at him with effect; and as he lay lifeless on the water I said (without any expectation of recovering the bird), ‘A guinea for him who will fetch the bird to me’. The vessel was then going smartly through the water. A Danish sailor, who was standing on the forecastle, instantly plunged into the sea with all his clothes on, and swam towards the bird. Our people ran aft, to lower down the jolly-boat, but it was filled with lumber, and had been well secured with lashings for the passage home. Our poor Dane was now far astern; and in our attempt to tack ship she missed stays, and we were obliged to wear her. In the meantime, we all expected the Dane had gone down to Davy’s locker. But, at last, we fortunately came up with him; and we found him buffeting the waves. I dissected it, and prepared it, and have kept it ever since, nor do I intend that it shall leave my house, as the sight of it often brings to my remembrance an occurrence of uncommon interest, now long gone by. . . .”

CHAPTER VIII

AT HOME

WHEN Waterton returned home there was plenty to occupy him both in the park and in the house.

There were all his specimens to unpack, sort and label, and then arrange and set up in the museum which he was forming. This, when completed, occupied the whole of the hall, the staircase, and the wide organ gallery on the top floor of the house. His museum was to become the greatest joy and pride of his life. There was always something or other to be done in it, and there was, particularly after the publication of his *Wanderings in South America*, the excitement of acting as showman to friends or fellow-naturalists, or even to total strangers who called at Walton Hall to see the famous collection, and perhaps in the hope of also seeing the famous Squire of Walton when he had become almost a national celebrity.

Early in the year 1817, an expedition was being formed to explore the river Congo. On hearing of it, Waterton at once posted to London to beg Sir Joseph Banks to allow him to accompany it. The President of the Royal Society agreed, and invited him to prolong his visit to London in order to meet the other scientific men who were to form the expedition.

Waterton took this opportunity to shew them "many things which, I think, could not fail to prove useful to them, in their preparation of specimens for the benefit of Natural History. Above all things, I tried to impress upon their minds the absolute necessity of temperance; and I warned them particularly never to sleep in their wet clothes."

However, shortly afterwards, Sir Joseph Banks advised Waterton not to go, as he had reasons for believing the

expedition would not turn out a success, a prophecy which later proved correct.

The following summer was spent at home at a new task, thoroughly after his own heart. He had decided to turn Walton Park, an area of about two hundred and sixty acres, into a sanctuary for wild birds. How well he succeeded will appear later on, for it took him ten years to complete his ambitious scheme.

To begin with, he gave strict orders that in future no shot should ever be fired within the park, nor were dogs or keepers to be permitted to range the woods, and no boat was to be allowed on the lake from Michaelmas-day to the following May-day, for fear of frightening the waterfowl.

Thus the birds were to be left undisturbed, and wherever birds are undisturbed birds will congregate and remain to nest.

Next he constructed various contrivances to encourage the birds to nest.

For the starlings—not usually catered for by bird protectionists—he made twenty-four holes in the wall of the old ruined water-gate, and to shew their appreciation, twenty-four pairs of starlings occupied the holes in the following spring. For the barn owls he built a stone and mortar tower, fitted with a stout oak perch at the entrance. A month or so after it was finished, Waterton was gratified by the arrival of a pair of owls which took possession of the tower and reared a family in it.

The keeper, an enemy of all owls, Waterton threatened to strangle, if he dared to molest the old birds or their young ones.

Some years afterwards, when Waterton had settled for good at Walton Hall, he carried out many further devices for the encouragement and protection of birds, with very striking results.

Should our Royal Society for the Protection of Birds need a patron saint, they could not do better than adopt Charles Waterton, the Squire of Walton, who may well be styled the Father of British bird protection.

In Waterton's day, the ignorance of country people of all classes about wild birds and their habits was even more abysmal than it is to-day amongst such bird-destroyers as members of shooting syndicates or gamekeepers.

For in the Squire's time—like all his friends, one slips into the habit of calling Charles Waterton *The Squire*—scarcely any bird but was suspect of doing harm of some sort, material or moral, to the human race.

The owl, of course, was an old offender. Through the ages, and in most countries, its midnight hooting was believed to forebode evil for those who heard it.

At Walton Hall, when Charles was a boy, the gardeners were armed with shot-guns, with orders to shoot at sight all chaffinches, thrushes, blackbirds, or any other small birds which dared to invade the garden or orchards.

"These sweet choristers of the grove were said to do mischief in the orchard and in the kitchen garden; and this was a sufficient pretext to place them in no other light than that of common outlaws, to be punished with death whenever an opportunity should offer. The little chaffinch was to have no favour shewn to him. He was known to haunt the beds of early radishes, and he would have done a deal of damage there, forsooth, had not our gardener luckily been allowed the use of a gun, with which he managed to kill, or to drive away, every chaffinch, thrush, and blackbird that arrived within the precincts of his horticultural domain.

"But this promiscuous slaughter has ceased at last. Every bird, be his qualities bad or good, is now welcome here, and still nothing seems to go wrong, either in the orchard or in the garden. Neither does the protection afforded to them appear to act to my disadvantage in other quarters. The dovecot is most productive, notwithstanding that a colony of starlings (those pests of all dovecots in the eyes of farmers) exists within a stone's throw of it. The pheasants are crowing in every wood around; nor do the hoarse croakings of the carrion-crows, or the frequent chatterings of the magpies, cause me any apprehension that there will be a deficiency in the usual supply of game. The chief way to encourage birds

is to forbid the use of firearms in the place of their resort. I have done so here; and to this precaution I chiefly owe my unparalleled success."

All old trees in which the trunk shewed signs of going rotten were hollowed out for the owls; holly bushes were planted and yews clipped to afford snug nesting sites for smaller birds. Everything was done, in fact, to make the birds of Walton Hall feel at home and welcome.

Perhaps the Squire's most spectacular success of all was his artificial quarry for sand-martins. This was banked up in a particularly sunny and sheltered part of the grounds near the Grotto, and the whole was faced up with a wall. In this wall were made fifty deep holes, specially for sand-martins, and sure enough, the very next summer, sand-martins, hitherto unknown to nest at Walton, arrived in scores and started a colony.

That autumn Charles Waterton went on his first of many tours on the Continent. In later life he made it an annual practice to go on these pleasure-trips with his family, and thoroughly enjoyed them.

His companion on this occasion was his friend Captain Alexander, of the Royal Navy. Their destination was Rome, and the visit proved an enjoyable occasion, as will soon be seen, both for the English travellers and for the citizens of that city.

Scarcely had they arrived than whom should they run into but Waterton's old school friend, Captain Jones, of the 1st Royal Lancashire Militia, who had been almost as agile and daring a climber of trees at Stonyhurst as Waterton himself. No doubt they talked of old times and reminded one another of some of their more daring climbs, and this brought up the suggestion of trying their skill in Rome. Anyhow, off they went, and together mounted to the top of St. Peter's, then ascended the cross, and then, at no little risk, reached the point of the lightning conductor, where Waterton left his gloves, apparently as evidence of their daring feat.

As though this was not enough for one day, they next

tackled the castle of St. Angelo, where they contrived, somehow or other, to get to the head of the guardian angel, where "we stood on one leg", to the admiration of the gaping crowd in the street below.

News of these strange proceedings on the part of two eccentric Englishmen quickly reached the ears of the Pope, Pius VII, who ordered the gloves to be removed instantly, since they rendered the conductor useless.

But a difficulty at once arose, for nobody could be found bold or agile enough to attempt the task, so that, in the presence of a vast and delighted Roman audience, the Squire had to go up again and fetch down his gloves. It is to be hoped that the Pope's not unnatural annoyance with Waterton was appeased when, having obtained an audience with His Holiness, Waterton laid before him a memorial he had carefully prepared, on the religious conditions of the regions of South America which he had visited. In this memorial he pointed out the decay of education and of morals which had followed the expulsion of the Jesuits from Brazil.

On the return journey from Italy, Waterton met with an accident which might well have crippled him for life and prevented him from ever again climbing either a tree or a church steeple.

Here is the Squire's own account of the affair, which includes all those medical details on which he doted:

"As Captain Alexander and myself were returning over Mount Cenis, I fancied that the baggage had broken loose on the top of the carriage, so I immediately mounted on the wheel to see what was the matter. As bad luck would have it, I came in contact with the window, and smashed the glass; two pieces of the pane, an inch long, punctured a little above the cap of the left knee, on the inner side, and broke short off. This was at ten o'clock of the night. I put my thumb firmly on the wound, until the Captain had brought one of the lamps to bear on it. On seeing the blood flow in a continued stream, and not by jerks, I knew that the artery was safe. Having succeeded in getting out the two pieces of glass with my finger and thumb, I bound the wound up with my cravat.

Then, cutting off my coat pocket, I gave it to the Captain and directed him to get it filled with poultice in a house where we saw a light at a distance. The next day a strong fever came on; so we stopped until it had abated, and then we went on again; and stopped again on account of the fever; and again proceeded, until at last we reached Paris, the wound being in a deplorable state. Here Doctor Marshall, a friend from Demerara, took me under his care until I was in a state to proceed to England. He shewed exquisite skill in his treatment of the wound and would have done wonders for it had I staid sufficient length of time with him.

"On my arrival in London, Father Scott, of the Society of Jesus, came immediately to my assistance. Having inspected the wound, he took his departure without loss of time, and he brought back with him the celebrated Mr. Cargue; to whose consummate knowledge and incessant attention I owe the preservation of the limb, and probably of life too.

"The knee continued stiff for nearly two years; but, by constant exercise, and by refusing the aid of a walking-stick, it lost at last all rigidity, and is now as sound as though it had never been injured."

As soon as he was home again and in full health, Waterton began planting ivy. It became almost an obsession with him. He had become converted to the importance of ivy as a shelter for birds when he and Captain Alexander paid a visit to Cascini, where the Grand Duke of Tuscany had a pheasant preserve, whither the inhabitants of Florence were allowed to take their evening promenade. In the park was a grove where ivy grew "in all its lofty pride and beauty. The trees in this ornamental grove are loaded with a profusion of ivy, from the lowest to their topmost branches; and although crowds of fashionable carriages were rolling along the road which surrounds this preserve, I saw our common pheasant roving through its walks, with a confidence little inferior to that of our own domestic poultry. As the evening closed in upon us, I observed multitudes of the smaller birds resorting to the ivy-mantled trees, in order to enjoy the proffered convenience of nocturnal rest and safety. I have profited by what

I saw in Tuscany—for on my return to my native place, I began the cultivation of ivy with an unsparing hand.”

The Squire was never one to go about anything by half-measures, so it was not many years before Walton Park became the most ivy-festooned estate in the whole of Yorkshire.

In 1819 Waterton heard that his old patron and benefactor, Sir Joseph Banks, was dying, and he went up to London to pay him a farewell visit.

Waterton has left on record the last conversation held between them, and it is given here because it throws a revealing light on what passes between two naturalists on such a solemn occasion.

“In 1819, I had my last conversation with Sir Joseph Banks. I saw with sorrow that death was going to rob us of him. We talked much of the present mode adopted by all museums in stuffing quadrupeds, and condemned it as being very imperfect: still we could not find out a better way; and at last concluded, that the lips and nose ought to be cut off, and replaced with wax; it being impossible to make these parts appear like life, as they shrink to nothing, and render the stuffed specimens in the different museums horrible to look at. The defects in the legs and feet would not be quite so glaring, being covered with hair.”

CHAPTER IX
THE THIRD JOURNEY

THE most interesting and the most entertaining of Waterton's journeys to the New World is the third. After spending nearly four years at home, he began to feel he "could not tarry. Guiana still whispered in my ear, and seemed to invite me once more to wander through her distant forests."

In February, 1820, he sailed from the Clyde, on board the *Glenbervie*, a famous barque, commanded by Captain John Jones, a man of sufficient note to be mentioned in the Scotch jest-book, *The Laird of Logan*. For twenty years Captain Jones sailed the *Glenbervie* between Greenock and Demerara, and she wore out more canvas than any two vessels of the same tonnage. "While other commanders were reefing in prospect of gales, Jones kept up his sails to prove the strength of their fabric. 'Come away, my lads', he would cry; 'it is as well to go to the bottom at twelve knots as at eight.'"

On his arrival in Georgetown, Waterton found that yellow fever was raging and that funerals were taking place every day. Under such circumstances he remained only as long as was necessary to gather supplies for his journey into the interior, and then went to Warrows Place, the old but now deserted home of the Edmonstones, who had all returned to Scotland.

Although it had only been abandoned for three years, the house was in ruins, the roof had almost fallen in, and the room "where once governors and generals had caroused, was now dismantled and tenanted by the vampires. You would have said,

"Tis now the vampire's bleak abode,
'Tis now the apartment of the toad

'Tis here the painful Chegoe feeds,
'Tis here the dire Labarri breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss and weeds.'"

To most people a ruined house which was occupied by blood-sucking vampire bats, toads, insects which burrow beneath the nails, and by poisonous snakes, would hardly appear an attractive abode, but Waterton was not as other men, and these strange tenants only made it the more desirable.

After he had hired some negro slaves to repair the roof, the naturalist settled in and was, according to his own simple standards of living, comfortable.

As to his fellow-lodgers in the house, or what remained of it:

"The frogs, and here and there a snake, received that attention which the weak in this world generally experience from the strong, and which the law commonly denominates an ejection. But here, neither the frogs nor serpents were ill-treated; they sallied forth, without buffet or rebuke, to choose their place of residence; the world was all before them. The owls went away of their own accord, preferring to retire to a hollow tree rather than to associate with their new landlord. The bats and vampires stayed with me, and went in and out as usual."

Before conducting his reader along the narrow foot-tracks of the forest, the author of the *Wanderings* gives him some sound advice as to raiment and diet. This is it:

"I would here, gentle reader, wish to draw thy attention for a few minutes to physic, raiment, and diet. Shouldst thou ever wander through these remote and dreary wilds, forget not to carry with thee bark, laudanum, calomel and jalap, and the lancet. There are no druggist shops here, nor sons of Galen to apply to in time of need. I never go encumbered with many clothes. A thin flannel waistcoat under a check shirt, a pair of trousers, and a hat, were all my wardrobe; shoes and stockings I seldom had on. In dry weather they would have irritated the feet, and retarded me in the chase of wild beasts; and in the rainy season they would have kept me in a perpetual state of damp and moisture. I eat

moderately, and never drink wine, spirits, or fermented liquors in any climate. This abstemiousness has ever proved a faithful friend; it carried me triumphant through the epidemic at Malaga, where death made such havoc about the beginning of the present century: and it has since befriended me in many a fit of sickness, brought on by exposure to the noon-day sun, to the dews of night, to the pelting shower and unwholesome food."

It was while lying in his hammock one night in the ruined house at Mibiri creek that the long-awaited-for answer came. For fourteen years or more, Waterton had been trying to devise some new method for preserving stuffed animals and had failed. As he lay that night in his hammock, he called to mind that last conversation he had with the dying Sir Joseph Banks on this subject, when suddenly "I hit upon the proper mode by inference; it appeared clear to me that it was the only true way of going to work, and ere I closed my eyes in sleep, I was able to prove to myself that there could not be any other way that would answer. I tried it the next day, and succeeded according to expectation.

"By means of this process, which is very simple, we can now give every feature back again to the animal's face, after it has been skinned; and when necessary, stamp grief, or pain, or pleasure, or rage, or mildness upon it. But more of this hereafter. Let us turn our attention to the Sloth."

As we have already dealt pretty fully with this favourite of the naturalist, let us now accompany him some of the way on his wanderings in the Guiana forest.

We meet the Giant Ant-bear or ant-eater, and our attention is called to the fact that when he walks or stands, his front feet or paws have somewhat the appearance of a club-hand, and that he walks entirely on the outer side of the forefeet, which are bent inwards, the claws collected into a point and going under the foot. Before Waterton noted this peculiarity, the drawings of this animal and the stuffed specimens in museums all placed the foot forward, as that of all other animals except the sloth.

Waterton had his favourites, like lesser men. The sloth,

as we know, was one of them, the blood-sucking vampire—known in Guiana as the Colony Doctor—was another. There is not, and never was, any accounting for taste.

“We will now take a view of the Vampire”, he writes. “As there was a free entrance and exit to the Vampire in the loft where I slept, I had many a fine opportunity of paying attention to this nocturnal surgeon.”

Waterton learned many things about this large bat, how it did not subsist only on warm blood, but sometimes enjoyed a vegetable diet of bananas, and sometimes his vampires brought to the loft green wild guavas. Also “there was something in the blossom of the sawarri nut-tree which was grateful to him”.

He found there were two species of vampire in Guiana: a larger which sucked the blood of men and other animals, and a smaller which confined itself chiefly to birds.

He met a gentleman, living high up the Demerara river, who had to give up keeping fowls on account of the small vampire.

He tells a story against himself, over a mild joke he made to a Scotsman, about vampires.

“Some years ago I went up the river Paumaron with a Scotch gentleman, by name Tarbet. We hung our hammocks in the thatched loft of a planter’s house. Next morning I heard this gentleman muttering in his hammock, and now and then letting fall an imprecation or two, just about the time he ought to have been saying his morning prayers. ‘What is the matter, sir?’ said I softly. ‘Is anything amiss?’ ‘What’s the matter?’ answered he surlily. ‘Why, the Vampires have been sucking me to death.’ As soon as there was light enough, I went to his hammock, and saw it much stained with blood. ‘There,’ said he, thrusting his foot out of the hammock, ‘see how these infernal imps have been drawing my life’s blood.’

“On examining his foot, I found the Vampire had tapped his great toe: there was a wound somewhat less than that made by a leech; the blood was still oozing from it; I conjectured he might have lost from ten to twelve ounces of

blood. Whilst examining it, I think I put him into a worse humour by remarking, that an European surgeon would not have been so generous as to have blooded him without making a charge. He looked up in my face, but did not say a word: I saw he was of opinion that I had better have spared this piece of ill-timed levity."

Alas for poor Mr. Tarbet, his misfortunes at the hands, or teeth, of Waterton's friends of the forest were not at an end. Another and more painful and far more undignified mishap was shortly to afflict him, but in this case the Englishman tactfully refrained from any English flippancy.

"It was not the last punishment of this good gentleman in the river Paumaron. The next night he was doomed to undergo a kind of ordeal unknown in Europe. There is a species of large red ant in Guiana, sometimes called Ranger, sometimes Conshie. These ants march in millions through the country, in compact order, like a regiment of soldiers; they eat up every insect in their march; and if a house obstruct their route, they do not turn out of the way, but go quite through it. Though they sting cruelly when molested, the planter is not sorry to see them in his house; for it is but a passing visit, and they destroy every kind of insect that has taken shelter under his roof.

"Now, in the British plantations of Guiana, as well as in Europe, there is always a little temple dedicated to the goddess Cloacina. Our dinner had chiefly consisted of crabs, dressed in rich and different ways. Paumaron is famous for its crabs, and strangers who go thither consider them the greatest luxury.

"The Scotch gentleman made a very capital dinner on crabs; but this change of diet was productive of unpleasant circumstances: he was awake in the night in that state in which Virgil describes Caeleno to have been, viz.: '*faedissima ventris proluviæ*'. Up he got, to verify the remark, '*Serius aut citius, sedem properamus ad unam*'.

"Now, unluckily for himself, and the nocturnal tranquillity of the planter's house, just at that unfortunate hour, the Conshi Ants were passing across the seat of Cloacina's temple; he

had never dreamed of this; and so, turning his face to the door, he placed himself in the usual situation which the votaries of the goddess generally take.

"Had a lighted match dropped upon a pound of gunpowder, as he afterwards remarked, it could not have caused a greater recoil. Up he jumped and forced his way out, roaring for help and for a light, for he was worried alive by ten thousand devils.

"The fact is, he had sat down upon an intervening body of Conshie Ants. Many of these which escaped being crushed to death, turned again, and, in revenge, stung the unintentional intruder most severely.

"The watchman had fallen asleep, and it was some time before a light could be procured, the fire having gone out; in the meantime, the poor gentleman was suffering an indescribable martyrdom, and would have found himself more at home in the Augean stable than in a planter's house."

At the conclusion of this account of a most painful, embarrassing, not to say undignified situation for Mr. Tarbet, the naturalist harks back to a subject ever in his thoughts:

"I had often wished to have been once sucked by the Vampire, in order that I might have it in my power to say it had really happened to me. There can be no pain in the operation, for the patient is always asleep when the Vampire is sucking him; and as for the loss of a few ounces of blood, that would be a trifle in the long run.

"Many a night have I slept with my foot out of the hammock to tempt this winged surgeon, expecting that he would be there; but it was all in vain; the Vampire never sucked me, and I could never account for his not doing so, for we were inhabitants of the same loft for months together."

Waterton made many observations on the habits of the armadillo. He tasted one cooked by the Indians, who much appreciated its flesh, but he considered it too strong and rank.

Often the traveller met with the land tortoise, a reptile which "adds another to the list of unoffending animals; he

subsists on the fallen fruits of the forest. When an enemy approaches he never thinks of moving, but quietly draws himself under his shell, and there awaits his doom in patience: he only seems to have two enemies who can do him any damage; one of these is the Boa Constrictor: this snake swallows the tortoise alive, shell and all. . . . The other enemy is man, who takes up the tortoise and carries him away."

Sydney Smith could not resist a comment on this practice of the boa-constrictor, which "swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior, as the Court of Chancery does a great estate".

During the eleven months that Waterton resided in the ruined home of his friends he lived alone, except for the company of vampire bats and other nocturnal vagrants from the surrounding jungle. He was looked after by an old negro slave belonging to Mr. Edmonstone, Daddy Quashi. Quashi was an invaluable attendant; he could cook, he could steer a canoe, and was deeply versed in the habits of wild beasts and birds. And he was easily catered for. The corpse of almost any specimen which his master skinned for his collection made a welcome meal for Quashi. "He had", as Waterton remarked, "a brave stomach for heterogeneous food", could digest and relish cayman, monkeys, hawks and grubs of hornets and stinking fish. He was able to make three or four meals off one large cayman, or alligator, before it became too putrid even for his taste, and then he would salt the rest.

The wasps or maribuntas, whose grubs Quashi greatly prized, were great plagues to Waterton, for if he happened to disturb one of their nests hanging from a branch, the whole colony of enormous blue wasps would attack the intruder and sting him mercilessly, drawing blood and causing acute pain and inflammation.

Once Waterton tried some roast wasp grubs by way of dessert after dinner, "but my stomach was offended at their intrusion", though he adds with candour, "probably it was more the idea than the taste that caused the stomach to rebel".

One of the supposed dangers to travellers in the forests of Guiana is poisonous snakes. Waterton did not consider

them dangerous if only you approached them slowly and quietly. He was of the firm opinion that no snake will deliberately attack a man except in self-defence, or when suddenly disturbed.

Waterton was a man of great courage, and all through his life we come across examples of it.

He wished very much to examine the poison fangs of a viper, but whenever an Indian killed a snake, he would cut off the head and throw it away. So Waterton decided to catch alive a labarri, one of the most venomous of all the South American snakes. His account of this is typical of him; he describes it as if the catching of a deadly snake by hand was an ordinary occurrence which might happen to any gentleman during an afternoon's stroll in the country.

"One day, wishful to see how the poison comes out of the fangs of the snake, I caught a labarri alive. He was about eight feet long. I held him by the neck, and my hand was so near his jaw that he had not room to move his head to bite it. This was the only position I could have held him in with safety and effect. To do so, it only required a little resolution and coolness."

On another occasion he caught a big labarri snake and made it bite itself, by forcing the poisonous fangs into its belly. For a few minutes the reptile became dull and heavy and Waterton thought it was going to die, but in half an hour's time it was as brisk and vigorous as ever, which appears to shew that a snake is impervious to its own venom.

The Guiana forests swarm with various living things, both large and small, to harass and annoy the traveller, but the worst of them all is actually the smallest, a minute flea, the chigoe or jigger, which infests the undergrowth. These bury themselves in the skin, and particularly beneath the nails of the toes, causing most of the natives, who go about with bare feet, to limp painfully when they walk.

There is another minute insect which inhabits the grass in the rainy season, called the *bête-rouge*. Tiresome as this is, it causes far less mischief than the ubiquitous chigoe. As the Rev. J. G. Wood wrote, in his edition of Waterton's

Wanderings: "There is scarcely a traveller in the West Indies who writes with the least patience about this more than troublesome insect. There is some credit in facing a rattlesnake, killing a jaguar, or in braving the many dangers of tropical travel, but there is none in becoming the victim of a flea, though the apparently insignificant enemy may, unless its attacks be properly repelled, cause the loss of a limb, or even of life."

In one of his essays, Waterton dwelt on this subject of chigoes:

"In the plantations of Guiana there is generally an old negress known by the name of Granny, a kind of *Junonis anus*, who loiters about the negro yard, and is supposed to take charge of the little negroes who are too young to work. Towards the close of the day you will sometimes hear the most dismal cries of woe coming from that quarter. Old Granny is then at work grubbing the Chigoe nests out of the feet of the sable urchins, and filling the holes with lime-juice and cayenne pepper. This searching compound has two duties to perform; firstly, it causes death to any remaining Chigoe in the hole, and secondly, it acts as a kind of birch rod to the unruly brats, by which they are warned, to their cost, not to conceal their Chigoes in future; for, afraid of encountering old Granny's tomahawk, many of them prefer to let the Chigoe riot in their flesh rather than come under her dissecting hand."

In spite of these revolting insects, Waterton always went barefoot on his journeys, which caused him perpetual trouble and entailed a thorough and minute examination of his feet every night.

But Waterton, as will have been recognized by now by the patient reader, was not like other men.

For example, there was almost nothing he would not do to clear up some little question in natural history he was not certain about, or to advance knowledge in general. Let us now hand the pen to the Squire.

"In 1825, a day or two before I left Guiana, wishful to try how this puny creature and myself would agree during

a sea-voyage, I purposely went to a place where it abounded, not doubting but that some needy individual of its tribe would attempt to better its condition.

"Ere long a pleasant and agreeable kind of itching under the bend of the great toe informed me that a Chigoe had bored for a settlement. In three days after we had sailed a change of colour took place in the skin, just at the spot where the Chigoe had entered, appearing somewhat like a blue pea.

"By the time we were in the latitude of Antigua my guest had become insupportable, and I saw there was an immediate necessity for his discharge. Whereupon I turned him and his numerous family adrift, and poured spirits of turpentine into the cavity which they had occupied, in order to prevent the remotest chance of a regeneration."

After this there follow minute and truly horrifying details of the exact technique used by experts to remove nests of chigoes: if any reader be of an enquiring mind, he is referred to the Squire's own writings on the subject.

When travelling in the forests Waterton was always on friendly terms with the Indians. They were very primitive, wore no clothes, were mild and gentle, and extremely fond of their children. Even when they came in close contact with Europeans, they shewed no desire to adopt European civilization, but continued to live their own simple lives. It was, and still is, the fashion for white men to accuse aboriginal races of being lazy. Waterton would not agree to this, and wrote:

"Some ignorant travellers and colonists call these Indians a lazy race. Man in general will not be active without an object. Now when the Indian has caught plenty of fish, and killed game enough to last him for a week, what need has he to range the forest?

"He has no idea of making pleasure grounds. Money is of no use to him, for in these wilds there are no markets for him to frequent, no milliner's shops for his wife and daughters; he has no taxes to pay, no highways to keep up, no poor to maintain, nor army nor navy to supply; he lies in his hammock

both night and day (for he has no chair or bed, neither does he want them), and in it he forms his bow, and makes his arrows, and repairs his fishing tackle.

"But so soon as he has consumed his provisions, he then rouses himself, and, like the lion, scours the forest in quest of food. He plunges into the river after deer and tapir, and swims across it; passes through swamps and quagmires, and never fails to obtain a sufficient supply of food. Should the approach of night stop his career while he is hunting the wild boar, he stops for the night, and continues the chase the next morning."

In contrast to this sensible and primitive life of the Indian, Waterton draws a picture of the daily life of an average well-to-do Englishman, and in so doing, replies to the accusation that the Indian is lazy.

"Amongst us the needy man works from light to dark for a maintenance. Should this man chance to acquire a fortune, he soon changes his habits. No longer under 'strong necessity's supreme command', he contrives to get out of bed betwixt nine and ten in the morning. His servant helps him to dress, he walks on a soft carpet to his breakfast table, his wife pours out his tea, and his servant hands him his toast. After breakfast, the doctor advises a little gentle exercise in the carriage for an hour or so. At dinner-time he sits down to a table groaning beneath the weight of heterogeneous luxury: there he rests upon a chair for three or four hours, eats, drinks and talks (often unmeaningly) till tea is announced. He proceeds slowly to the drawing-room, and there spends the best part of his time in sitting, till his wife tempts him with something warm for supper. After supper, he still remains in his chair, at rest till he retires to rest for the night.

"He mounts leisurely up the stairs upon a carpet, and enters his bed-room: there, one would hope, that at least he mutters a prayer or two, though perhaps not on bended knee: he then lets himself drop into a soft and downy bed, over which has just passed the comely Jenny's warming-pan.

"Now, could the Indian in his town see this, he would call the white men a lazy, indolent set.

"Perhaps then, upon due reflection, you would draw this conclusion: that men will always be indolent when there is no object to rouse them."

Waterton gives a lively and vivid description of the way he at last obtained one of the largest and most powerful of the pythons, the coulacanara. For years he had wanted an unspoiled specimen, to skin for his collection. The story is too long to be given at full length, but is worth an abbreviated account, as it gives such a revealing insight to Waterton's character, his courage, energy, and pertinacity.

He was sitting one hot afternoon on the steps of his ruined house, reading Horace, when an excited negro came running up with his little dog, to say that he had found a large snake under a fallen tree. "I instantly rose up, and laying hold of the eight-foot lance, which was close by me, 'Well, then, Daddy', said I, 'we'll go and have a look at the snake.'" He was barefoot at the time, wearing an old hat, and check shirt and trousers, and a pair of braces to keep them up. These braces were to play an important part in what followed.

Accompanied by two negroes, armed with cutlasses, and by the small dog, they ran to the place, and there, sure enough, coiled up beneath a fallen tree, was a huge coulacanara, not a poisonous snake, but one strong enough to crush a man to death. Here at last was the rare snake after which Waterton had been hankering.

After promising a reward of four dollars to the negro who had found it, and another dollar to his companion, the campaign opened.

"Aware that the day was on the decline, and that the approach of night would be detrimental to the dissection, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes, they begged and entreated me to let them go for a gun, and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us.

"I had been at the siege of Troy for nine years, and it

would not do now to carry back to Greece, 'nil decimo nisi dedecus anno'. I mean, I had been in search of a large serpent for years, and now having come up with one, it did not become me to turn soft."

Having taken the cutlasses from the terrified negroes, in case from fear or excitement they struck the python and damaged its skin, they silently closed in on the sleeping prey, while "my own heart," Waterton confesses, "in spite of all I could do, beat quicker than usual; and I felt those sensations which one has on board a merchant-vessel in war-time, when the captain orders all hands on deck to prepare for action, while a strange vessel is coming down upon us under suspicious colours.

"We went slowly on in silence, without moving our arms or head, in order to prevent all alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off, or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved; and on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment, the negro next to me seized the lance, and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief.

"On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went.

"We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of the tail; and after a violent struggle or two, he gave in, finding himself overpowered.

"This was the moment to secure him.

"So while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth.

"The snake now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him.

"We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head and held it firm under my arm, one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times; for the snake was too heavy for us to support him without stopping to recruit our strength.

"As we proceeded onwards with him, he fought hard for freedom, but it was all in vain. The day was now too far spent to think of dissecting him. Had I killed him a partial putrefaction would have taken place before morning.

"I had brought with me up into the forest a strong bag, large enough to contain any animal that I should want to dissect. I considered this the best mode for keeping alive wild animals when I was pressed for daylight; for the bag yielding in every direction to their efforts, they would have nothing solid or fixed to work on, and thus would be prevented from making a hole in it.

"I say fixed, for after the mouth of the bag was closed, the bag itself was not fastened or tied to anything, but moved about whenever the animal inside caused it to roll.

"After securing afresh the mouth of the coulacanara, so that he could not open it, he was forced into the bag, and left to his fate till morning."

This fight with a powerful and dangerous snake, and the triumphant march home with the struggling captive, must have been alarming enough, but not more so than the night which was to follow.

"I cannot say he allowed me to have a quiet night. My hammock was in the loft just above him, and the floor betwixt us half gone to decay, so that in parts of it no boards intervened betwixt his lodging-room and mine. He was very restless and fretful, and had Medusa been my wife, there could not have been more continued and disagreeable hissing in the bedchamber that night.

"At daybreak I sent to borrow ten of the negroes who were cutting wood at a distance; I could have done with half that number, but judged it most prudent to have a good force, in case he should try to escape from the house when we opened the bag. However, nothing serious occurred.

"We untied the mouth of the bag, kept him down by main force, and then I cut his throat. He bled like an ox. By six o'clock the same evening, he was completely dissected."

Thus ended this unique and daring exploit, satisfactory to all concerned, barring the coulacanara.

Just one final, and very brief, quotation from the Squire himself must bring this story of heroic achievement to a close:

"After skinning this snake, I could easily get my head into his mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful extension."

"Singular" is the operative word in this last sentence, and singularity the pervading motif in many of the Squire's activities.

And what a heaven-sent break this capture of the snake must have made in the dreary routine of those slaves' daily toil!

This habit of constantly quoting passages from Waterton must be kept in check, but it is difficult to resist the temptation. Waterton is always doing such surprising things, which are so much better related by himself in his own characteristic way than I could ever hope to tell them.

For example, here is a useful piece of advice for any reader who may be about to dissect a vulture:

"If you dissect a vulture that has just been feeding on carrion, you must expect that your olfactory nerves will be somewhat offended with the rank effluvia from his craw; just as they would be were you to dissect a citizen after the Lord Mayor's dinner."

At this point we come to what was, perhaps, the most important, or at any rate the most discussed, event in the whole career of Charles Waterton. When the story first

appeared in print in the *Wanderings*, many of the reviewers and critics made merry over it, and some openly accused the author of being a Baron Munchausen.

But those who knew the Squire, and appreciated his courage and his integrity, never had the slightest doubt of its complete and unexaggerated truth.

Waterton wanted to procure a giant cayman, or alligator, for skinning and for dissection. As in the case of snakes, specimens could sometimes be obtained from the Indians, but were always so damaged by spears or knives as to be useless to a naturalist.

"I had long wished to examine the native haunts of the Cayman: but as the river Demerara did not afford a specimen of the large kind, I was obliged to go to the river Essequibo to look for one."

Going down to Georgetown he bought some necessary articles for the expedition, including a couple of large shark-hooks, with chains attached to them, and a coil of strong new rope. He also had a mast fixed to his canoe to carry a small sail, and thus equipped he set off up the Essequibo river. The journey he found delightful.

"Did my pen, gentle reader, possess descriptive powers, I would here give thee an idea of the enchanting scenery of the Essequibo; but that not being the case, thou must be contented with a moderate and well-intended attempt.

"Nothing could be more lovely than the appearance of the forest on each side of this noble river. Hills rose on hills in fine gradation, all covered with trees of gigantic height and size. Here their leaves were of a lively purple, and there of the deepest green. Sometimes the Caracara extended its scarlet blossoms from branch to branch, and gave the tree the appearance as though it had been hung with garlands.

"This delightful scenery of the Essequibo made the soul overflow with joy, and caused you to rove in fancy through fairyland. . . . The moon was within three days of being full, so that we did not regret the loss of the sun which set in all its splendour.

"Scarce had he sunk behind the western hills when the

Goatsuckers sent forth their soft and plaintive cries; some often repeating 'Who-are-you—who, who, who are you?' and often, 'Willy, willy, willy come go'. . . . It was delightful to sit on the branch of a fallen tree, near the water's edge, and listen to these harmless birds as they repeated their evening songs and watch the owls and vampires as they every now and then passed up and down the river."

At last the little party arrived at the falls, where it was said the biggest caymen were to be found. At dusk a shark-hook was baited with a large fish and anchored in the middle of the pool, and the anglers sat down to watch in the growing darkness.

"It was now an hour after sunset. The sky was cloudless, and the moon shone beautifully bright. There was not a breath of wind in the heavens and the river seemed like a large plain of quicksilver.

"Every now and then a huge fish would strike and plunge in the water; then the owls and goatsuckers would continue their lamentations, and the sound of these was lost in the prowling tiger's growl. Then all was still again, and silent as midnight.

"The caymen were now upon the stir, and at intervals their noise could be distinguished amid that of the jaguar, the owls, the goatsuckers, and frogs. It was a singular and awful sound. It was like a suppressed sigh, bursting forth all of a sudden, and so loud that you might hear it above a mile off. First one emitted this horrible noise, and then another answered him; and on looking at the countenances of the people around me, I could plainly see that they expected to have a cayman that night."

For four nights they fished in vain for caymen with a baited shark-hook, but each time the alligator contrived to remove the bait from off the hook without himself being impaled. Evidently this was not the proper method, so Waterton went in search of some Indians and explained to them what he wanted and they agreed to help him.

First they guided him to a very secluded backwater, and disembarked from their canoes on an immense sand-bank,

where the water was deep and still. Here they camped for the night.

When Waterton shewed one of the Indians his shark-hook he laughed at it and said it would not do. On the morrow he would make something which would answer the purpose. It was a simple instrument, made of four pieces of tough hardwood, a foot long and about as thick as your little finger, and barbed at both ends. These were tied round the end of a rope, the barbed sticks having the appearance of an arrow's head. This was baited with a dead acouri and suspended in the stream, and the anglers retired to their hammocks, slung between tree-trunks, and fell asleep.

"About half-past five in the morning, the Indian stole off silently to take a look at the bait. On arriving at the place he set up a tremendous shout. We all jumped up out of our hammocks, and ran to him. The Indians got there before me, for they had no clothes to put on, and I lost two minutes in looking for my trousers and in slipping into them. We found a cayman, ten feet and a half long, fast to the end of the rope. Nothing now remained to do, but to get him out of the water without injury to his scales, '*hoc opus, hic labor*'. We mustered strong: there were three Indians from the creek, there was my own Indian Yan, Daddy Quashi, the negro from Mrs. Peterson's, James, Mr. R. Edmonstone's man, whom I was instructing to preserve birds, and lastly, myself.

"I informed the Indians that it was my intention to draw him quietly out of the water, and then secure him.

"They looked and stared at each other, and said I might do it myself, but they would have no hand in it: the cayman would worry some of us. On saying this, '*consedere duces*', they squatted on their hams with the most perfect indifference. . . .

"Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns, as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice, and he shrunk back, begging that I would be cautious, and not get myself worried; and apologizing for his own want of resolution.

"My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they asked if I would allow them to shoot a dozen arrows into him, and thus disable him.

"This would have ruined all. I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to get a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen.

"I rejected their proposition with firmness, and darted a disdainful eye upon the Indians.

"Here then we stood, in silence, like a calm before a thunderstorm. 'Hoc res summa loco. Scinditur in contraria vulgus.'

"They wanted to kill him, I wanted to take him alive.

"I now walked up and down the sand, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it round to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet long, and not much thicker than my wrist. I took it out of the canoe, and wrapped the sail round the end of it.

"Now it appeared clear to me, that if I went down upon one knee, and held the mast in the same position as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge, I could force it down the cayman's throat, should he come open-mouthed at me.

"When this was told to the Indians, they brightened up and said they would help me to pull him out of the river.

"'Brave squad!' said I to myself. 'Audax omnia perpeti', now that you have got me betwixt yourselves and the danger. I then mustered all hands for the last time before the battle.

"We were, four South American savages, two negroes from Africa, a creole from Trinidad, and myself, a white man from Yorkshire. In fact, a little tower of Babel group, in dress, no dress, address, and language. . . . I placed all the people at the end of the rope, and ordered them to pull till the cayman appeared on the surface of the water; and then should he plunge, to slacken the rope and let him go again into the deep.

"I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand (the sail being tied round the end of the mast) and sunk down upon

one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, determining to thrust it down his throat, in case he gave me an opportunity.

"I certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in the situation, and I thought of Cerberus on the other side of the Styx ferry. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope.

"I saw enough not to fall in love at first sight.

"I now told them we would run all risks, and have him on land immediately. They pulled again, and out he came—'monstrum horrendum, informe'.

"This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed steadfast on him.

"By this time the cayman was within two yards of me. I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprang up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his forelegs, and, by main force, twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle.

"He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of the reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator.

"The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous, that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden farther inland. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman. That would have been more perilous than Arion's marine morning ride: 'Delphini insidens vada caerulea sulcat Arion'.

"The people now dragged us above forty yards on the sand: it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked, how I managed to keep my seat,

I would answer—I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds.

"After repeated attempts to regain his liberty, the cayman gave in, and became tranquil through exhaustion.

"I now managed to tie up his jaws, and firmly secured his fore-feet in the position I had held them. We now had another severe struggle for superiority, but he was soon overcome and again remained quiet. While some of the people were pressing upon his head and shoulders, I threw myself on his tail, and by keeping it down to the sand, prevented him from kicking up another dust.

"He was finally conveyed to the canoe, and then to the place where we had suspended our hammocks.

"There I cut his throat; and, after breakfast was over, commenced the dissection."

Thus ended the heroic battle between St. George of England and the Dragon—"scourge and terror of the rivers of South America". The dragon to this day holds place of honour in the Stonyhurst museum.

The principal object of his journey being now accomplished, Waterton prepared to return to England.

The rainy season had set in, with incessant lightning and thunder. He had been eleven months in the forests and had collected some rare insects, two hundred and thirty birds, two land tortoises, five armadillos, two large serpents, a sloth, an ant-bear, and, last but far from least, a cayman.

At Georgetown he embarked for England, on board the *Dee*, a West Indiaman, commanded by Captain Grey. The tedium of the long voyage was relieved by writing a treatise on his new system for preparing specimens for museums. It had been suggested by Sir Joseph Banks that Waterton should deliver lectures on the subject to scientific bodies in England; but alas, as will be shortly seen, this little plan was doomed not to be unfolded to the public view.

"Illiberality blasted it in the bud."

The trouble lay with the customs offices at Liverpool, or rather with one particular customs officer, a new broom from London, recently appointed. On previous occasions Waterton

had been treated by the customs officers at Liverpool with the greatest kindness and consideration over the matter of paying duty on his natural history specimens. But the new broom, an officious Nosey-Parker, declared that a duty of 20 per cent. must be paid, although neither he, nor anyone else, had the slightest idea what monetary value the collection had. In disgust, Waterton at last threw down the bunch of keys of the boxes and returned home to Yorkshire, and opened a lively correspondence with the Commissioner of Customs at London.

But all was in vain. After receiving the following letter, he gave up the struggle against official red tape, paid the required duty, and his collection safely reached Walton Hall.

“TREASURY CHAMBERS,
“May 18, 1821.

“GENTLEMEN,

“The Lords Commissioners of His Majesty’s Treasury, having had under their consideration your report of the 10th on the application of Mr. Charles Waterton, for the delivery, duty free, of some birds, quadrupeds, reptiles and insects, collected by him in Guiana, and recently imported from Demerara, I have it in command to acquaint you that my Lords have informed Mr. Waterton that, if he will specify the articles which he intends to give to public institutions, my Lords will not object to their being delivered duty free; but that, with regard to the specimens intended for his own or any private collection, they can only be delivered on payment of the *ad valorem* duty of 20 per cent.; and I am to desire you to give the necessary directions to your officers at Liverpool, in conformity thereto.

“I am, etc.,

“J. R. LUSHINGTON.

“Commissioners of Customs.”

CHAPTER X
THE UNITED STATES

THIS quarrel with the Treasury over the matter of customs duty on his collection affected Waterton profoundly. It was one of the two great quarrels in his otherwise peaceful life, the other being the battle of the soap-works, which will be duly dealt with in its proper place.

For many months the Squire brooded over the injustice of compelling him to pay a duty, and an exorbitant one, for bringing into the country material the value of which was purely scientific and not pecuniary, the collecting of which had cost him not only considerable time and toil, risk to health and life, but no small sum of money as well.

Nor did he derive much comfort when he learned that, as a result of his protests, the short-sighted regulation had been withdrawn and that in future such collections from abroad would be admitted free of all duty.

The harsh usage he had met with at the hands of the Treasury officials seems for a time to have damped Waterton's ardour for foreign travel, and the flame was not rekindled until there came into his hands a book, Wilson's *Ornithology of the United States*, but this did not take place until three years later.

In the meantime the never-idle Squire of Walton turned his attention to further efforts to convert his park into a sanctuary for wild birds.

The park, which has an area of some two hundred and sixty acres, including the lake of twenty-five acres, consists to-day, as it did then, of wood, swamps, arable land, and pasture.

But there were two drawbacks from the Squire's point of

view. One was that a public footpath ran across the park, the other that, being without a boundary wall, not only could undesirable persons, such as poachers or egg-collectors, easily gain entrance, but also foxes, which took heavy toll from the ground-birds and particularly from the water-birds on the lake.

So he decided to build a high wall which should entirely enclose the park and so exclude all trespassers, whether two- or four-legged. At first he met with considerable opposition over the public right of way, but eventually this difficulty was overcome and the builder was sent for to discuss plans for erecting a wall three miles long and eight feet high. One part, which was to run between the park and the Barnsley canal, was to be sixteen feet in height. This was in order to keep out the bargemen, who carried guns with them and were given to making raids on the Squire's pheasants, and then escaping in their barges before they could be caught.

Waterton was a frugal man as far as his own personal wants were concerned, but open-handed with money for the estate or for charity; and he would never run into debt, invariably paying for everything at the time of purchase.

As the builder estimated the wall would cost ten thousand pounds to complete, the Squire arranged to have only a section built at a time, and when he had no more spare money, the work was to cease, and not begin until he was again in funds.

Waterton used jokingly to say that he paid for the wall with the money he had saved from the wine he did not drink. Owing to this unusual form of contract between employer and employee, the great wall of Walton was not finished until 1826, taking five years to complete.

The result, however, was highly satisfactory. None, man or animal, could enter the park except by the gates.

As there were several foxes and badgers whose ancestors from time immemorial had lived in the park, they were trapped alive, without being injured, and then expelled from this ornithological Garden of Eden, to take their chance in the hard and cruel world outside the walls.

Waterton always regretted the expulsion of the harmless badgers, and refers to this in a letter he wrote thirty-eight years later, in which he said:

"I once treated a family of Badgers very ill; and I yet feel sorry that I started them from their ancestral settlement. Having finished the park wall in 1826, I sent the foxes and badgers an order to quit, and seek fresh apartments *outside* of the park; I ought to have retained them.

"But I was apprehensive that they would work under the wall, and thus let in the rabbits.

"Their services are invaluable in destroying wasps by digging to the nests and worrying every grub. My Grand-mother's stories about the poor innocent badger are all Betty Martin: only fit for closet Naturalists, who know no more about nature and Dame Nature's charms than I do of whelps in the Dog Star."

It was surprising and gratifying to the Squire to find how quickly the birds of the neighbourhood appreciated the security afforded by the wall.

Hitherto herons had only visited the park to fish in the lake and had never been known to nest there. But within a year a heronry was started in a group of tall trees, and in the following years more and more herons nested in Walton Park.

Also owls, kestrels, crows, rooks, and many other birds appeared almost at once in numbers and nested and multiplied.

Thus it soon became the safe retreat for birds which its owner had intended.

The house was excellently placed for the Squire and his visitors to observe the birds, particularly the water-birds on the lake, through a powerful telescope which stood in the drawing-room window.

The house stands on an island at the end of the lake and is only connected to the mainland by a narrow iron foot-bridge. All heavy luggage, coal, or other bulky household stuff has to be ferried across the lake in a barge—called in the Squire's time Charon's ferry.

Waterton was a great planter of trees, and many which he planted one hundred years ago still stand. In his day there was a row of elms which stood opposite the house in the park, the remains of a former avenue. Beneath the roots of the southernmost tree lie the bones of his grandfather, another Charles, a brave old Jacobite squire, who suffered imprisonment and fine in the Stuart cause, and was further impoverished on Doncaster race-course. In the days of their prosperity, the Watertons were buried at Methley, where several of their monuments are still to be seen, in a chapel built and endowed by one of the family.

After the reverses entailed on them by the Reformation, they were interred in another chapel of their own in the chancel of Sandal Magna church. But this hardy old cavalier preferred that his body should rest beneath the fresh turf and spreading trees of his own demesne.

The late Sir Norman Moore, who as a youth visited Walton Park frequently, described it in his edition of Waterton's *Essays*, and we cannot do better than take him for our guide.

"In front of the house and beyond a clump of trees was a hollow which was left undisturbed and was tenanted by peewits and in winter was never without its wisp of snipe. To the right of the swamp was a wood, which contained a heronry, numbering more than forty nests. The rise in the ground beyond the plover swamp is called Ryeroyd Bank. I have seen it black with rooks, and at another time blue with wood-pigeons, and of these latter birds Waterton, and Sir William Pilkington, with the aid of a telescope, once counted five thousand. Further on was some ploughed land. Onward over the ploughed land we come to a stream which runs into the lake. A wooden bridge leads us to the magnificent old oaks between which Waterton erected his monumental cross. A little fence close by was one of his favourite seats. A short distance further on, at the head of the lake, was another swamp which continues up to the park wall. Here Waterton would spend many hours perched in the branches of a large oak, alternately reading some Latin poet, and observing the

creatures around him. The passage along the eastern bank of the lake to the causeway will give a sufficient idea of the nature of the park grounds without a similar description of the western front.

"Let us return to the iron foot-bridge over the lake, and at the mainland end is a semi-circular yew hedge which shuts out the stables. Behind the stables is the garden, and a sylvan paradise, called, from a cave within it, the Grotto. Through this elysium runs the stream which flows from the lake, along the valley and out of the park, and the banks are adorned with ferns and flower beds. In the Grotto district was a small square house of one room, where the Squire was accustomed to sit by the fire in winter when the weather was too keen to allow him to sit outside, and he had the door wide open, that he might talk, as he said, to cock robin and the magpies. . . . In the summer months he allowed pic-nic parties to have the use of his Grotto paradise. He supplied cups and fire, and they made tea in one of the summer houses."

All through his lifetime, after he had settled for good at Walton Hall, Waterton allowed schools and associations of working people from Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire to spend a day in the park. The Squire always pitied the workers in the cotton-mills, pent up in stuffy rooms, and loved to see them enjoying a holiday in the fresh air.

As Norman Moore truly observes, "Few men who had walled in a park for the pursuit of a favourite study, would have thought of admitting the poor to share its beauties. But he was singularly unselfish, and, to the credit of the manufacturing classes of the North of England, no serious damage was ever done. The parties were accustomed to spend the afternoon at the Grotto, swinging, dancing, and strolling about, and as they are a musical race, they often in the evening, before leaving, came into the neighbourhood of the house, and sung or played 'The Fine old English Gentleman' and other tunes." At the conclusion, the Squire would emerge from the front door and wave farewell to his parting guests.

Waterton was an ardent lover of trees. Not only was he

continually planting trees but he knew the state of health of every tree in the park. If one had suffered in a storm or looked sickly, he would climb and inspect it.

In hard winters, the only food given to the birds was a few boiled potatoes put on the island for the jackdaws, otherwise the hordes of birds were attracted to the park by the simple fact that they were let alone.

During the three years which followed his return from Demerara, the Squire remained at home, pottering about his park, making things snug and safe for his friends the birds, or, on days when it was too wet to go out of doors, busy with his museum, or skinning and mounting specimens.

But in 1824 Wilson's book sent him off again, across the Atlantic Ocean.

"Courteous reader," Waterton explains in the *Wanderings*, "when I bade thee last farewell, I thought these Wanderings were brought to a final close; afterwards I often roved in imagination through distant countries famous for natural history, but felt no strong inclination to go thither, as the last adventure had terminated in such unexpected vexation. The departure of the Cuckoo and Swallow, and summer birds of passage, for warmer regions, once so interesting to me, now scarcely caused me to turn my face to the south; and I continued in this cold and dreary climate for three years.

"During this period, I seldom or ever mounted my hobby-horse: indeed, it may be said, with the old song—'The saddle and the bridle were laid on the shelf', and only taken down once, on the night that I was induced to give a lecture in the philosophical hall of Leeds. A little after this, Wilson's *Ornithology of the United States* fell into my hands.

"The desire I had of seeing that country, together with the animated description which Wilson had given of the birds, fanned up the almost expiring flame. I forgot the vexations already alluded to, and set off to New York, in the beautiful packet *John Wells*, commanded by Captain Harris. The passage was long and cold; but the elegant accommodations on board, and the polite attention of the commander, rendered

it very agreeable; and I landed, in health and merriment, in the stately capital of the new world."

After promising to give his readers a "few remarks on this magnificent city" later on, he hurries them "into the north west country, and to their great canal, which the world talks so much about, though I fear it will be hard work to make one's way through bugs, bears, brutes and buffaloes, which we Europeans imagine are so frequent and ferocious in these never-ending wilds".

However, these obstacles did not live up to their evil reputation, for the Squire went gaily on, meeting with nothing but kindness from the Americans, kindness which caused him to be a staunch friend and ardent admirer of the American people and of the United States for the rest of his life.

He left New York one fine July morning for the city of Albany, one hundred and eighty miles up the Hudson river.

The English traveller had arrived at New York without previously knowing a single American, and without one letter of introduction. He never believed in letters of introduction, a further example of the Wanderer's good sense, for he was ever "one of those who depends much upon an accidental acquaintance".

"Full many a face", he adds, "do I see, as I go wandering up and down the world, whose mild eye, and sweet and placid features, seem to beckon to me and say, as it were, 'Speak but civilly to me, and I will do what I can for you'. Such a face as this is worth more than a dozen letters of introduction, and such a face, gentle reader, I found on board the steamboat from New York to the city of Albany.

"There was a great number of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen in the vessel, all entire strangers to me. I fancied I could see several whose countenances invited an unknown wanderer to come and take a seat beside them; but there was one who encouraged me more than the rest. I saw clearly that he was an American, and I judged, by his manners and appearance, that he had not spent all his time upon his natural soil."

The unknown traveller accepted the kindly advances of the American gentleman and they soon got on like wild-fire.

"He entered into conversation with the openness and candour which is so remarkable in the American: and in a little time observed that he presumed I was from the old country. I told him that I was, and added, that I was an entire stranger on board. I saw his eye brighten up at the prospect he had of doing a fellow-creature a kind turn or two, and he completely won my regard by an affability which I shall never forget. This obliging gentleman pointed out everything that was grand and interesting as the steam-boat plied her course up the majestic Hudson."

In the afternoon the two had tea together, and the next morning this "worthy American" shewed Waterton the way to the inn and, shaking him warmly by the hand, bade him farewell.

The Squire decided to go on to Buffalo, along the course of the Erie canal, and he enjoyed every waking moment of the journey; "cold indeed," he wrote, "and phlegmatic, must be he who is not warmed into admiration of the surrounding scenery, and charmed by the affability of the travellers he meets on the way."

The boat was crowded with visitors to the falls of Niagara. In these fellow-travellers he was glad to find "nothing haughty or forbidding".

This forty-two-year-old bachelor was surprised at the number of "highly polished females" whom he met, travelling hither and thither, unprotected by gentlemen, a circumstance which, he was satisfied, "incontestably proves that safety and convenience are ensured to them, and that the most distant attempt at rudeness would, by common consent, be immediately put down".

America, in fact, had completely upset his preconceived English ideas: "by the time I had got to Schenectady, I began strongly to suspect that I had come into the wrong country to look for bugs, bears, brutes and buffaloes".

The situation of the city of Utica he found enchanting,

with the Mohawk river running close by it, through green and fertile meadows.

On the evening of his arrival in Utica he sat beneath an oak on some high ground behind the city, and the name of it started him musing on Cato and his misfortunes. And it occurred to him that if the founders of the American city of Utica had instead called it Crofton, or Warmfield, or Dewsbury, his thoughts would not have flown back to Italy and to Africa, to Caesar and Pompey.

Waterton was once again struck by the "spacious size of the inns, their excellent provisions, and the attention which the traveller receives".

But he noted with distress the ruthless way in which the trees were being felled, with no provision made for the future; a concern which has since been justified.

"Nature is losing fast her ancient garb, and putting on a new dress in these extensive regions. Most of the stately timber has been carried away; thousands of trees are lying prostrate on the ground. . . . I wish I could say a word or two for the fine timber which is yet standing. Spare it, gentle inhabitants, for your country's sake; these noble sons of the forest beautify your landscapes beyond all description; when they are gone, a century will not replace their loss, they cannot, they must not fall. . . ."

For the last part of the journey the Squire left the canal and travelled by the stage. The road was abominable, full of deep holes and ruts. In stepping out of the carriage he fell in a hole and severely sprained his ankle, which not only caused him considerable pain, but also mortification, as the sequel will shew.

At Buffalo he found good accommodation at a commodious inn. In spite of his swollen ankle he managed to admire the famous Niagara Falls, and was duly impressed by that "stupendous cascade of nature".

He crossed over to observe the Falls from the Canadian side, but did not stop there, as both of the large inns were indifferent. "Do not, I pray you, tarry long at either of them, cross over to the American side, and there you will find a

spacious inn, which has nearly all the attractions: there you will meet with great attention, and every accommodation."

Here again he was enchanted by the ladies.

"Words can hardly do justice to the unaffected ease and elegance of the American ladies who visit the falls of Niagara. The traveller need not rove in imagination through Circassia in search of fine forms, or through England, France and Spain, to meet with polished females."

If an interruption be admissible in this paean of praise of American womanhood, it might be as well to remind the reader that Charles Waterton the naturalist had gone to the United States with the sole object of studying the birds of that great country, and that up to this point he had not once even mentioned one of the "feathered tribe"; apparently the irresistible charmers of the U.S.A. had quite turned his head and caused him to be false to his old love.

That the impressionable English bachelor did not become affianced to one of these charmers can only be accounted for by their very number, although he seems only to have escaped matrimony on one occasion literally by an accident.

"I was looking one evening at a dance, being unable to join in it on account of the accident I had received near Buffalo, when a young American entered the ball-room with such a becoming air and grace, that it was impossible not to have been struck with her appearance.

'Her bloom was like the springing flower
That sips the silver dew,
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.'

Upon enquiry, the Squire learned that this lovely creature came from the city of Albany, and his comment was, "The more I looked at the fair Albanese, the more I was convinced, that in the United States of America may be found grace and beauty and symmetry equal to anything in the old world."

The appearance of this vision of feminine beauty and loveliness led the enraptured Waterton to decide to give up, for ever, any idea of finding "bugs, bears, brutes and buffaloes" in America.

He would have danced with the fair Albanese, "to brisk notes of cadence beating", but for his accursed ankle, and he had to be content with watching her circling the ball-room in the arms of others while he rested his foot upon a sofa. Nor was he consoled when "full many a gentleman stopped to enquire if I was suffering from the gout; this surmise of theirs mortified me, for I never had a fit of gout in my life, and moreover never expect to have one".

Waterton was the ideal traveller. Never lonely in the vast forests of Guiana, welcome at American inns, at home at fashionable watering-places on the Continent, he always entered into the spirit of what was going on around him.

He also was one of those travellers who could not resist an opportunity to write something in the album often supplied by hotels to visitors for the expression of their appreciation.

"In many of the inns in the United States, there is an album on the table, in which travellers insert their arrival and departure, and now and then indulge in a little flash or two of wit."

So, taking up the pen, Charles Waterton recorded the following flash. After doing so, he gratefully remarks, he was never again questioned about the gout.

"C. Waterton, of Walton Hall, in the county of York, England, arrived at the Falls of Niagara in July, 1824, and begs leave to pen down the following dreadful accident:

"He sprained his foot, and hurt his toe,
On the rough road near Buffalo.
It quite distresses him to stagger a
Long the sharp rocks of famous Niagara.
So thus he's doomed to drink the measure
Of pain, in lieu of that of pleasure.
On Hope's delusive pinions borne,
He came for wool, and goes back shorn.
N.B. Here he alludes to nothing but
Th'adventure of his toe and foot;
Save this—he sees all that which can
Delight and charm the soul of man,
But feels it not—because his toe
And foot together plague him so."

For several days he had suffered considerable pain in his ankle before a brilliant idea occurred to him.

"I remembered once to have sprained my ankle very violently, many years ago, and that the doctor ordered me to hold it under the pump two or three times a day.

"Now in the United States of America, all is upon a grand scale, except taxation; and I am convinced that the traveller's ideas become much more enlarged as he journeys through the country."

This train of thought led him to think of a kind of super-cure, which was to hold his swollen ankle under the Niagara Falls.

"As I held my leg under the fall, I tried to meditate on the immense difference there was betwixt a house-pump and this tremendous cascade of nature, and what effect it might have upon the sprain; but the magnitude of the subject was too overwhelming, and I was obliged to drop it."

His heroic treatment succeeded, and in a short space of time the Squire was fit and ready to resume his travels. He decided to visit Quebec, by way of Lake Ontario, and Montreal, and then to return to Albany—did he hope to meet there once more his "fair Albanese"?

And then by great good fortune he met a pleasant American family from the Bowling-green in New York, who were going the same way and who politely invited him to join them.

"They were highly accomplished. The young ladies sang delightfully; and all contributed their portion to render the tour pleasant and amusing."

"The Canadians" he found to be "a quiet and apparently happy people, courteous and affable to strangers."

While going down the St. Lawrence in the steam-boat an incident occurred, in itself scarcely worth recording, except for its typically Watertonian conclusion.

He felt something crawling over his neck, and on laying hold of it with his finger and thumb it turned out to be a young, only half-grown, bug. "Now", mused the Squire, as he tenderly held up the bug, "I wonder if you were going

from the American to the Canadian side, or from the Canadian to the American?" However, this was not of vital importance, and as the bug was only a young one, instead of placing it upon the deck and then putting his "thumb-nail vertically upon it," he "quietly chucked it amongst some baggage that was close by, and recommended it to get ashore by the first opportunity."

The return journey from Quebec by way of Lake Champlain and Lake George to Saratoga was enjoyable, if uneventful. As to Saratoga, "He must be sorely afflicted by spleen and jaundice, who on his arrival there remarks, there is nothing here worth coming to see. It is a gay and fashionable place; has four uncommonly fine hotels; its waters, for medicinal virtues, are surpassed by none in the known world; and is resorted to, throughout the whole of the summer, by foreigners and natives of the first consideration."

He liked the people he met at Saratoga. "There is a pleasing frankness, and ease and becoming dignity, in the American ladies; and the good humour, and absence of all haughtiness and puppyism in the gentlemen, must, no doubt, impress the traveller in the elevated notions of the company who visit this famous spa.

"During my stay here, all was joy and affability and mirth. In the mornings the ladies played and sang for us; and the evenings were generally enlivened with the merry dance."

Here, at Saratoga, Waterton said good-bye to his charming fellow-travellers and continued on alone to Troy, a name, as in the case of Utica, which brought to his mind "many scenes long past and gone", and then on to Albany and so safely back to New York.

He next visited Philadelphia, and he hesitated "whether to give the preference to this city or to New York". In the end he gave it to New York, though he granted Philadelphia her good points, particularly her water-works—"a proud monument of the skill and enterprise of its inhabitants".

"Philadelphia is certainly a noble city, and its environs beautiful: but there is a degree of quiet and sedateness in it, which, though no doubt very agreeable to the men of calm

and domestic habits, is not so attractive to one of speedy movements.

"The quantity of white marble which is used in the buildings, gives to Philadelphia a gay and lively appearance; but the sameness of the streets, and their crossing each other at right angles, are somewhat tiresome.

"The extensive squares of this city are ornamented with well-grown and luxuriant trees.

"Its unremitting attention to literature might cause it to be styled the Athens of the United States. Here learning and science take up their abode. The literary and philosophical associations, the enthusiasms of individuals, the activity of the press, and the cheapness of the publications, ought to raise the name of Philadelphia to an elevated situation in the temple of knowledge."

From the press of this city came Wilson's *Ornithology*, which had brought Waterton to pay his visit to the United States. He considered it a "pleasing and brilliant work", and adds that by perusing this work attentively before leaving England, he knew where to look for the birds and immediately recognized them on seeing them.

So perhaps it was wrong to say that the lovely ladies of America blinded Waterton to the lovely birds of America; all the same, he is curiously reticent about the birds but uncommonly loquacious over the ladies.

Although he considered the water-works the crowning architectural glory of Philadelphia, the museum pleased him best of all and gave him the greatest enjoyment. This was the property of Mr. Peale, an active and vivacious octogenarian, who was always in attendance with the members of his family to shew visitors over.

Charles Willson Peale was a portrait-painter, naturalist, and patriot. The museum, which he founded, and which supported his numerous family until it was sold to pay off his debts, was at first housed in the hall of the American Philosophical Society.

By his first wife he had four sons, named Raphael, Rembrandt, Titian, and Rubens. Only the two eldest became

painters, the other two were naturalists. Rembrandt Peale specialized in portraits of George Washington; he painted more than sixty of the President. Waterton bought one of them and hung it in place of honour in the dining-room at Walton Hall. It was through the Peales that the Squire met George Ord, the naturalist and philologist of Philadelphia, who became his lifelong friend and correspondent. Ord and Waterton had much in common, in particular a violent dislike of the American naturalist Audubon.

Charles Peale was a painter of more than mediocre talent.

He painted the portraits of many distinguished naturalists, to hang in his museum, and amongst them one of Charles Waterton, which is the only portrait ever made of the Squire, who strongly objected to sitting for his portrait, either to a painter or a photographer.

When the museum was broken up and the paintings dispersed, George Ord bought the one of Waterton, and afterwards gave it to him. This is the portrait now in the National Portrait Gallery and reproduced as the frontispiece to this book.

On entering the gallery of the museum the visitor found himself confronted by a large self-portrait of Mr. Peale, painted by desire of the State of Pennsylvania. I do not know if this portrait still exists, and, if it does, where it is to be seen. It shewed the owner of the museum in the act of drawing back a curtain, to display its curiosities. Waterton greatly admired this painting and considered "the effect of the light upon his head infinitely striking. I have never seen anything finer in the way of light and shade."

A show-piece of the museum was a huge skeleton of a mammoth—"the most magnificent skeleton in the world"; another was an elephant, hollow inside, fitted with seats in which, for a small charge, visitors were permitted to sit.

Waterton spent many happy hours examining all the natural history exhibits in the museum under the guidance of the Peale family, with whom he became on very friendly terms, which persisted for many years afterwards.

One enjoyable excursion he took while at Philadelphia

was with Mr. Titian Peale, in quest of birds. They went down the Delaware river to the neighbourhood of Salem. As far as is known, the naturalist left no record of this ornithological outing, but in one of his essays on the Hanoverian rat he refers to a curious incident.

The two bird-lovers had obtained comfortable lodgings at a farmhouse.

"During the night", Waterton writes, "I was disturbed by a movement in the straw mattress on which I lay, of a somewhat suspicious nature, but being exceedingly tired with our day's exertion, I fell asleep again till about half-past four, my usual hour of rising.

"At breakfast, 'Madam,' said I to the farmer's wife, 'I could almost have fancied that there were rats in my mattress last night.'

"Very likely, sir,' said she, with the greatest composure; and then she told me that the year before, whilst she was fast asleep in the bed which she occupied, a rat began to eat into her shoulder.

"On saying this, she bared the place to let me have a view of it, and I distinctly saw the marks which the hungry rat had left.

"Upon my word, madam,' said I, 'though I am not prone to make wry faces at a fair allowance of fleas and bugs, still I must own to you that I have not yet quite made up my mind to be devoured alive by rats; wherefore, if you have no objections, when our breakfast is finished, we will go and take a peep into the interior of the mattress.'

"On ripping it up, no rats were found, but out bounced seven or eight full-grown mice.

"The old lady smiled as they ran across the floor, and I thought I could read in her face that she considered I had raised a false alarm."

And now we go back to New York, and, since there may be amongst the readers of these pages a citizen of that vast Metropolis who will be interested to hear what impression his city made on a Yorkshire gentleman in the year 1824, here is his description of it in his own words:

"New York, with great propriety, may be called the commercial capital of the new world:

'Urbs augusta poteus, nulli cessura.'

Ere long it will be on the coast of North America what Tyre once was on that of Syria. In her port are the ships of all nations; and in her streets is displayed merchandise from all parts of the known world.

"And then the approach to it is so enchanting!

"The verdant fields, the woody hills, the farms, and country houses, form a beautiful landscape as you sail up to the city of New York.

"Broadway is the principal street. It is three miles and a half long. I am at a loss to know where to look for a street, in any part of the world, which has so many attractions as this.

"There are no steam-engines to annoy you by filling the atmosphere full of soot and smoke; the houses have a stately appearance; while the eye is relieved from the perpetual sameness which is common in most streets, by lofty and luxuriant trees.

"Nothing can surpass the appearance of the American ladies, when they take their morning walk, from twelve to three, in Broadway. The stranger will at once see that they have rejected the extravagant superfluities which appear in the London and Parisian fashions: and have only retained as much of those costumes as is becoming to the female form. This, joined to their own just notions of dress, is what renders the New York ladies so elegant in their attire."

For a confirmed bachelor in the forties, Charles Waterton appears to have formed very decisive views on the subject of women's attire, and particularly on that of millinery.

"The way they wear the Leghorn hat deserves a remark or two. With us, the formal hand of the milliner bends down the brim to one fixed shape, and that none of the handsomest. The wearer is obliged to turn her head full ninety degrees before she can see the person who is standing by her side.

But in New York the ladies have the brim of the hat not fettered with wire, or tape, or ribbon, but quite free and undulating; and by applying the hand to it, they can conceal or expose as much of the face as circumstances require.

"This hiding and exposing of the face, by the bye, is certainly a dangerous movement, and often fatal to the passing swain.

"I am convinced in my own mind, that many a determined and unsuspecting bachelor has been shot down by this sudden manœuvre, before he was aware that he was within reach of the battery.

"The American ladies seem to have an abhorrence (and a very just one too) of wearing caps. When one considers for a moment, that women wear their hair long, which nature has given them both for an ornament and to keep the head warm, one is apt to wonder, by what perversion of good taste they can be induced to enclose it in a cap. A mob cap, a lace cap, a low cap, a high cap, a flat cap, a cap with ribbons dangling loose, a cap with ribbons tied under the chin, a peak cap, an angular cap, a round cap, and a pyramid cap!

"How would Canova's Venus look in a mob cap?

"If there be any ornament to the head in wearing a cap, it must surely be a false ornament. The American ladies are persuaded that the head can be ornamented without a cap. A rose-bud or two, a woodbine, or a sprig of eglantine, looks well in the braided hair; and if these be raven locks, a lily or a snowdrop may be interwoven with effect.

"Now that the packets are so safe, and make such quick passages to the United States, it would be as well if some of our head milliners would go on board of them, in lieu of getting into the Diligence for Paris. They would bring back more taste, and less caricature.

"If they could persuade a dozen or two of the farmer's servant girls to return with them, we should soon have proof positive, that as good butter and cheese may be made with the hair braided up, and a daisy or primrose in it, as butter

and cheese made in a cap of barbarous shape; washed, perhaps, in soap-suds last new moon.

"New York has very good hotels and genteel boarding-houses. All charges included, you do not pay above two dollars a day. Little enough, when you consider the capital accommodation, and the abundance of food.

"In this city, as well as in others which I visited, everybody seemed to walk at his ease. I could see no inclination for jostling; no impertinent staring at you; nor attempts to create a row in order to pick your pocket.

"I would stand for an hour together in Broadway, to observe the passing multitude. There is certainly a gentleness in these people, both to be admired and imitated. I could see very few dogs, still fewer cats, and but a very small proportion of fat women in the streets of New York.

"I may be asked, was it all good fellowship and civility during my stay in the United States? Did no forward person cause offence? Was there no exhibition of drunkenness, or swearing, or rudeness; or display of conduct which disgraces civilized man in other countries?

"I answer, very few indeed and scarce any worth remembering, and none worth noticing.

"These are a gentle and civil people.

"Should a traveller, now and then in the long run, witness a few of the scenes alluded to, he ought not, on his return home, to adduce a solitary instance or two as the custom of the country.

"In roving through the forests of Guiana, I have sometimes seen a tree hollow at heart, shattered and leafless; but I did not on that account condemn its vigorous neighbours, and put down a memorandum that the woods were bad. . . .

"In leaving the forest, I carried away the impression that though some few of the trees were defective, the rest were an ornament to the wilds, full of uses and virtues, and capable of benefiting the world in a superior degree."

That the Americans won the heart of Waterton there can be no shadow of doubt. At the time of his visit the wounds of the last war were not all healed, and the two Anglo-Saxon

nations did not love and understand one another as they do to-day.

"While in the United States I found our western brother a very pleasant fellow; but his portrait has been drawn in such different shades, by different travellers who have been through his territory, that it requires a personal interview before a correct idea can be found of his true colours. He is very inquisitive; but it is quite wrong on that account to tax him with being of an impertinent turn. He merely interrogates you for information; and when you have satisfied him on that score, only ask him in your turn for an account of what is going on in his own country, and he will tell you everything about it with great good humour, and in excellent language. He has certainly hit upon the way of speaking a much purer English language than that which is in general spoken on the parent soil.

"This astonished me much, but it is really the case.

"Amongst his many good qualities, he has one unenviable, and, I may add, a bad propensity; he is immoderately fond of smoking. . . ."

When autumn arrived Waterton began to suffer from the cold, and he made plans for going south to a warmer climate. But circumstances intervened to retard his departure; through his "having incautiously taken a hot bath in the city of New York", he developed a severe cold. So severe that even the skill of the famous Dr. Hossack, backed up by eight blood-lettings and six weeks' diet of white bread and tea, failed to cure him.

Dr. Hossack then decided that nothing but a change to a warmer climate would save the patient from consumption, and a passage was taken for him in a vessel sailing to Antigua and other West India islands, where Waterton expected to find a ship bound for Demerara.

Antigua proved disappointing. St. John, the capital, he found sad and woebegone, and the island suffering from a prolonged drought. The sight of a redstart cheered him up, but at the end of a dull week he was glad to leave for Guadeloupe.

Before sailing he underwent an unpleasant experience, one which demonstrated on what bad terms the English and Americans still were.

He had to attend at a public office before going on board the mail-boat. He was wearing a straw hat with a green ribband round it, which he had bought in the States. It was a style of head-dress then much worn by Americans. "The harbour-master, who presided, and outwardly appeared much of a gentleman, eyed me, as I thought, contemptuously on my entering the room. I was right in my conjecture, for he seemed determined to wear out my patience; and he kept me standing above half an hour, without once asking me to take a seat, although there were plenty of chairs in the room.

"In returning to the hotel with the captain of the mail-boat, I observed to him how very deficient the harbour-master had been in common courtesy.

"He replied that, as soon as I had gone out of the door of the office, the harbour-master stopped him to inquire who I was; and when he had told him that I was an English gentleman, travelling in quest of natural history, he remarked that he had been mistaken in his surmise, for that he had taken me for a damned Yankee."

After spending a short while at the picturesque island of Guadeloupe, Waterton went on to Dominica.

His few days on this island were made enjoyable by his meeting with a large species of frog, which the inhabitants keep in readiness to slaughter for the table, while in the woods he came across Rhinoceros beetles, six inches in length, and also humming-birds with breast and throat of a brilliant purple.

From Dominica he passed on to Martinique, the principal event at this island being his opportunity of examining in the flesh a Metallic Cuckoo, which had just been shot.

Eventually, after calling at St. Lucia, Waterton arrived at Barbadoes, where he hoped to find a ship bound for Trinidad. It was seventeen years since he was last on shore at this island, and he found Barbadoes sadly changed.

All the British West Indian islands were going through a stage of acute depression, largely due to the threatened abolition of slavery. Finding no vessel at Bridgetown bound for Trinidad, he booked a passage on a schooner for Demerara, and arrived safely at Georgetown.

CHAPTER XI
BACK TO THE FORESTS

WATERTON'S account of his fourth expedition into the forests of Guiana is disappointing. It lacks those characteristic touches, those odd little adventures which his readers have come to expect and to look forward to. His usual high spirits and enthusiasm are missing, and it gives the impression of a man who is tired, or perhaps in poor health.

How can one explain this?

First of all, it may have been that the annoyance caused by the narrow-minded and bigoted behaviour of the Treasury officials over the customs duties still rankled, and that the Squire's old enthusiasm for travel and collecting was therefore damped.

Or, secondly, it is quite possible that he had not completely recovered from the disastrous effects brought on by the rash indulgence of that hot bath he took at New York.

Or again, may not his apparent lassitude have been the reaction following the unaccustomed and exciting social round he so much enjoyed in the United States?

Or, lastly (but let this be whispered close to your ear), could it be that the "fair Albanese" of Niagara had smitten the Squire's affections more than he cared to confess in print?

Until his visit to the United States, Waterton had an aversion to the social life, he fled at its approach; he liked to get far away from it, to hide himself in remote and unfrequented places where he could be happy and at his ease, amongst his beloved birds and snakes.

Sydney Smith noticed this foible and commented on it in the opening paragraph of his review of the *Wanderings in South America*.

"Mr. Waterton is a gentleman of Yorkshire, of good fortune, who, instead of passing his life at balls and assemblies, has preferred living with Indians and monkeys in the forests of Guiana. He appears in early life to have been seized with an unconquerable aversion to Piccadilly, and to that train of meteorological questions and answers which forms the great staple of polite English conversation.

"The first thing which strikes us in this extraordinary chronicle is the genuine zeal and inexhaustible delight with which all the barbarous countries he visits are described. He seems to love the forests, the tigers, and the apes—to be rejoiced that he is the only man there, that he has left his species far away, and is at last in the midst of his blessed baboons! . . . There is something, too, to be highly respected and praised in the conduct of a country gentleman who, instead of exhausting life in the chase, has dedicated a considerable portion of it to the pursuit of knowledge.

"There are so many temptations to complete idleness in the life of a country gentleman, so many examples of it, and so much loss to the community from it, that every exception from the practice is deserving of great praise.

"Some country gentlemen must remain to do the business of their counties; but, in general, these are many more than are wanted, and, generally speaking also, they are a class who should be stimulated to greater exertions.

"Sir Joseph Banks, a squire of large fortune in Lincolnshire, might have given up his existence to double-barrelled guns and prosecutions of poachers, and all the benefits derived from his wealth, industry, and personal exertion in the cause of science would have been lost to the community."

When Waterton last left Demerara, it will be recalled how highly he spoke of Georgetown and its happy and flourishing inhabitants. But now, only four years afterwards, he has not a word to say about the town, or its people, or how long he stopped there. Nothing could be more laconic than his account of the time spent between Barbadoes and the Guiana forest.

"Finding no vessel here for Trinidad, I embarked in a

schooner for Demerara, landed there after being nearly stranded on a sand-bank, and proceeded without loss of time to the forests in the interior. It was the dry season, which renders a residence in the woods very delightful."

With this brief introduction the author gets straight down to business—to the birds: "There are three species of Jacamar", etc. etc., and so continues, sticking to birds, with an occasional digression on the subject of his old favourites, the sloth, vampire, and monkey.

The largest of the three monkeys of Demerara is the red monkey, or Howler. It gets the last name from its extraordinary vocal powers. These are well described by Waterton:

"Nothing can sound more dreadful than its nocturnal howlings. While lying in your hammock in these gloomy and immeasurable wilds, you hear him howling at intervals, from eleven o'clock at night till daybreak. You would suppose that half the beasts of the forests were collecting for the work of carnage.

"Now it is the tremendous roar of the jaguar, as he springs on his prey: now it changes to his terrible and deep-toned growlings, as he is pressed on all sides by superior force; and now you hear his last dying moan, beneath a mortal wound."

One of Waterton's discoveries was that all this hullabaloo was not, as was supposed, made by a whole company of red monkeys, but by only one.

"In dark and cloudy weather, and just before a squall of rain, this monkey will often howl in the daytime; and if you advance cautiously, and get under a high and tufted tree where he is sitting, you may have a capital opportunity of witnessing his wonderful powers of producing these dreadful and discordant sounds."

This monkey provided a favourite meal with the Indians, and Waterton more than once ate some himself.

"His flesh is good food", he found, but adds the warning that "when skinned, his appearance is so like that of a young one of our own species, that a delicate stomach might possibly revolt at the idea of putting a knife and fork into it. However, I can affirm, from experience, that after a long and dreary

march through these remote forests, the flesh of this monkey is not to be sneezed at, when boiled in Cayenne pepper, or roasted on a stick over a good fire. A young one tastes not unlike a kid, and the old ones have somewhat the flavour of he-goat."

The Squire was able to add many handsome specimens of birds to his collection, but he was never content to be a mere collector. He watched their habits and made many original observations on their behaviour and structure which no previous naturalist had recorded.

Amongst the birds he saw and procured were the lovely scarlet Grosbeak, the Sunbird, with its rainbow-coloured wings; the Tinamous, both the great and small; the gorgeous orange Cock of the Rock, and others which are still in wonderfully good preservation, if not unnaturally somewhat faded, in the Stonyhurst museum.

He also was lucky enough to obtain a large species of owl which preyed upon a red land-crab living amongst the roots of trees.

Of all the specimens Waterton brought back with him from the forest, none was to create such a sensation and so much speculation as the "Nondescript", and nothing Waterton ever did caused more harm to his reputation as a serious naturalist.

Here is his first reference to the Nondescript.

"I also procured an animal which has caused not a little speculation and astonishment. In my opinion, his thick coat of hair, and great length of tail, put his species out of all question; but then his face and head cause the inspector to pause for a moment, before he ventures to pronounce his opinion of the classification.

"He was a large animal, and as I was pressed for daylight, and, moreover, felt no inclination to have the whole weight of his body upon my back, I contented myself with his head and shoulders, which I cut off and have brought them with me to Europe.

"I have since found that I acted quite right in doing so, having had enough to answer for the head alone, without

saying anything of his hands and feet, and of his tail, which appendage Lord Kames asserts belongs to us.

"The features of this animal are quite of a Grecian cast; and he has a placidity of countenance which shews that things went well with him when in life.

"Some gentlemen of great skill and talent, on inspecting his head, were convinced that the whole series of his features has been changed.

"Others again have hesitated and betrayed doubts, not being able to make up their minds, whether it be possible that the brute features of the monkey can be changed into the noble countenance of man. 'Scinditur vulgus.'

"One might argue at considerable length on this novel subject; and perhaps, after all, produce little more than prolix pedantry. 'Vox et praeterea nihil.'

"Let us suppose for an instant, that it is a new species. Well; 'Una golondrina no hace verano'; one swallow does not make a summer, as Sancho Panza says. Still, for all that, it would be well worth while going out to search for it; and these times of Pasco-Peruvian enterprise are favourable to the undertaking.

"Perhaps, gentle reader, you would wish me to go in quest of another. I would beg leave respectfully to answer, that the way is dubious, long and dreary; and though, unfortunately, I cannot allege the excuse of 'me pia conjux detinet', still I would fain crave a little repose. I have already been a long while errant:

'Longa mihi exilia, et vastum maris aequor aravi,
Ne mandate mihi, nam ego sum defessus agendo.'

"Should anybody be inclined to go, great and innumerable are the discoveries yet to be made in those remote wilds; and should he succeed in bringing home even a head alone, with features as perfect as those of that which I have brought, far from being envious of him, I should consider him a modern Alcides, fully entitled to register a thirteenth Labour.

"Now if, on the other hand, we argue, that this head in question has had all its original features destroyed, and a set

of new ones given to it, by what means has this hitherto unheard-of change been effected? Nobody in our museums has as yet been able to restore the natural features of stuffed animals; and he who has any doubts of this, let him take a living cat or dog, and compare them with a stuffed cat or dog in any of the first-rate museums. A momentary glance of the eye would soon settle his doubts on this head.

"If I have succeeded in effacing the features of a brute, and putting those of a man in their place, we might be entitled to say, that the sun of Proteus has risen to our museums:

'Unius hic faciem, facies transformat in omnes;
Nunc homo, nunc tigris; nunc equa, nunc mulier.'"

This speculative train of thought leads the Wanderer, unknowingly, to foretell the wonders of modern plastic surgery. The "new field" he opens up lay barren and untilled until Sir Harold Gillies began his miracle of surgery by reforming and repairing the faces of soldiers wounded in the last Great War.

"If I have effected this, we can now give to one side of the skin of a man's face the appearance of eighty years, and to the other side that of blooming seventeen. We could make the forehead and eyes severe in youthful beauty, and shape the mouth and jaws to the features of a malicious old ape. Here is a new field opened to the adventurous and experimental naturalist. I have trodden it up and down till I am almost weary. To get at it myself I have groped through an alley, which may be styled, in the words of Ovid—

'Arduus, obliquus, caligine densus opaca.'"

So much for Waterton's first allusion to his famous enigma, the Nondescript.

After exciting the curiosity of his reader he passes abruptly to the subject of the European ownership of South American mines and to other semi-political matters; but it may not be out of place to clear up this business of the Nondescript before we follow the Wanderer into other fields of speculation and prophecy, for there will be many further references in these pages to this crowning wonder of his museum.

Let his friend the Rev. J. G. Wood tell us about it:

"This wonderful specimen of Waterton's skill in taxidermy is formed from the head and shoulders of the Red Howler monkey. In manipulating it, Waterton has so modelled the skin that he has discharged from the face every vestige of the original features, and has substituted those of a man, grotesque enough, but still human. As bare skin becomes black when dry, the contrast of the black face with the fiery red hair has a very striking effect and adds to the resemblance."

Needless to say, Sydney Smith did not let this opportunity escape his witticism, for when referring in his famous review to the frontispiece, which represents the Nondescript, he wrote:

"Upon stuffing animals we have a word to say. Mr. Waterton has placed at the head of his book a picture of what he is pleased to consider a nondescript species of monkey. In this exhibition the author is surely abusing his stuffing talents, and laughing at the public.

"It is clearly the head of a Master in Chancery—whom we have often seen basking in the House of Commons after he has delivered his message. It is foolish to trifle with science and natural history."

But let Mr. Wood continue:

"The principal difficulty in preparing this grotesque head lay in the change of the facial angle from that of the monkey to that of the man.

"This could not have been done if the skull, or any part of it, had been allowed to remain, and the really wonderful feat could only be performed by Waterton's system of removing the whole of the bones and having drawn all the bare skin until it was no thicker than ordinary writing paper."

So lifelike, indeed, was the appearance of the Nondescript, that many persons on seeing it really thought it was human, and were very indignant at Waterton's cruelty in sacrificing a human life in order to shew his skill in preserving skins.

One reader of the *Wanderings*, a baronet of the North Riding of Yorkshire, after examining the frontispiece of the Nondescript with minute attention, exclaimed, "Dear me!

what a very extraordinary-looking man Mr. Waterton must be." Waterton was delighted when told of this.

Although not usually interested in politics, either home or foreign, and seldom expressing views on them, beyond an occasional mutter at the national debt, he makes certain shrewd observations on the propriety of Europeans holding vast possessions of national importance in the new South American republics.

He maintained that when these revolted Spanish colonies had repaired the ravages of war and settled their political economy on a firm foundation, they had to submit quietly to seeing foreign financiers take away treasure; as in the case of mines, of their own soil which they had been forced to barter away in their hour of need.

It has taken a century to prove how right Waterton was in his hypothesis when he wrote:

"Now if it should so happen that the masters of the country begin to repent of their bargain, and become envious of the riches which foreigners carry away, many a teasing law might be made, and many a vexatious enactment might be put in force, which would, in all probability, bring the speculators into trouble and disappointment."

Surely this is a prophecy come true and only too clearly brought home, from Mexico to Argentina, to those who derive income from investments in tramways, railways, mines, electricity or petroleum companies, or in other sources of national importance to the republics concerned.

Waterton also believed that all the European possessions in America would throw off their allegiance and become independent, but in this he has not so far proved correct, although it is interesting to learn what an educated Englishman, of independent mind, thought about the subject more than one hundred years ago, for it is a matter which may well become practical politics before long.

"Besides this consideration"—he is referring to the possession of property in the new republics—"there is another circumstance which ought not to be overlooked. I allude to the change of masters nearly throughout the whole of America.

It is a curious subject for the European philosopher to moralize upon, and for the politician to examine. The more they consider it, the more they will be astonished.

"If we may judge by what has already taken place, we are entitled to predict that in a very few years more, no European banner will be seen to float in any part of the new world.

"Let us take a cursory view of it.

"England some few years ago possessed a large portion of the present United States. France had Louisiana; Spain held the Floridas, Mexico, Darien, Terra Firma, Buenos Ayres, Paraguay, Chili, Peru, and California; and Portugal ruled the whole of Brazil. All these immense regions are now independent states. England, to be sure, still has Canada, Nova Scotia, and a few creeks on the coast of Labrador; also a small settlement in Honduras, and the wilds of Demerara and Essequibo; and these are all.

"France has not a foot of ground except the forests of Cayenne. Portugal has lost every province; Spain is blockaded in nearly her last citadel; and the Dutch flag is only seen in Surinam.

"Nothing now remains to Europe of this immense continent, where, but a very few years ago, she reigned triumphant. With regard to the West India islands, they may be considered as the mere outposts of this mammoth domain.

"St. Domingo has already shaken off her old masters, and become a star of observation to the rest of the sable brethren. . . . It cannot well be doubted, but that the sable hordes in the West Indies will like to follow good example, whenever they shall have it in their power to do so. . . .

"If they should succeed in crushing us in these our last remaining tenements, I would bet ten to one that none of the new governments will put on mourning for our departure out of the New World.

"We must well remember, that our own government was taxed with injustice and oppression by the United States during their great struggle; and the British Press for years past has been, and is still, teeming with every kind of abuse and unbecoming satire against Spain and Portugal for their conduct

towards the now revolted colonies. France also comes in for her share of obloquy. Now, this being the case, will not America at large wish most devoutly for the day to come when Europe shall have no more dominion over her? Will she not say to us, Our new forms of government are very different from your old ones? We will trade with you, but we shall always be very suspicious of you as long as you retain possession of the West Indies, which are, as we may say, close to our door-steps.

"You must be very cautious how you interfere with our politics; for, if we find you meddling with them, and by that means cause us to come to loggerheads, we shall be obliged to send you back to your own homes, three or four thousand miles across the Atlantic; and then, with that great ditch betwixt us, we may hope we shall be good friends."

So much for Waterton's views on the subject of European occupation of the West Indies. He considered that the situation in the East was a very different one.

"He who casts his eye on the East Indies, will there see quite a different state of things. The conquered districts have merely changed one European master for another; and I believe there is no instance of any portion of the East Indies throwing off the yoke of the Europeans and establishing a government of their own.

"Ye who are versed in politics, and study the rise and fall of empires, and know what is good for civilized man, and what is bad for him, or in other words, what will make him happy and what will make him miserable—tell us how comes it that Europe has lost almost her last acre in the boundless expanse of territory which she so lately possessed in the west, and still contrives to hold her vast property in the extensive regions of the east?

"But whither am I going? I find myself in a new and dangerous path. Pardon, gentle reader, this sudden deviation. Methinks I hear thee saying to me—'*Tramite quo tendis, majoraque viribus audes*'.

"I grant that I have erred, but I will do so no more. In general I avoid politics; they are too heavy for me, and I am aware that they have caused the fall of many a strong and

able man: they require the shoulders of Atlas to support their weight."

The fourth and last of his journeys to Guiana was ended. In December the rains began and the Wanderer packed up his specimens, Nondescript and all, and embarked at Georgetown for England, where he duly arrived after a long and unpleasant voyage.

His book of travels ends with a chapter "On Preserving Birds for Cabinets of Natural History". This being of a technical nature, dealing with the art or craft of mounting birds' skins, it would be out of place to print it here. Although his method never became popular, Waterton's teaching and theory may be said to have revolutionized taxidermy, and his reward is to be seen in any natural history museum in the world.

"Ere we part, kind reader, I could wish to draw a little of thy attention to the instructions which are to be found at the end of this book. Twenty years have now rolled away since I first began to examine the specimens of zoology in our museums. As the system of preparation is founded on error, nothing but deformity, distortion, and disproportion will be the result of the best intentions and utmost exertion of the workman. . . . Now, when we reflect that the preserved specimens in our museums and private collections are always done upon a wrong principle, and generally by low and illiterate people, whose daily bread depends upon the shortness of time in which they can get through their work, and whose opposition to the true way of preparing specimens can only be surpassed by their obstinacy in adhering to the old method, can we any longer wonder at their want of success, or hope to see a single specimen produced that will be worth looking at? With this I conclude, hoping that thou hast received some information, and occasionally had a smile upon thy countenance, while perusing these 'Wanderings'; and begging, at the same time, to add that

"Well I know thy penetration
Many a stain and blot will see,
In the languid, long narration
Of my sylvan errantry.

For the pen too oft was weary
In the wandering writer's hand,
As he roved through dead and dreary
Forests, in a distant land.

Show thy mercy, gentle reader,
Let him not entreat in vain;
It will be his strength's best feeder,
Should he ever go again.

And who knows how soon, complaining
Of a cold and wifeless home,
He may leave it, and again in
Equatorial regions roam?

C. W."

It will be remembered that the chief aim of Waterton's first journey into the interior of British Guiana was to obtain samples of wourali, used by the Indians to poison their arrows.

On his return to England he brought back some with him, to use, if an opportunity presented itself, on a case of hydrophobia.

There seemed every hope of doing this when he heard, one day, of a policeman at Nottingham who had been bitten by a mad dog and some time afterwards had developed signs and symptoms of that terrible disease.

All the doctors of Nottingham had been called in attendance on the case, and had applied the various remedies then in vogue, but all in vain, for the policeman went steadily from bad to worse.

Then one of the doctors remembered reading in Waterton's *Wanderings* about the strange poison wourali, and suggested, as a last resort, that Waterton should be invited to come to Nottingham and try if his drug would be successful.

Along came the Squire, with his friend Sir Arnold Knight, but by the time they reached the house the patient had expired. Before leaving the town a meeting was arranged at which Waterton should demonstrate before the Nottingham doctors the action of his wourali poison.

The subjects for the experiment were two donkeys. "The two asses received the poisoned spike in the shoulder, and

after yielding under the pressure of its destructive powers, they were both restored by the process of artificial respiration.

"The first trial was a very long one; and the operator, my worthy friend Mr. Sibson, exerted himself in a manner that astonished all the company. The artificial respiration was kept up for seven hours, before the prostrate animal exhibited the least symptom of returning motion, and that was first observed in a momentary quiver of the eyelid. The second case occupied a much shorter space of time and was quite successful.

"Every person present seemed convinced that the virulence of the wourali poison was completely under the command of the operator; and that, by this artificial process, its malignant qualities could always be subdued. In a word, the company present came to the conclusion that it can be safely applied to a human being labouring under hydrophobia, one of the most terrible and fatal of all the diseases that have ever afflicted mankind.

"I wish it to be particularly understood that I do not claim for myself the merit of this discovery, should it prove successful. I certainly paved the way to it by going in quest of the poison, which I acquired in its pure state at my own expense, and at the cost of my health.

"But to Professor Sewell of the Veterinary College in London is due the merit of applying it in cases of hydrophobia. He was the first, I believe, who ever suggested the idea, and so certain was he of a favourable result, that I heard him declare before Sir Joseph Banks and a large company of scientific gentlemen, that were he unfortunate enough to be bitten by a mad dog, and become infected with hydrophobia, he would not hesitate one moment in having the wourali poison applied, as he felt confident that the application of it would prove successful."

Another experiment on donkeys with the wourali poison is described in the *Wanderings*. It took place at the Veterinary College in London under the supervision of William Sewell, afterwards President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

The first donkey to be inoculated died in twelve minutes. The poison was then inserted into the leg of another, round which a bandage had been previously tied just above the wound. The donkey walked about as usual, and ate his food as though in normal health. After an hour had elapsed the bandage was untied, and in ten minutes the animal was dead.

"The last of the three victims to science was a she-ass, about three years old. The wourali poison was introduced into its shoulder and in ten minutes the animal was apparently dead. An incision was immediately made in its windpipe, and through it the lungs were regularly inflated for two hours with a pair of bellows. Then the animal shewed signs of returning animation. She held up her head and looked around at the assembled veterinary surgeons, and sank back again into unconsciousness and apparent death.

"The artificial respiration was at once recommenced, and continued without intermission for two hours. She was saved! She rose to her feet and walked about, shewing no symptom of agitation or pain.

"But for more than a year the donkey looked 'lean and sickly' but began to mend the spring after and soon became fit and frisky."

The kind-hearted reader will rejoice on learning that Lord Percy, pitying her misfortunes, sent her down from London to Walton Hall. There she lived at ease, and indeed in luxury, under the name Wouralia, to end her days in peace, on February 15, 1839.

Thus Waterton had the satisfaction of knowing he had kept his promise made twenty-five years before:

"Wouralia shall be sheltered from the wintry storm; and when summer comes she shall feed in the finest pasture. No burden shall be placed upon her, and she shall end her days in peace."

WANDERINGS PUBLISHED

WATERTON'S famous book was published the year he returned to England, and it met with instant success. The publishers were Messrs. J. Mawman of Ludgate Street. The full title runs:

Wanderings in South America, the North-West of the United States, and the Antilles, in the years 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824. With original instructions for the perfect preservation of birds, etc., for cabinets of natural history.

The volume is a large quarto, with only one illustration, a frontispiece depicting the Nondescript.

Its reception by the reviewers was on the whole friendly, but there were one or two exceptions. No doubt the Squire, if asked, would have attributed these hostile reviews to the spite of "closet naturalists," a species of being the Wanderer never hesitated to refer to with contempt and disapproval.

But in all fairness to the hostile reviewers it must be confessed that they were not altogether to blame.

There were two subjects in particular which stuck in the throats of the scientific critics: the story of the riding on the back of the cayman and, worst of all, the Nondescript.

The Nondescript they never forgave.

One well-known naturalist, William Swainson, referring to the cayman episode, wrote:

"An active boy armed with a small hatchet might easily dispatch one. There is no great prowess therefore required to ride on the back of a poor cayman, after it has been secured and perhaps wounded, and a modern writer might have spared the recital of his feats in this way, upon the cayman of Guiana, had he not been influenced in this, and numberless other instances, by the greatest possible love of the marvellous

and a *constant propensity to dress up truth in the garb of fiction.*"

It was the final sentence which stung Waterton to the quick. He never forgot and never forgave it.

Swainson became his bitterest enemy ever afterwards, and the outraged author published more than one "pungent letter" addressed to him.

Probably Waterton was surprised, agreeably surprised, at the success of the *Wanderings*, for he was a modest man, and nothing could be more modest than the opening paragraphs of his introduction to the first edition. It runs:

"I offer this book of *Wanderings* with a hesitating hand. It has little merit, and must make its way through the world as well as it can.

"It will receive many a jostle as it goes along, and perhaps is destined to add one more to the number of slain, in the field of modern criticism. But if it fall, it may still, in death, be useful to me; for, should some accidental rover take it up, and, in turning over its pages, imbibe the idea of going out to explore Guiana, in order to give the world an enlarged description of that noble country, I shall say 'fortem ad fortia misi', and demand the armour: that is, I shall lay claim to a certain portion of the honours he will receive, upon the plea that I was the first mover of his discoveries; for, as Ulysses sent Achilles to Troy, so I sent him to Guiana."

For forty years the famous story of the ride kept cropping up, and to the end the indignant author took up the cudgels to battle with the infidel.

"I am fully aware", he once wrote, "that certain statements in the *Wanderings* have procured me the honour of being thought nearly connected with the Munchausen family. Unenviable is the lot of him whose narratives are disbelieved merely for want of sufficient faith in him who reads them.

"I have only to repeat that I particularly request those readers of the *Wanderings* who may still doubt my word, to meet me in person, and then shew me any passage in the book which they may suspect to deviate from the truth. It will give me pleasure to enter fully into the point in question:

and I shall not have the slightest doubt of being able to convince them that they are wrong in their surmises. If they should refuse to comply with this my reasonable and just request, and are still determined to consider me a disciple of the celebrated Baron, then to them I say, 'Gentlemen, fare ye well! In my conscience, I have laboured hard to please you, and to consult your taste; but I find that I have lost my time, and, I may add, my patience too. I humbly crave your forgiveness for having offered you food which has proved so very unpalatable to your stomachs. I will leave wisdom for the time to come; and I promise you that I will not throw away my jewels to the sty a second time.'

"So far for the *Wanderings*. Most part of the work was written in the depths of the forest, without the help of books, or the aid of any naturalist."

Norman Moore, who revered and loved the Squire in his extreme old age, and was always ready and eager to defend him from unfair criticism, referring to these doubting Thomases, wrote:

"The pharisees of Natural Science stigmatized the author for an unscientific amateur, because he did not belong to any of their trades unions, because he had not disfigured his vigorous, idiomatic English with the jargon of systematists, and because he had studied nature in the forest, and not according to their vain traditions.

"They had overlaid the beautiful architecture of the animal world with a plaster of their own fabrication, and every one who labours to unveil the true temple was, in their eyes, a rude, untutored Goth, who had not been initiated into the mysteries of academic technicalities and artificial systems.

"Few things are easier than to feign an hypothesis; nothing is more difficult than to establish a law of nature; and many in every generation aspire to the honours which belong to the discoverer on the strength of the ephemeral fallacies of the theorizer. . . . No one with the smallest discernment could have failed to see at a glance that his book bore the stamp of scrupulous exactness, and freedom from boasting.

"Sydney Smith was not deceived.

"He was always on the look-out for foibles upon which to exercise his satire and humour, and least of all spared false pretension. But in his laudatory article upon the *Wanderings* in the *Edinburgh Review*, there were none of the coarse imputations of obtuser critics.

"He was far too acute to be unable to distinguish a high-spirited English gentleman, enthusiastic in his pursuit of Natural Science, from an ostentatious charlatan, who, by force of being a liar, hoped to palm himself off as a hero."

To be quite honest, the Squire rather enjoyed the harmless notoriety his book brought him, and was always ready to discuss the question of the criticisms with his friends. To one of them, his family physician in after years, Dr. Hobson, he said:

"Forty years ago I had a hard struggle to keep my head above water against a host of self-constituted censorious scoundrels, but the unprejudiced public took my wandering bantling by the hand, affording it evenhanded protection until it arrived at maturity.

"When armed cap-à-pie and floating in smooth water, it bravely hoisted the colours of self-defence, and confidently threw down the gauntlet, anxious to be overhauled by honourable and impartial reviewers."

On another occasion Waterton made little of his exploit when conversing with Hobson:

"Now Mr. Waterton admitted to me that when he mounted the cayman, 'I had no fear, because I knew it was impossible that the hook, from its peculiarity of construction, could be returned through the mouth, and having seen it made myself, I had carefully ascertained that there was no flaw in it, and had also tested the strength of the rope. You may rely upon it that I made all secure for the sake of number one, as I had a predetermined intention to mount the saurian if he should give me a chance.

"My enemies, if I have any, have played the fool in disputing my having accomplished a feat which any old lady, minus her crinoline, might have easily done.'"

Once his book was published the Squire found time to

devote himself to his long-cherished ambition of making Walton Park a safe retreat for all wild living things.

But not quite all. The foxes had been firmly but kindly expelled, but there was another inmate, both of hall and park, which remained to be dealt with, and dealt with ruthlessly, without quarter or pity.

During his last absence abroad, the Hanoverian, brown, or common rat had appeared in hordes. They overran the house; the stables and granaries were infested with them; the gardens and the banks of the lake, the whole place swarmed with rats.

The Squire was very angry and decided to wage relentless war on the Hanoverians until not one remained in his domain.

Ever since boyhood Waterton had a marked detestation of rats, and while he was in the "poetry class" at Stonyhurst he attempted to celebrate in verse the arrival of the brown rat in this country. Only the first verse survives:

"When want and misery ran over
The worn-out soil of far Hanover,
Guelph took his stick, and put his hat on,
Came straight to England's shore to fatten
And brought with him his half-starved ratten."

Many years afterwards he wrote an essay on the brown rat; some extracts from it express his mature views on the animal.

"Some few years after the fatal period of 1688, when our aristocracy, in defence of its ill-gotten goods, took upon itself to dispose of hereditary monarchy in a way which, if attempted now-a-days, would cause a considerable rise in the price of hemp, there arrived on the coast of England a ship from Germany freighted with a cargo of no ordinary importance.

"In it was a sovereign remedy for all manner of national grievances. Royal expenditure was to be mere moonshine, taxation as light as Camilla's footsteps, and the soul of man was to fly up to Heaven its own way. But the poet says—

'Dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera debet';

that is, we must not expect supreme happiness on our side of the grave.

"As a counterpoise to the promised felicity to be derived from this super-excellent German cargo, there was introduced, either by accident or by design, an article destined, at no far distant period, to put the sons of Mr. Bull in mind of the verses which I have just quoted.

"This was no other than a little grey-coloured, short-legged animal, too insignificant at the time the cargo was landed, to attract the slightest notice.

"It is known to naturalists by the name of the Hanoverian rat.

"Though I am not aware that there are any minutes in the zoological archives of this country which point out to us the precise time at which this insatiate and mischievous little brute first appeared among us, still there is a tradition current in this part of the country that it actually came over in the same ship which conveyed the new dynasty to these shores.

"My father, who was of the first order of field naturalists, was always positive on this point, and he maintained firmly that it did accompany the House of Hanover in its emigration from Germany to England. Be this as it may, it is certain that the stranger rat has now punished us severely for more than a century and a quarter.

"Its rapacity knows no bounds, while its increase is prodigious beyond all belief. But the most singular part of its history is, that it has nearly worried every individual of the original rat of Great Britain.

"So scarce have these last-mentioned animals become, that in all my life I have never seen but one single solitary specimen. It was sent, some years ago, to Nostell Priory in a cage from Bristol, and I received an invitation from Mr. Arthur Strickland, who was on a visit there, to go and see it.

"Whilst I was looking at the little native prisoner in its cage, I could not help exclaiming, 'Poor injured Briton! hard, indeed, has been the fate of thy family! In another generation, at farthest, it will probably sink down to the dust for ever!'"

The Squire, once his anger was roused, attacked the Hanoverian rat, tooth and nail.

Cats, owls, weasels, and other natural enemies of the rat were enlisted as allies and offered every encouragement.

Subtle poisons were cunningly laid in the enemies' lurking-places. All rat-holes in the house were closed with stone and mortar. Disused sewers were filled up. The bottoms of all the outer doors were filled with hoop iron to keep other rats from entering the house, and the pavement surrounding the house was carefully relaid.

The Squire was thorough and shewed no mercy. No one can be more ruthless than a nature-lover once he believes that his kindness has been abused.

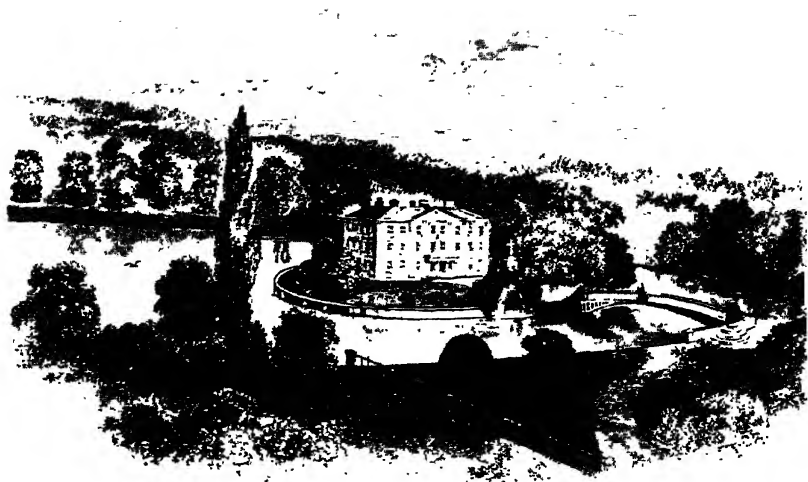
Just listen to this!

"Whilst the rats had all their own way here, they annoyed me beyond measure; and many a time have I wished the ship at Jericho which first brought their ancestors to these shores.

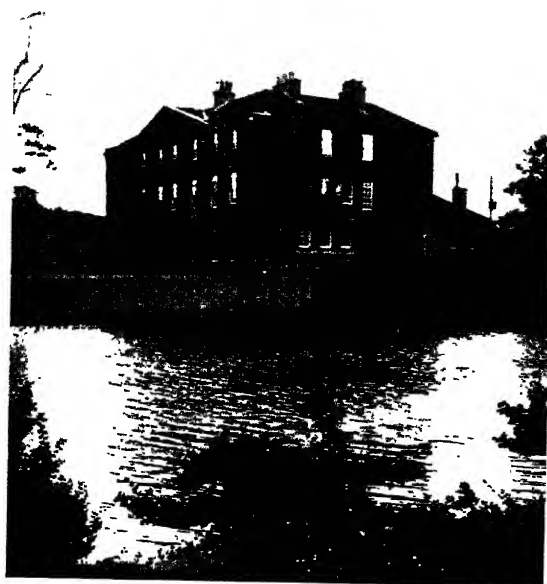
"They had formed a run behind the plinth in my favourite sitting-room, and their clatter was unceasing. Having caught one of them in a box-trap, I dipped its hinder parts into warm tar, and then turned it loose behind the hollow plinth. The others, seeing it in this condition, and smelling the tar all along the run through which it had gone, thought it more prudent to take themselves off; and thus for some months after this experiment, I could sit and read in peace, free from the hated noise of rats."

Waterton sums up the rat-situation at Walton in these words:

"When I reflect on the numbers and the appetite of the Hanoverian rat, and put down to its account the many depredations which it is perpetually committing, I cannot bring my mind to shew it the same good feeling which is extended in this park to the rest of animated nature. In truth, I consider its arrival in our country an event productive of much annoyance to the community at large; and had I the power, I would send its whole stock, root and branch, back again to the country whence it came, seeing that we have gained nothing by letting it exterminate the original English rat.



WALTON HALL IN CHARLES WATERTON'S TIME, WITH THE CAST-IRON
BRIDGE AND THE RUIN, SURMOUNTED BY A CROSS



WALTON HALL AT THE PRESENT DAY

"When I am gone to dust, if my ghost should hover o'er the mansion, it will rejoice to hear the remark, that Charles Waterton, in the year of Grace 1839, effectually cleared the premises at Walton Hall of every Hanoverian rat, young and old."

Having satisfactorily dealt with the rats, the Squire next turned his attention to improving the amenities of life for his domestic animals.

For a long while he had been worried over the damage done to his gates by the cattle when leaning heavily upon them, to converse with each other. Then he had a bright idea, and, like all really bright ideas, a very simple one, by which the cattle could continue to lean and converse, and yet not damage his gates. This was to hang a strong chain, between two stout posts, on either side of every gate.

Then there were the carriage horses. They inhabited very comfortable quarters, but were unable to see or communicate with one another. To rectify this, he had windows put in all the partitions between the stalls, a kindly action which we hope his pampered horses thoroughly appreciated.

Even the pigs were not forgotten. The Squire himself loved to sit and bask in the sunshine on a fine day, so why should the pigs be denied this pleasure?

So fine new styes were built, with a southern aspect, and in each run was erected a platform, sheltered from all draughts, on which the pigs could recline and enjoy the health-giving and soothing beams of the sun.

The Squire would sometimes go and sit beside them, and observed with interest that wasps would come and catch and eat the flies which settled on the backs of the slumbering pigs.

Most nature-lovers who afford protection to wild birds and animals do not extend their hospitality to what game-keepers term ground vermin, that is, stoats, weasels, and hedgehogs. Not so the Squire; he was more broad-minded. He maintained that nature should be left to solve her own problems in the struggle for existence in her own way, and he only interfered in the case of the Hanoverian rat and the fox, both of which he banished from the park.

For the weasel in particular he had a tender regard.

In a sunny, sheltered corner beside the Grotto he built up a loose heap of rough stones for these little animals to live in, and often as he sat beside the fire inside the Grotto he could watch, through the open door, their innocent gambols.

I have already indicated that the Squire was not strictly a dog-lover, and held the kennel to be the proper place for man's "canine friend", but he was careful that the kennels should be comfortable ones. He had a theory that dogs liked to see all that was going on around them, and regretted that in all too many kennels the view was shut out. To remedy this, he had his built so that the dogs could see far and wide, with the result that he never was disturbed by that most irritating clamour of dogs that bark and bay in their kennels.

That his cats were not forgotten goes without saying, for Waterton, like many others who have "no overweening love" for dogs, was devoted to cats. He himself liked warmth, and throughout the year kept fires burning, not only in the house, but in the Grotto and at other of his favourite retreats in the park. Well, cats like heat also, and enjoy sitting in front of a fire.

So the saddle-room in the stable was handed over to their sole use. One window was nailed so that it could never be closed, thus allowing the cats free entry and exit at all hours. In this room was an open fireplace, in which a cheerful blaze was always kept up.

The cats were fed only once a day, to encourage them to hunt for mice and rats. Their meal consisted of raw fish, caught in the lake, and Waterton, who himself fed the cats, was careful to break all the larger bones before serving up the repast.

He strongly objected to the smell of tobacco, and allowed no smoking in the house. One wet day two guests who indulged in the pernicious habit slipped away to enjoy their cigars in the saddle-room. The Squire discovered this and put up a notice on the wall "NO SMOKING", because, he explained, the cats would find the smell of "ignited tobacco" disagreeable while they ate their dinner.

Although animals came first in the thoughts of the Squire, he did not forget his own species.

He was always pleased to grant to anglers permission to fish in the lake, except during the close season which he ordained for the birds. To give these sportsmen shelter during storms, and somewhere out of the rain to eat their dinners, he constructed a sort of hut. It was formed by three stone pillars which held up, for roof, an immense flagstone. On the top of this he placed an ancient "frumenty stone", on which were engraved "T. K. W.", the initials of Thomas and Katherine Waterton, with the date "1679". To make this anglers' retreat quite snug, it was encircled by a thick yew hedge.

Some years later, Waterton, as recorded by Dr. Hobson, "permanently fixed an easy and refreshing armchair in this hut, in which the exhausted and half-starved fisherman might rest his wearied limbs".

This fisherman's hut was built by John Ogden, the keeper at Walton Hall. Originally he was by trade a mason and by natural bent a poacher. When Waterton was in need of a keeper and was on the lookout for a reliable and trustworthy one, he happened to hear that Ogden was out of a job, but had the reputation in the neighbourhood of being a notorious poacher. This last qualification at once led the Squire to offer him the post of gamekeeper to Walton Park, and gamekeeper he became, and was soon one of his dearest friends and most loyal of servants.

Naturally the duties of a gamekeeper to the Squire were quite different to those of a gamekeeper to anyone else. Instead of being paid to destroy hawks, magpies, carrion-crows, owls, stoats, weasels, and other so-called vermin, it was Ogden's business to cherish and protect them from all harm.

This he did to the eminent satisfaction of his employer. Also, in the sound principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, Ogden soon brought to an end the activities of the local poachers.

With a skilled mason on the premises, much could be done

in the way of building various edifices for both birds and man. The Grotto was enlarged, and two temples erected. A tea-room was built for the holiday-makers who visited the park in the summer. Near by he had a swing put up, "a chair-swing of truly noble dimensions and of extensive sweep, in which many a buxom country girl has joyously received the swinging attentions of her devoted swain". He also constructed endless little devices in which birds could build their nests. The park was full of these.

On Sundays Waterton would attend mass at Leeds. He used to ride there and back, a journey of some twenty-eight miles. He must have been a picturesque figure, dressed in his top-hat, bottle-green coat with gold buttons, mounted on a palfrey with flowing tail and mane.

He was strongly opposed to the then universal practice of docking the tails of horses quite short; in fact, the brutal fashion of cropping the ears of horses had only just gone out.

In referring to this practice in one of his essays, "The Beauty of Animal Creation", he writes:

"I can well remember the time when this destructive mania for improving the anatomy of the horse by subtraction had arisen to such a height of absurdity, that both cart and carriage horses were so entirely bereft of tail as to present an exhibition disgusting in the extreme. Simple farmers and waggoners had been choused out of their common sense, and taught to believe that such a privation added strength to the general system; just as some unknowing ones of the present day fancy that the pruning-knife produces additional growth in those branches which it spares.

"This docking pestilence (I allude to the custom of removing the whole of the tail) once raged throughout our island; and you would have thought that Dame Nature herself had taken smittle, as we say in Yorkshire; for I knew a farmer's mare in the county of Durham, about the year 1794, that produced three foals successively without any tail at all."

His abhorrence of this universal practice prompted the unconventional Waterton to order that neither of his two

young horses, recently broken in, should be deprived of his tail.

"But", he had to admit, "I gained nothing in the end. People stared at me as I rode quietly along. One said, if he possessed that capital horse, he would soon mend his looks by having his ugly tail off. Others remarked, that the horse must be from foreign parts; they could tell it by its tail, for the outlandish people there were but poor hands at setting a horse off to advantage.

"A third would cry out, with a grin, 'There goes Longtail!'

"I bore all this with becoming fortitude, till at last, being obliged to ride to Leeds for mass on Sundays, either the servants at the inn, or the hangers-on in the stable yard, made free with my horse's tail, in order to turn a penny by the hair; and they shortened it so much, that it neither appeared one thing nor another, and at last I was reduced to the necessity of calling in the aid of a docker to free myself from future annoyance."

The author of the *Wanderings*, like other popular writers, had his "fan mail". Most of these letters came from naturalist readers, but one day he received an offer of marriage from a lady reader and admirer, written in verse.

To popular novelists, I am told, such letters, though seldom written in verse, are by no means rare; but it was the first and only such declaration the Squire ever received, and he was delighted. Unfortunately the fair unknown required seventy-two lines in which to declare her passion and make her proposal, so that it cannot be included in these pages.

In her poem the enraptured lady tabulated her reasons for loving him:

"I love thee for thy ready wit"

.

"I love thee for thy feeling heart"

.

"I love thee 'spite thy silver hair

And visage, if no longer fair," etc., etc., etc.

.

But, woman-like, it was in a postscript that the actual offer of marriage was made.

“P.S. Should my letter not miscarry
And you feel inclined to marry,
Then let your answer duly be
In *Morning Post*, the which I see.
A woman’s mind it is well known
Is always in the postscript shown.”

The Squire, not to be outdone in gallantry, accepted, not the lady’s offer of heart and hand, but her challenge, and wrote her the following reply, which appeared in the *Morning Post*:

“Lady! Did a soul poetic
Great as thine my muse inspire,
I would strive in strain pathetic
Soft and sweet to touch the lyre.

But in distant climes by roving,
And by oceans tempest-tost,
Every pleasing, plaintive, moving
And harmonious sound I’ve lost.

Grieved am I, my fair Ignota,
Woful tidings to impart,
Ere the charming lines you wrote, a
Nymph had shot me through the heart!

Re-al or imaginary
Still, Ignota, prized by me
Are thy lines—and long shall tarry
Thoughts within my breast of thee.

Did I know but where to send it,
A small offering I would make,
This request should then attend it:
‘Keep it for the Wanderer’s sake’.”

MARRIAGE

ALL was stir and bustle at the Hall, for the master was to set off on a journey the following morning. Rosy-cheeked maids hurried up and down stairs, portmanteaux were being packed, travelling-rugs rolled up and strapped.

It was unusual for the Squire to take so much luggage with him, for he usually travelled light, as the saying is, with but one small valise which he could carry in his hand.

Another odd thing was that he should be leaving his beloved Walton in the month of May, just when the trees were budding, and when he was accustomed to be out in the park from dawn till dark, ready to offer a personal welcome to each spring migrant as it arrived.

But this was no ordinary occasion, nor was it to be an ordinary journey.

Squire Waterton was going abroad to be married. He was to keep a promise made just seventeen years before, up a muddy creek of the Essequibo river, when, as he held the tiny Anne Edmonstone in his arms at her christening, he laughingly asked her parents' consent to make her his wife some day.

The lot of the biographer is not always an easy one. It is the lacunae which are his bugbear, those gaps in the story of his hero which no amount of research will fill. So it is with the courtship of Charles Waterton and Anne Mary Edmonstone, granddaughter of the Arowak princess, Minda.

Not a single reference to her can be traced, either by name or hint, in any of Waterton's published writings or letters from the day of her baptism to the day of her marriage.

What sort of courtship it was between this man of forty-seven and this girl of seventeen, and where they met, is not known.

All we do know is that her father sold up his estates in Demerara in 1817 and returned with his family to Scotland, and that he and his wife died shortly afterwards. Their three children, Elizabeth, Anne, and Helen, were then sent to be educated at the English convent in the Rue des Carmes at Bruges. It is probable that Waterton stood in the light of guardian to the orphans, and at least once a year he would visit them at the convent. He thought highly of this establishment, both for its teaching, its moral atmosphere, and for the fact that no love-letters were allowed.

The marriage was solemnized on May 11, 1829, in the convent chapel at the surprising hour of four o'clock in the morning. Even the wedding of Charles Waterton was bound to be different from the wedding of any other man.

The seventeen-year-old bride came to the altar literally straight from the schoolroom. The night before the ceremony she slept as usual with her school-friends in the dormitory.

After the wedding, and before it was light, the happy pair left to catch the train which was to take them on their honeymoon to visit natural history museums and zoological gardens in Antwerp, Paris, and Ghent.

In after years Waterton used frequently to visit the English nuns at Bruges, and the spot is still pointed out, on the floor of the chapel, close to the altar, where he would kneel for an hour each day in meditation and prayer.

There is an old Scots proverb—"A bride in May will never see a second". It was all too true in this case, for little Mrs. Waterton died on April 27, 1830, twenty-one days after giving birth to a son.

Waterton was overwhelmed with grief and could never bear to speak of her again. Only once did he mention her in writing. It was in these words:

"In 1829 I became the happiest man in the world; but it pleased Heaven to convince me that all felicity here below is

no more than a mere illusive transitory dream, and I bow submissive to its adorable decrees.

"I am left with one fine little boy, who 'looks up to me for light', and I trust I shall succeed in imparting it to him. . . ."

The household at Walton Hall now consisted of the Squire, his two sisters-in-law, Elizabeth and Helen Edmonstone, and little Edmund. The aunts did the housekeeping and acted as mothers to their orphaned nephew. Neither of them ever married, and they continued to live at Walton until the Squire's death.

The relationship between Waterton and his girl-wife is baffling. One might almost be led to think that the husband, although devoted to his pretty seventeen-year-old bride, looked upon her and treated her more as a ward than a wife, but for the fact that he never really got over her loss.

Not only is nothing known about his courtship of her—and he is careful to note that no love-letters were allowed at the convent—but he never so much as mentioned her in any of the letters he wrote during their honeymoon to his friend George Ord, who also was in Paris.

He writes always in the first person; never "we". It would be thought that a proud and happy bridegroom would wish to introduce his friend to his wife, but he does not say so.

He never once refers to her, directly or indirectly, but merely speaks of arranging a meeting between Ord and himself. A few weeks later the honeymoon couple are at Ghent, inspecting M. de Duyts' famous museum of osteology, where Waterton writes Ord a long letter. "I just drop you this hasty line to tell you of my movements", and then, "At Antwerp I saw your Summer or Carolina Duck completely domesticated from eggs hatched by a hen", and goes on to beg Ord to send him some live ones to Walton Hall when he returns to Philadelphia. He urges Ord to come to stop with him at Walton, where "I will give you a good hearty old English welcome, free from the cold formalities of the present age", but not one word about the young mistress of Walton Hall.

In September of the same year he is again writing to Paris to urge Ord to visit him, with a good deal about the "departed shade of the immortal Washington", and gives him minute instructions about buying for him ninety square yards of white silky paper for his drawing-room, some he had seen at a shop in the Rue de Bussy; but whether Mrs. Waterton had a say in the choice we do not know.

A profound change in his mode of life was brought about by the death of Anne.

The Squire furnished a small room at the top of the house for himself, where he could be quite alone, reading, or skinning birds, and where he slept. He never again slept in a bed; but always lay on the bare boards of the floor, wrapped up in a voluminous Italian military cloak, and for a pillow he had a block of wood, such as the Indians of Guiana used.

On the walls hung a few pictures and prints of natural history interest, some shelves contained his favourite books, his jug and basin stood on a chair, and he had a little round looking-glass and a table. Over the mantelpiece was an old map of Guiana. For mere ornament's sake there was nothing.

One of his most cherished possessions was a painting of St. Catherine of Alexandria, which bore a striking resemblance to his adored Anne. It used to be said that the Squire would often sit gazing at the portrait for an hour at a time, as if in a trance.

The room next to his he fitted up as a chapel, which he dedicated to St. Catherine.

In the autumn of this year, on the recommendation of his doctor and at the desire of his friends, Waterton went abroad for a short change of air and scene. He had a friend, a Mr. Forster, who was secretary to the Prince of Hohenlohe at Huttenheim. On his return he stopped at Wurzburg, where he heard of a fine private collection of pictures, and obtained permission to view it. As far as is known, Waterton had no taste for art, nor was he particularly interested in painting, but any museum was always an attraction to him. This collection had been formed by its owner, Herr Berwind, a wealthy banker of the town.

The old gentleman received his English visitor with great politeness, and during their conversation mentioned that, being eighty-two years of age and having no children to leave it to, he had determined to sell his collection, which had taken him half his life to accumulate.

He then handed Waterton a printed catalogue of the pictures and requested him, on his return to England, to let him know if he had a friend who would like to purchase the collection.

Waterton spent an hour examining the pictures and then asked if he might be allowed to revisit the gallery at four o'clock in the afternoon. This request was granted, and by the same evening Waterton was possessor of a collection of one hundred and forty-eight pictures.

What sum he paid for them he never revealed.

Herr Berwind had them packed up and sent down the Rhine by boat to Rotterdam, and eventually they safely arrived at Walton Hall and were duly hung on the walls of the house.

Amongst these pictures were specimens of the work of Vandyck, Michelangelo, Vandervelde, Holbein, Kuyp, Rembrandt, and Rubens.

On his return from Bavaria, Waterton revisited Bruges. He had a great fondness for that charming old city, and used to say that if fate decided he must live the rest of his life in a town, he would choose Bruges.

On this visit he found the town in an uproar, for the revolution was at its height.

"As the balls whistled on all sides," he wrote, "I thought I might as well live to see the row another day; so, observing a door half open, I felt much inclined to get under cover: but, just as I arrived at the threshold, a fat old dame shut the door full in my face. 'Thank you, old lady,' said I: '*Felix quam faciunt aliena pericula cantam*.'"

From this time onward until the end of his life, Waterton and Ord kept up a constant correspondence. There is a similarity in the form of their letters, but Waterton's are by far the more amusing.

They both stuck to a formula: they almost always began with a description of the weather, then discussed the political situation, and ended up on the subject of natural history.

Owing to the kindness of my friend Sir Alan Moore, I have been able to examine nearly two hundred letters written by Waterton to George Ord, and have been fortunate enough to gain possession of a number of Ord's replies.

After the death of his wife, Waterton wrote to inform Ord, who was still in Paris, of the tragic event, and again invited him to Walton Hall, giving him at the same time minute instructions about the journey. He was to engage a seat in the Express coach, which left the Bull and Mouth, near St. Paul's, every evening. He was to get out at the toll-bar at Sandal Magna, and walk the two miles to the house. His luggage was to be left at the toll-gate until a servant called for it.

In this letter occurs the only reference to his wife, other than the announcement of her death. At the end of it Waterton asks Ord to carry out several commissions for him in Paris, and one of them is to find out the address of a certain Jesuit priest, Père Roucin, "who was confessor to me and my poor dear Anne, during our stay in Paris".

There is not space to print more than one of Waterton's long letters to Ord, but this one will be given in full, as it is typical of the Squire's style. When it was written Ord had already stayed once at Walton and been taken to call on some of the local magnates, and had also visited Stonyhurst.

"A Monsieur,
Monsieur Ord,
No. 3 Hotel de Calcutta,
Rue de Savoie, à Paris.

WALTON HALL,
September 20, 1831.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

Your kind letter gave me sincere delight. I have been away for a fortnight at Scarboro and Hull: and this will account why I have not answered it sooner. I was sure you would be delighted with Stonyhurst. The good Fathers on their part were charmed with your society, and considered

themselves very fortunate in having had an opportunity of forming your acquaintance.

"One thing yet remains for you to do; that is, to visit Oxford and Cambridge, those nests of impiety and immorality. When you shall have done so (and I hope next year to go with you) your discerning and liberal mind will not require much time to decide how great and heavy the curse has been, which Harry the 8th's Reformation has brought upon those once holy and exemplary seats of learning.

"While I am upon this subject permit me to say a word or two of the *unum necessarium*; for, my dear friend, I have your eternal salvation much at heart; and every day of my life, I beg Almighty God to give you His grace, that you may see the true light.

"What I wish to say, is this. Should your intercourse with Catholics cause you to entertain any doubts about the Faith in which you have been brought up, I would advise you by all means to have many conversations with ministers of the reformed Church, and with Priests of the Catholic Church. Then compare notes, and draw your own conclusion. While you are doing this; let your first act be, on your knees, every morning you get out of bed, to beg of Almighty God most sincerely, that He would give you His grace to find out the truth; and before you rise up, make a firm resolution, in His holy presence, that you will never offend Him, during the day, wilfully either in thought, word, or deed.

"Reflect, my dear Sir, that this life is miserable and very short; and that the life to come will never end.

"What will it avail a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul.

"Excuse my writing thus freely to you. I have your welfare here and hereafter so much at heart, that I could not let slip this favourable opportunity.

"You will be sorry to hear of poor Mrs. Beaumont's death. The day before she died, she was apparently much better, she had a good appetite and took plenty of exercise. She awoke about one o'clock in the morning and told her maid that it was time to get up. The maid saw she was wandering,

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and told her that it was only an hour after midnight. Then, said she, go down and get me some beef tea, for I am thirsty. The maid did so, and on her return to the chamber, she found that the poor old woman had breathed her last.

"All is now changed at Bretton. Above forty servants have been discharged, all the horses, carriages, etc. are to be sold, and it is said that the heir will not reside at Bretton.

"All her daughters have fifty thousand pounds apiece.

"We are here just as you left us. The fishermen missed you much; and they declared to me that they never met so kind and affable a gentleman. The fishing ceases on the 15th of this month, lest they might disturb the wild fowl, which will be coming from the Arctic regions in a few days.

"The day after you left us, I saw the golden headed wren and two kingfishers.

"Last night's paper brought us the news (via Berlin by the bye) of the surrender of Warsaw. If this be true, one may expect great dissatisfaction amongst all the people of Europe against their Governments.

"Our reform bill, after having been bruised and misshapen for so many months in the commons, is expected to hobble up to the Lords in a day or two: where I think those hereditary boobies will give it the coup de grâce, or as John Bull says, knock it on the head. If so, a revolution here can not be prevented. Time will shew.

"Elisa and Helen and Mr. & Mrs. Carr (who are here) and good Father Morris, whom I saw yesterday, send their kindest remembrance to you. Pray write to me as often as convenient, and give me some hopes that we shall see you here next spring.

"Send me everything about Audubon.

"On the 26th of this month there is to be an immense meeting of naturalists and philosophers from all parts of England and many parts of the continent at York.

"I got an invitation to attend, from the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, but declined accepting of it, under the plea that I had other engagements.

"The fact is, I do not like the bother.

"Last week a pair of white owls hatched in the hollow stump of the sycamore tree on our island.

"I now see, that where the barn owl is not molested, it will breed in June, September and at the end of November. How little do we know of the real haunts and manners of the British birds!

"Cultivation and population have quite changed their habits.

"I shall look for a letter from you, before you embark for our dear United States.

"Heaven protect and bless that fine land of *real* liberty.

"Believe me to remain, my dear Mr. Ord,

"Your ever true sincere friend,

"CHARLES WATERTON."

The request made in the above letter for any news of Audubon was no expression of friendly interest, but was, on the contrary, an early manifestation of a lifelong distaste for that famous American naturalist. The pious, gentle Waterton could be an unyielding hater of anyone whom, like Audubon, he considered to be a humbug and a charlatan.

Few of his letters to Ord, written during the next thirty years, are without some unfriendly reference to his fellow-ornithologist.

On Christmas Eve, I was helping to move a stone of two tons weight. Through the rashness of one of the masons, the stone caught the end of the thumb of my right hand, and crushed it into jelly. Whilst the mangled parts were yet warm, I formed them into a pretty good shape; and the thumb is now so far recovered that I can hold the pen. — This will account to you for my bad writing to day. —
I'm great hopes of seeing you very soon, — and with kindest remembrance from Edmund and my sister, believe me, my dear friend, to remain,
Ever sincerely yours
Charles Waterton

The Squire's daily life when at home was an active one, though, it must be admitted, the results of his untiring energy were not productive of anything very important.

After the death of Anne, Waterton, always simple in his tastes and satisfied with the minimum of creature comforts, cultivated severe self-denial as far as his own daily life was concerned.

But in so doing he did not cut himself off from his fellow-men, but continued to be the same gay and entertaining companion.

His day began at three o'clock in the morning when he arose from the bare boards of his little attic, in answer to what he called his "morning gun", the crowing of a huge Cochin China cock. He then lighted his fire, lay down again for his "half hour of luxury", then shaved and dressed and at four o'clock went into his private chapel next door, where he spent an hour on his knees.

His friend, the Reverend J. G. Wood, did not at all approve of his close-shaving, and more than once took the Squire to task over it, hoping to persuade him to grow a full and flowing beard, in order to look more the part of the sage and hermit naturalist.

"I had several friendly altercations with him upon shaving, but he would as soon give up the lancet as the razor. He would not even wear a particle of whisker, and kept his thick, snowy hair" (this was some years later) "within half an inch of length. He had not lost a hair, in spite of his advanced age, and I have often thought that if he had allowed his hair and beard to grow to their full luxuriance, a nobler figure could not have visited an artist's dreams."

At five o'clock Waterton returned to his room, and every morning without fail read a chapter in a Spanish Life of Saint Francis Xavier, which concluded his early devotions, and then began his secular work of the day with a chapter of *Don Quixote* in the original.

He next wrote letters or carried on bird-stuffing until Sir Thomas More's clock struck eight, when, punctual to the moment, the household at Walton sat down to breakfast.

His was frugal, consisting of dry toast, watercress, and a cup of weak tea.

Breakfast ended, he went out till noon, superintending his farm, mending fences, clipping hedges or improvising new "dodges" for the birds. If the weather was cold he would light a fire wherever he was working.

From noon till dinner, which was at half-past one, he would sit indoors to read.

His favourite English authors and books, and he read them over and over again, were Dryden, *Chevy Chase*, Dyer's *Grongar Hill*, *Tristram Shandy*, *The Sentimental Journey*; Goldsmith, White's *Natural History of Selborne*, and Washington Irving.

After dinner he worked in the park and came in to tea a little before six. He usually retired to his room at eight, when he went "to bed", but if the conversation in the drawing-room was interesting he might stop up till as late as ten o'clock.

At midnight he rose to spend a few minutes in the chapel, and then went back to his wooden bed and oaken pillow for three more hours of sleep.

Right up to the end of his long life Waterton never altered or varied this daily routine.

Even when travelling abroad or in England, he always slept on the floor, and not in a bed. Once when expostulated with over this refusal to sleep in a hotel bed, he replied that the last inhabitant might have been some lovely form divine, but was just as likely to have been a horrid alderman, "pimpily with turtle and curaçoa".

Waterton had a great fondness for trees. He knew every tree in his park intimately, had climbed most of them, and no fond mother ever took more anxious care over her child's health than he did over his trees.

If the smallest damage was done to one of them he was certain to find it out.

One day a friend found the keeper, John Ogden, much disturbed, having discovered some shot-holes in a tree trunk, and being quite sure that he would be called to account for

them. The keeper was right enough, for Waterton found the marks before many hours had passed, and Ogden had to undergo a severe cross-examination.

If a tree looked sick or ailing, up climbed the Squire to investigate.

All this tree-climbing had enormously developed the muscles of his legs, as Dr. Hobson was careful to note in his recollections of Waterton:

"His power and consequent agility in the lower limbs were marvellous, having the best formed leg and the finest development I ever saw, whilst the transverse capacity of the chest was somewhat defective ; at all events, it was not proportionate with the lower extremities, which were enormous, but beautifully formed."

When walking in the park with a friend, it was no unusual thing for Waterton suddenly to stop at the foot of a tree and say, "Let us see if the sparrow-hawk has hatched its eggs yet", and thereupon kick off his shoes and swiftly clamber, with surprising agility, up into the branches above, expecting his friend to follow.

That Waterton was a specialist in the art of tree-climbing is borne out in an essay he wrote at the age of fifty-nine, on "The Titmouse and the Woodpecker". After reading it, one only regrets that the Squire never found himself "in the right frame of mind" to pursue the subject further and write the first, and probably the only, treatise on the art.

"Would you inspect the nest of a carrion-crow?

"Brittle are the living branches of the ash and sycamore: while, on the contrary, those which are dead on the Scotch pine are tough, and will support your weight.

"The arms of the oak may safely be relied on ; but, I pray you, trust with extreme caution those of the quick-growing alder. Neither press heavily on the linden tree ; though you may ascend the beech and the elm without any fear of danger.

"But let me stop here for the present.

"At some future day, should I be in a right frame for it, I may pen down a few remarks, which will possibly be useful to the naturalist."

No one who ever watched the Squire climb a tree failed to be impressed by his agility. One such admirer wrote: "From constant practice he could ascend trees at an age when most men can hardly hobble with a stick, and in his eighty-third year we went up a tall oak tree together to look at a nest."

The Squire of Walton must have spent a considerable part of his life up trees. He would often sit for hours in the topmost branches of a tree, reading his Horace or Virgil, but at the same time keeping out a sharp eye for the birds.

Many of the trees in the park had special names. There were the Twelve Apostles, twelve trunks growing from an old willow stump; the Eight Beatitudes; and the Seven Deadly Sins. Behind the stables was John Bull and the National Debt, a big nut-tree which had grown up through the hole in the centre of an old mill-stone, and was being slowly strangled by it.

The Church and State was an unnatural union between an oak and a Scotch fir, which Waterton had caused to grow up twisted inseparably together.

Yews were favourites of his, and he planted them to form evergreen walls to give shelter from the north wind, the one foe he dreaded, and which seemed quite to benumb him.

In an essay on the yew tree he wrote:

"It has already repaid me for the pains which I have taken in its cultivation; and when I resort to my usual evening stand, in order to watch the flocks of sparrows, finches and starlings, whilst they are dropping in upon the neighbouring hollies, I feel not the wintry blast, as the yew trees, which are close at hand, are to me a shield against its fury; and in fact, they offer me a protection little inferior to that of the house itself."

As a protection to birds and as a wind-break, Waterton considered the holly to be the best after the yew. For laurels he had no use whatever.

He planted great numbers of hollies.

It is generally considered by gardeners that the holly is very slow-growing, but the Squire devised a method of

planting them, during the last week in May, so that by the end of the following September many of the plants would have grown nearly a foot in length. He found that none failed, however dry the summer had been.

It was perhaps a pity that Waterton did not pay more attention to his estate instead of only his birds and trees. But he was no practical agriculturist as his father had been. He was far too lenient with his tenants, and could not bring himself to do anything which looked like oppressing them.

The consequence was that they were habitually in heavy arrears and often threw up their farms without paying rent, having impoverished the land and enriched themselves.

CHAPTER XIV
THE GRAND TOUR

IN the year 1834, Charles Waterton took up a new form of climbing. Hitherto his favourite athletic exercise had been ascending trees, and occasionally, for variety, tall buildings.

But now, at the age of fifty-two, he was to be initiated into the hazardous and difficult exploit of cliff-climbing. The professional egg-collector begins his business young, and long before reaching the Squire's age has given it up, if he has not already fallen a victim to his rashness.

That May he set out for Bridlington, on the Yorkshire coast, not so much in order to collect guillemots' eggs as to observe the sea-birds in their nesting haunts.

Having engaged the services of two reliable professional climbers, the Squire duly descended the cliff by means of a stout rope, made fast to a strong iron bar driven into the ground.

It called for much strength and agility to let himself down from ledge to ledge, or to swing himself from one rock to another.

"It requires considerable address", he wrote, "on the part of the descending climber to save himself from being hit by fragments of the rock which are broken off by the rope coming in contact with them. . . . One of the climbers, while he was imparting instructions how to act, grinned purposely, and shewed his upper jaw. I learned by his story, that, last year, a falling stone had driven two of his front teeth down his throat."

Waterton thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

"As I was lowered down, the grandeur and sublimity of the scene beggared all description, and amply repaid any

little unpleasant sensations, which were on the score of danger.

"The sea was roaring at the base of this stupendous wall of rocks; thousands and tens of thousands of wild fowl were in an instant on the wing; the kittiwakes and jackdaws rose in circling flight; while most of the guillemots, razorbills, and puffins left the ledges of the rocks, in a straight and downward line, with a peculiarly quick motion of the pinions till they plunged into the sea."

No laws then existed in England to protect wild birds from wanton slaughter, and it was in no small measure due to Waterton's constant championing of the cause of the birds that such legislation was eventually introduced.

"He who rejoices when he sees all nature smiling around him, and who takes an interest in contemplating the birds of heaven, as they wing their way before him, will feel sad at heart on learning the unmerited persecution to which these harmless sea-fowl are exposed. Parties of sportsmen, from all parts of the kingdom, visit Flamborough and its vicinity during the summer months, and spread sad devastation all around them. No profit attends the carnage; the poor unfortunate birds serve merely as marks to aim at, and they are generally left where they fall.

"Did these heathen gunmen reflect, but for one moment, how many innocent birds their shot destroys; how many fall disabled on the wave, there to linger for hours, perhaps for days, in torture and in anguish; did they but consider how many helpless young ones will never again see their parents coming to the rock with food; they would, methinks, adopt some other plan to try their skill, or cheat the lingering hour."

His only disappointment over this adventure down the cliffs was the absence of his old friend the cormorant. These voracious fish-eating birds were always given a warm welcome to Walton Park, and of course strictly preserved; and became so tame that after diving for fish they would come and preen their feathers within a few yards of the drawing-room windows.

In his early youth Waterton had been much impressed by the fabulous story of the cormorant, and he remembered with what avidity he afterwards read the real history of this bird in the pages of Buffon.

The old fable tells how the cormorant was once a wool-merchant. "He entered into partnership with the bramble and the bat and they freighted a large vessel with wool. She struck on some rocks and went to the bottom. This loss caused the firm to become bankrupt. Since that disaster, the bat skulks in his hiding-hole until twilight, in order to avoid his creditors; the bramble seizes hold of every passing sheep, to make up his loss by retaining part of its wool; while the cormorant is for ever diving into the waters of the deep, in hopes of discovering whereabouts his foundered vessel lies."

In order to see cormorants on their nests Waterton returned to Flamborough Head in the month of July, when, he had been assured, these birds would have laid their eggs.

"My guide, whose name was Mellor, and who possesses a very accurate knowledge of all the birds in this district, having mustered men and ropes in the village of Backton, we proceeded across the tableland to the Raincliff, which forms a perpendicular wall to the ocean of more than four hundred feet high.

"Whilst I was descending this precipice, thousands of guillemots and razorbills enlivened the interesting scene. Some were going down to the water; others were ascending from it; while every ledge of the rock, as far as my eye could reach, was literally covered with birds of the same species.

"The cormorants stayed not to witness my unwelcome descent into their ancient and almost inaccessible settlement. They all took wing as soon as we reached the edge of the cliff, and went far away to sea. It was a difficult matter to procure their eggs, for the nests were built in places where rocks overhang them; and it was only by giving the rope a swinging motion, and then taking advantage of it, as it brought me to the face of the cliff, that I was able to get a footing on the ledges, which contained them."

The one disagreeable circumstance in an otherwise agree-

able visit to the homes of the cormorants was the appalling stench, for "there came from the nests a fetid smell, so intolerable, that you might have fancied you had got among Virgil's Harpies; or that you were inhaling exhalations from the den of Cacus. Nothing could have been more distressing to your nasal sensibilities."

One of Waterton's experiments in ornithology—or may we call them weaknesses?—was to exchange the eggs of wild birds from one nest to another. It is difficult to find any scientific value from these experiments, but the results delighted the Squire. In a letter to George Ord he wrote: "This season I have jackdaws hatch magpies, and magpies jackdaws; carrion-crows have brought up rooks, and rooks carrion-crows. It is quite laughable to see a brood of young jackdaws following an old magpie and *vicê-versâ*."

In the spring of 1840 the Squire travelled on the Continent accompanied by "the girls", as he called his sisters-in-law, and the ten-year-old Edmund.

Before setting off he sent for his keeper, John Ogden, and made him promise, as he valued his place, to protect all hawks, crows, herons, jays, and magpies within the precincts of the park during his absence.

"He promised me faithfully he would do so; and then, wishing him a good time of it, I handed my two sisters-in-law, the Miss Edmonstones, into the carriage; I placed myself with my little boy by them; the two servants mounted aloft, and in this order we proceeded to Hull, there to catch the steamer for Rotterdam."

An incident took place at Hull which pleased the Squire very much.

"I had a little adventure at Hull scarcely worth recounting saving for its singularity.

"As I was standing at the window of the hotel, I saw an old and weather-beaten tar ruminating on the quay which flanks the Humber; and as I had nothing to do at the time, I thought I would go and have a little chat with him; and so I took my hat and went to the place where he was standing.

“‘This is nearly the spot, my honest tar,’ said I to him, ‘where I first embarked for Spain in the brig *Industry* of this port. It is just now forty years ago, and a rough passage we had of it to Cadiz; we were all but ashore, one dark night at Cape St. Vincent. The Captain’s name was Lettus; but he must be dead and buried long ago, for he was then apparently quite at his best; and what with so long a war, and so many perils of the sea, no doubt he is safely stowed away in Davy’s locker.’

“‘I saw him, sir,’ said the tar, ‘no later than yesterday morning.’

“‘And where is he?’ said I.

“‘He is safely moored in the house for poor decayed sea-captains, and he is as well and as happy as is possible for a man of his years to be.’

“I bade my informer goodbye, and having stepped into the inn for my umbrella, as the weather threatened rain, I went down the street in quest of my old commander.

“I found him sitting on a bench facing the south, with a pipe in his mouth, and I recognised him at first sight, although disappointment, time, and poverty had made deep furrows in his face. On asking him if he remembered the interesting affair he had with the brig bound to Vigo, about forty years ago, his eye brightened up, and he went through the whole story with wonderful minuteness.

“I then gave him a brief account of the many gales I had weathered since I bade him farewell at the sally-port of Cadiz; and he, on his part, told me that our mate, Mr. Davis, had got drowned in the Baltic; and that he himself had continued to buffet the waves for a mere livelihood, till at last old age and poverty had dismasted him; but that he was now safe in dock, thanks to the generous people of Hull; and that he would be comfortable there, in a good snug berth, with plenty of excellent food, till death should break his crazy vessel into pieces.”

From this time onwards Waterton made it almost a yearly practice to travel on the Continent. Most of these jaunts ended up at Aix-la-Chapelle, a watering-place he held in high

esteem. Usually, also, he would pay a visit on the way, or on his return, to his beloved Bruges.

This trip which the family now started on was one of his longest, and as he wrote a very full description of it, the Squire shall tell the story in his own words.

It will be noticed that the principal attraction to the travellers, or at least to one of them, was the local natural history museum in each town they visited. Not that the Wanderer found much to approve of in the exhibits, but it gave him the opportunity to disparage the stuffed specimens he saw, and to exalt his own methods of bird preservation.

"Having settled the little demands against us at the Victoria Hotel, we went on board the *Seahorse*, and steamed for Rotterdam.

"Beautiful, indeed, is the former sedgy marsh of Holland, and rich the people who have drained and fertilized it. There is a placidity and frankness in the Hollanders which at once gain the goodwill of the traveller on his first appearance amongst them.

"The uniformity of their country, and the even tenor of their tempers, appear as though the one had been made for the other. You may walk the streets of Rotterdam from light to dark without encountering anything in the shape of mockery or rudeness. I could see nobody pressing forward with a hurried pace up the street, as though the town were on fire behind him; nor a single soul whose haughty looks would give me to understand that I must keep at a respectful distance from him.

"No bird ever preened its plumage with more assiduity than the housemaid removes every particle of dust and dirt from the façade of her neat and pretty dwelling. It seemed to me that she was at work with her water-pail and broom from the beginning of the week till late on Saturday night.

"Had the sun shone with sufficient warmth and brightness, I should have fancied myself in the cultivated parts of Demerara—a country once the pride of Holland, ere we broke in upon it during the revolutionary war with France, and changed the face of all that she had done before us. The stork, whose

shape and habits at once announce him to be a lover of swamps and quagmires, is carefully protected in Holland. The natives know his value; and so good an understanding exists betwixt themselves and this bird, that he appears in the heart of their towns without the slightest symptoms of fear, and he builds his huge nest upon the flat of their chimney-tops.

"Would but our country gentlemen put a stop to the indiscriminate slaughter of birds by their ruthless game-keepers, we should not have to visit Holland in order to see the true habits of the stork, nor roam through Germany to enjoy the soaring of the kite—a bird once very common in Yorkshire but now a total stranger to it."

Arrived in due course at The Hague, the Squire hurried the "girls" and Edmund to the museum, to meet, as he suspected, with nothing but disappointment.

"The Japan monsters shown in the museum at The Hague are clumsy fabrications. I could make better work with my left hand. The moth has perforated them to a great extent. 'Tis time, indeed, that they were cast out of the way. One of them put me in mind of Ovid's 'Famine':

*'Hirtus erat crinis, cava lumina, pallor in ore,
Labra incana situ, scabrae rubigine fauces.'*"

Perhaps the museum at Leyden would prove more worthy of a visit from the naturalist of Essequibo, so on they went to Leyden. But alas, "Celebrated as the museum at Leyden is in most of its departments, that of zoology, as far as preparation goes, is wretched in the extreme. It is as bad as our own in London, and we might fancy that Swainson had been there with his own taxidermy, marring every form and every feature.

"It is lamentable, indeed, that such celebrated naturalists as those of Leyden do not see their error in adhering to the old way of preparing specimens, or, seeing it, do not try to improve it."

Having thoroughly disposed of the Leyden museum, and got in a shrewd blow at his old enemy William Swainson, the tourists turned their attention to the Dutch churches.

"The change of religion in Holland threw its magnificent churches sadly into the background, and there they have remained ever since.

"Nothing can exceed the nudity and gloom of the great church in Haarlem, where the famous organ, that paragon of melody, is said to surpass every other organ in the known world.

"While I was listening to its varied sounds, I thought of a nightingale pouring forth its own sweet song in an unfrequented hayloft.

"There is not a single pious ornament left in this church. The walls seemed damp and mouldy; and a ship or two in miniature, probably mementoes of some great naval victory, are seen suspended in the vast and vaulted void.

"But whatever may be the notions of these honest people concerning the value of holy objects to assist the mind of man during the time of his devotions, they have done everything for the comfort of the body throughout the whole extent of their country.

"Hence we see in Holland as fine country houses, as lovely gardens, as well-regulated hotels, and as comfortable cottages, as any flesh and blood on earth can possibly wish for.

"I like the Dutch. I know of no country in Europe where human institutions appear to be on a better footing. . . . The mildness and the urbanity, and the good humour of the inhabitants, had gained so much upon my feelings, that I felt a gloom come over me when I had arranged all to go to Antwerp—a fine old city, but not much to my taste."

He enjoyed revisiting his old friend, however, Monsieur Kats, a naturalist, and seeing over his museum. They had a long conversation on the best method of breeding Carolina ducks, and agreed that it was better to put the eggs to be hatched under a hen than under a Carolina duck. Monsieur Kats' proudest possession was a huge live baboon from the coast of Africa. "This apparently half-reasoning brute would lay hold of a broom-staff, and manage to bring within its reach a crust of bread which had purposely been placed beyond the range of his chain."

Beyond Monsieur Kats and his baboon there was little to detain the travellers, so they moved on to Bruges, the Wanderer's favourite city.

"What is it makes the Catholic town of Bruges so attractive to English families, many of whom have so unfavourable an opinion of the faith of their ancestors?

'Will the stork intending rest
On the billows build its nest?
Does the bee derive its store
From the bleak and barren shore?'

NO! Bruges, then, must have that within it which can afford the comfort and convenience denied to these good families in their own country; otherwise they would never think of leaving old England, to take up a permanent abode in this place.

"To me Bruges has charms inexhaustible; and did my habits allow me to prefer streets to woods and green fields, I would retire to Bruges and there end my days.

"Our second Charles was fond of Bruges. He became a member of its ancient society of archers, which still flourishes in its pristine vigour; and you may see the portrait of this regal profligate in the hall of the establishment, which you enter from the Rue des Carmes.

"In the same street is the renowned convent of English nuns, under the spiritual direction of the patriot Abbé de Foere, whose charities and talents are an honour to Belgium, and of vast advantage to the inhabitants of this fine old city.

"Would that some of the boarding schools in our own country could turn to their profit the example of the watchful ladies in this holy establishment.

"Difference of faith need be no obstacle to scholastic arrangements. Into this convent no love-letters can ever gain admittance; nor has a scheming adventurer the smallest chance of coming at wealth, by laying plans to inveigle the unsuspecting victim into his snares.

"The generous nuns are unwearied in their exertions to prepare those intrusted to their charge, both for this life and for the next.

"There are members of my family—one, alas! no more—who have reason to bless the day in which they entered this elegant retreat of plenty, peace, and piety. The church of the convent is worthy of the name in every point of view; and its marble altar, originally from Rome, is a masterpiece of ornamental architecture.

"On the wall over the grate in the audience room for visitors, there hangs a picture of a boy laughing at his own performance on the fiddle. So true is this to nature, that you can never keep your eyes from gazing at it whilst you are sitting there.

"Were thieving innocent, and the act injurious to none, I would set my brains at work how to purloin this fascinating picture; and then, if I succeeded in adding to it the representation of a dead bittern suspended by the leg in the Academy of Arts, I would consider myself owner of two paintings at which you might gaze and gaze again, and come again and gaze, and never feel fatigued with gazing at them."

From Bruges they journeyed on to Ghent, in order to enjoy a "splendid show of osteology in the museum, under the scientific direction of Monsieur de Duyts, whose urbanity and knowledge of Natural History enable his visitors to pass many a pleasant hour in the apartments".

This was one of the museums that Waterton had taken his bride to see on their honeymoon. Whether the "girls" or little Edmund thought much of the collection of skeletons is open to doubt, but what they lost on the swings they no doubt made up on the roundabouts, the Béguinage.

"In Ghent, too, is the Béguinage, a convention of females who assemble for public prayers every day in a handsome church belonging to the establishment. They are not recluses, nor under the observance of perpetual vows. It is a kind of partial retirement for them from the disgust or fascinations of a cheating world. They pass their time in doing good works and in holy prayer, far removed from the caustic gossip of the tea-table, or from the dissipations of nocturnal gadding."

Having exhausted the attractions of Ghent, they set out for Aix-la-Chapelle.

To the Squire, Aix was the paragon of watering-places.

"Aix-la-Chapelle stands unrivalled in the efficacy of its medicinal waters. I say unrivalled; for although fashion and interest may extol the great advantages to be derived from other spas in Germany, I am satisfied that every one of these advantages are to be found at Aix-la-Chapelle; and that they would be reaped most abundantly, were it not that their salutary effect is neutralised by the dainty cheer, prepared with an unsparing hand, in every hotel of note in this much-frequented town. Here it is that we see people of dilapidated frame sitting down to a dinner which might vie with Ovid's description of Chaos in its materials, and in the nature of them.

*'Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia siccis,
Mollia cum duris, sine pondere habentia pondus.'*

As the partaker of this heterogeneous display of aliment has to pay for admission to it, he considers that he is entitled to value for value; and under this impression, his jaws belabour his stomach so unmercifully, that all advantage to be derived from the medicinal waters is completely lost; and his constitution gains nothing in the end for the trouble and expense of a visit to Aix-la-Chapelle. Physicians may write what they please, and prescribe any mode they choose; but until they can compel their patients to be moderate on plain diet, there will be little or nothing effected in the way of permanent cure. Everybody is asking; where do they give the best dinners? where are the choicest wines? I myself always go to the Hôtel du Dragon d'Or, where the good widow Van Gulpen enables her company to counteract the salutary effect of the waters, by as fine a display of cookery as is to be found in the town. I have sat there, lost in astonishment at the enormous quantity of food consumed by those who had come expressly to Aix-la-Chapelle for the benefit of their health.

"Nothing can be more charming, in warm and sunny weather, than the rural walks on the wooded hill of Louisberg,

just above the town. When you are sitting on the bench at the top near the column, and casting your eye on the surrounding scenery, you will say that, as a whole, there cannot be a finer or a richer sight.

"The Ardennes appear to great advantage.

"On my last visit to the Louisberg, a pair of ravens came and soared over my head, and exercised their various aerial evolutions for more than an hour. As I watched their risings and their lowerings, home rushed on my imagination, and I bethought me of the rascally cobbler who desecrated the Sunday morning by robbing the last raven's nest in the vicinity.

"A willow wren, larger and of brighter colours than our own, sang sweetly, although the season was far advanced; and the black redstart was for ever flitting from stone to stone on the ruined walls of the hotel, which had been consumed by fire during the preceding year."

Summer was merging into autumn when the travellers packed up their luggage and journeyed southward through Strasburg to Freiburg, where they opportunely arrived on the opening day of the vintage, when "all was joy, festivity and mirth".

The waiter at their hotel had taught himself English, although he had never left his native Germany, and offered Waterton a pamphlet in which was printed a poem in English composed by himself, describing the local cathedral.

"As I looked over the pages, I found in their contents matter much superior to anything that I could have expected from the pen of a German waiter at an hotel", and the pamphlet duly passed into the Squire's possession and was carefully put away in his portmanteau "for future investigation at home." But this interesting opusculé was destined never to reach Walton Hall, as will be revealed by the Squire later on in this narrative.

After leaving Freiburg and its literary waiter, they began to ascend the Alps, and Waterton, in order to see some of the rarer European birds, got out of the carriage and walked. He walked the whole way up and was much disappointed, for

"I saw none; the earth appeared one huge barren waste, and the heavens produced not a single inhabitant of air to break the dull monotony around us".

But once over the pass, all was different:

"Charming is the descent down the southern side of the Alps: every day brought in a warmer climate with it, and gave us a foretaste of the delightful temperature to be enjoyed in the delicious air of an Italian autumn.

"As we were advancing slowly up a little ascent in the road, my sister-in-law, Miss Helen Edmonstone, who had just been looking out of the window of the carriage, remarked, with a considerable archness of countenance, 'I am sure that we are in Italy now'. Thinking that there was something more than common by the way in which this remark had been uttered, I cast my eye along the road behind us, and there I saw a matronly-looking woman, with her fingers in full chase amid the long black hair of a young damsel, apparently her daughter.

"I agree with you, Miss Helen", said I. "We are in Italy, there can be no doubt of it; probably in parts of this country combs are not so plentiful as they are with us. They must have been scarce in the time of Horace, for he remarks of Candidia, "*crines et incomptum caput*"."

"I am never prone to find fault with the modes and customs of those countries through which I travel; always bearing in mind, that if we here in England have the supposed comforts of life in a superior style, we pay in a superior manner for them. However, I do think in one instance, that the Italians would confer a vast benefit on society, if they would depose more fertilizing matter in their fields, and less in their streets; or, in case the first is not considered necessary, they might imitate the excellent example of the good people of Edinburgh in the olden time, when they had a man clothed in an ample surtout, crying up and down the streets at night, 'Wha wants me?'

"At a distance, the appearance of the Italian towns and villages, surrounded by olive groves and cypress trees, is perfectly enchanting; but on a near approach to them, every

favourable idea vanishes at once, and the traveller cannot walk the streets with comfort, unless he has his lavender-water with him."

The natural history museums of Italy proved to be as indifferent as those in England, although at the Bologna museum he saw "two male turkeys with a very thick and long tuft of feathers on their heads: their necks were bare. I was informed that these strange-looking birds were mere varieties of the tribe, and that they had been reared from the egg in the immediate vicinity."

On reaching Florence came the usual visit to the museum.

"At Florence, my old friend Professor Nesti shewed us through the well-stored apartments of the public museum; we had not seen each other for more than twenty years. As I looked at him, I could perceive that age had traced his brow with furrows: and he, no doubt, must have observed that Time's unerring hand had been employed upon my own for a similar purpose.

"Professor Nesti first introduced me to the celebrated sculptor Bartolini of Florence. On calling at his studio, after an absence of twenty years, I found him at work on a classic group, which he had composed with great taste, and was finishing in the first style of elaborate sculpture.

"The group consisted of Andromache in the imploring attitude of utter despair, whilst the unfeeling conquerors of Troy were in the act of throwing her poor boy Astyanax over the battlements.

"I was invited to see in Florence a bird, a mouse, and a piece of heart and liver, which by a chemical process (only known to the inventor) had become as hard as stone. I had been given to understand that I should find the bird and mouse as perfect in their form as when alive; but upon examination the anatomy appeared shrunk and injured, the plumage of the bird and the fur of the mouse were wrong at all points, so that I left the room with disappointment in my looks. Probably corrosive sublimate had been the chief agent in causing these substances to become so very hard.

"Although I was on the watch for birds from Florence to

Rome, I saw very few indeed; some dozen of coots on the waters, a heron or two rising from the marshes, with here and there a noisy blackbird rushing from the bush at the roadside, and a scanty show of hooded crows passing from tree to tree, were nearly all there was to tell us that animated nature had not entirely abandoned the parts through which we were travelling."

And now we come to one of the Squire's more notorious adventures, an affair which caused no little stir amongst his friends, when news of it began to get abroad. As the story had been exaggerated in some quarters and even embroidered and enlarged upon, Waterton decided to tell the true story, to stop wagging tongues once and for all.

"I had a little adventure on the road from Baccano to Rome not worth relating, but which I deem necessary to be introduced here in order that some of my friends in the latter city, and others in England, may not give me credit for an affair which deserves no credit at all. These good people had got it into their heads that I had reached Rome after walking barefoot for nearly twenty miles, in order to shew my respect and reverence for the sacred capital of the Christian world.

"Would that my motive had been as pure as represented!

"The sanctity of the churches, the remains of holy martyrs which enrich them, the relics of canonized saints placed in such confusion throughout them, might well induce a Catholic traveller to adopt this easy and simple mode of shewing his religious feeling.

"But, unfortunately, the idea never entered my mind at the time: I had no other motives than those of easy walking and of self-enjoyment. The affair which caused the talk took place as follows:

"We had arrived at Baccano in the evening, and whilst we were at tea, I proposed to our excellent friend Mr. Fletcher, who had joined us at Cologne, that we should leave the inn at four the next morning on foot for Rome, and secure lodgings for the ladies, who were to follow us in the carriage after a nine o'clock breakfast. Having been accustomed to go

without shoes month after month in the rugged forests of Guiana, I took it for granted that I could do the same on the pavement of his Holiness Pope Gregory the Sixteenth, never once reflecting that some fifteen years had elapsed from the time that I could go barefooted with comfort and impunity: during the interval, however, the sequel will shew that the soles of my feet had undergone a considerable alteration.

"We rose at three the morning after, and having put a shoe and a sock or half-socking into each pocket of my coat, we left the inn at Baccano for Rome just as the hands of our watches pointed to the hour of four.

"Mr. Fletcher, having been born in North Britain, ran no risk of injuring his feet by an act of imprudence.

"The sky was cloudless and the morning frosty, and the planet Venus shone upon us as though she had been a little moon.

"Whether the severity of the frost which was more than commonly keen, or the hardness of the pavement, or perhaps both conjoined, had deprived my feet of sensibility, I had no means of ascertaining; but this is certain, I went on merrily for several miles without a suspicion of anything being wrong, until we halted to admire more particularly the transcendent splendour of the morning planet, and then I saw blood on the pavement; my right foot was bleeding apace, and on turning the sole uppermost, I perceived a piece of jagged flesh hanging by a string.

"Seeing that there would be no chance of replacing the damaged part with success, I twisted it off, and then took a survey of the foot by the light which the stars afforded.

"Mr. Fletcher, horror-struck at what he saw, proposed immediately that I should sit down by the side of the road, and there wait for the carriage, or take advantage of any vehicle which might come up.

"Aware that the pain would be excessive as soon as the lacerated parts would become stiff by inaction, I resolved at once to push on to Rome; wherefore, putting one shoe on the sound foot, which, by the way, had two unbroken blisters on it, I forced the wounded one into the other, and

off we started for Rome, which we reached after a very uncomfortable walk. The injured foot had two months' confinement to the sofa before the damage was repaired.

"It was this unfortunate adventure which gave rise to the story of my walking barefooted to Rome, and which gained me a reputation by no means merited on my part."

CHAPTER XV
THE GRAND TOUR—*contd.*

WHEN Charles Waterton and his family left England they had arranged to stop in Rome for about two years, and while they were there to visit Naples for a special purpose.

"We set apart this period for a visit to Naples, as it would be a good opportunity to see the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, a prodigy which has given rise, almost time out of mind, to every possible conjecture throughout the whole of civilized Europe. Everything else in the shape of adventures appears to me to be trivial and of no account.

"I here state, in the most unqualified manner, my firm conviction that the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is miraculous beyond the shadow of a doubt.

"Were I to conceal this my conviction from the public eye I should question the soundness of both my head and heart, and charge my pen with arrant cowardice.

"Nothing in the whole course of my life has struck me so forcibly as this occurrence.

"Rome, immortal Rome, replete with everything that can instruct and please, is the resort of travellers from all parts of the known world. They have so deluged the press with accounts of its economy, its treasures, and antiquities, that there seems nothing left for future tourists whereon to exercise their pens.

"For my own part, having seen most of the curiosities full twenty years ago, I did not feel much inclined on this occasion to renew my acquaintance with many of them, especially as I found the temperature of the galleries and palaces anything but genial. Still I got a sight of some things which have made a lasting impression on me; one of

these was the titulus which was fixed over the head of our dying Saviour; a most learned rabbi of our days has proved its authenticity, if any new proof were wanting; for the historical records at the time of its being brought to Rome are so clear and positive that no one who has any faith at all in history can doubt that this identical piece of wood is the same that was used on the cross, when our blessed Lord suffered for the sins of the world.

"The wood itself is sycamore, and the words appear as though they had been cut hastily into it by some sharp-pointed instrument.

"I fear the world will rebuke me when I tell it, that instead of ferreting out antiquities and visiting modern schools of sculpture and of painting, I passed a considerable portion of my time in the extensive bird-market of Rome.

"I must, however, remark, that the studio of Vallati, the renowned painter of wild boars, had great attractions for me, and I have now at home a wild boar done by him in so masterly a style, and finished so exquisitely, that it obtains unqualified approbation from all who inspect it."

At the bird-market Waterton was in his element, and before long the eccentric English "milord" had not only become a very profitable customer to the dealers but a friend as well.

"The bird-market of Rome is held in the environs of the Rotunda, formerly the Pantheon. Nothing astonished me more than the quantities of birds which were daily exposed for sale during the season; I could often count above four hundred thrushes and blackbirds, and often a hundred robin red-breasts in one quarter of it; with twice as many larks, and other small birds in vast profusion.

"In the course of one day, seventeen thousand quails have passed the Roman custom-house; these pretty vernal and autumnal travellers are taken in nets of prodigious extent on the shores of the Mediterranean. In the spring of the year and at the close of the summer, cartloads of ringdoves arrive at the stalls near the Rotunda.

"At first the vendors were shy of me: but as we got better acquainted, nothing could surpass their civility, and their

wishes to impart every information to me; and when they had procured a fine and rare specimen, they always put it in a drawer apart for me.

"These birdmen outwardly had the appearance of Italian banditti, but it was all outside and nothing more; they were good men notwithstanding their uncouth looks, and good Christians too, for I could see them waiting at the door of the church of the Jesuits, by half-past four o'clock on a winter's morning, to be ready for the first mass.

"I preserved eighty birds, a porcupine, a badger, some shell-fish, and a dozen land-tortoises whilst I was in Rome; and these escaped the shipwreck by having been forwarded to Leghorn, some time previous to our embarking at Civita Vecchia for that port.

"Whilst we were viewing the lofty fragment of a wall which towers amid the surrounding ruins of Caracalla's baths, I saw a hole in it which is frequented by the large owl of Europe.

"A fearless adventurer had managed to get a young one out of it the year before, and he had sold it to the gardener at the Colonna palace, who kept it alive in the pleasure-grounds; and there I paid it a visit generally once a week. Another pair of these noble wanderers of night is said to inhabit the enormous outworks at the top of St. Peter's.

"These birds are very scarce in this part of Italy.

"As you enter Rome at the Porta del Popolo a little on your right, is the great slaughter-house, with a fine stream of water running through it. It is probably inferior to none in Italy for an extensive plan, and for judicious arrangements. Here some seven or eight hundred pigs are killed on every Friday morning during the winter season. About thirty of these large and fat black pigs are driven into a commodious pen, followed by three or four men, each with a sharp skewer in his hand, bent at one end, in order that it may be used to advantage.

"On entering the pen these performers, who put you vastly in mind of assassins, make a rush at the hogs, each seizing one by the leg, amid a general yell of horror on the

part of the victims. Whilst the hog and the man are struggling on the ground, the latter, with the rapidity of thought, pushes his skewer betwixt the fore-leg and the body, quite into the heart, and then gives it a turn or two.

"The pig can rise no more, but screams for a minute or so, and then expires. This process is continued till they all are despatched, the brutes sometimes rolling over the butchers, and sometimes the butchers over the brutes, with a yelling enough to stun one's ears.

"In the meantime the screams become fainter and fainter, and then all is silence on the death of the last pig. A cart is in attendance; the carcasses are lifted into it, and it proceeds through the street, leaving one or more dead hogs at the doors of the different pork shops.

"No blood appears outwardly, nor is the internal hæmorrhage prejudicial to the meat, for Rome cannot be surpassed in the flavour of her bacon, or in the soundness of her hams.

"A day or two after our arrival in the Eternal City, Fathers Glover and Esmonde, of the Professed House of the Society of Jesus, came to see us. We had been school-fellows together some forty years before, at Stonyhurst in England, and our meeting was joyous in the extreme. Nothing could exceed the disinterested friendship which these two learned and pious disciples of St. Ignatius shewed to us during our stay in Rome. Father Glover became our spiritual director. The care which he took to form the mind of my little boy, and the kind offices which we were perpetually receiving at his hands, can only be repaid, on our part, by fervent prayers to Heaven that the Almighty may crown the labours of our beloved foster parent, with the invaluable reward of a happy death.

"When my foot got well, after a long and tedious confinement, Father Glover introduced me to the present General of the Society of Jesus.

"He is a native of Holland; so engaging is his deportment, so mild is the expression of his countenance, and so dignified is his address, that it was impossible not to perceive immediately that I was in the presence of one eminently qualified to

be commander-in-chief of the celebrated order, the discerning members of which had unanimously placed him at their head.

"I had long looked for the arrival of the day in which the Roman beasts of burden receive a public benediction. Notwithstanding the ridicule thrown upon this annual ceremony by many a thoughtless and censorious traveller, I had figured in my own mind a ceremony holy in itself, and of no small importance to the people at large.

'Benedicite, omnes bestiae et pecora Domino!'

"I conceived that the blessing would insure to these poor dumb animals a better treatment at the hands of man than they might otherwise receive; and the calling upon our kind Creator to give His benediction to a horse, which, by one false step, or an unruly movement, might endanger the life of its rider, appeared to me an act replete with Christian prudence. I recalled to my mind the incessant and horrible curses which our village urchins vent against their hauling horses on the banks of the Barnsley canal. This aqueous line of commerce passes close by my porters' lodges: and as the first lock is only a short distance from them, the horrid din of curses commences there, and is kept up by these young devils incarnate from week to week (Sundays not excepted) with the most perfect importunity.

"At last the day arrived on which the beasts of draught and burden were to receive a benediction from the hand of a priest at the door of St. Anthony's church. The sun shone brightly, and the scene was truly exhilarating. Every horse, and mule, and ass, was decked out in splendid colours, and in trappings corresponding with the means of their owners, whose faces bespoke the joy of their hearts, and whose orderly conduct at once proclaimed the religious feeling which had brought them to the place.

"When the animals had received the benediction, they passed onwards with their masters, to make room for those behind them, and this was the order of the day, until the last blessing upon the last animal brought the exhibition to a close.

"As this scene of primeval piety was going on, an English

gentleman with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and who was standing by my side, remarked that he was tired with looking at such a scene of superstitious folly.

“If it be folly”, said I, in answer to his remark, ‘to give a blessing to an animal in one shape, it is certainly folly to pronounce a benediction upon an animal under another. And still we all do this in England, and in every other Christian country. Where is the well-regulated family which, on sitting down to a leg of boiled mutton and caper sauce, does not beg the blessing of Almighty God upon it, through the mouth of the master of the house, or by the ministry of a clergyman if present? “Benedicite, omnia opera Domini, Domini!” Who ever thinks of cutting up a young roasting-pig in delicious gravy, and hot from the kitchen, without asking a blessing on it? “Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts”.’”

It was during his stay in Rome that Waterton first met Thackeray, who took an immediate liking to him. The novelist refers to Waterton in *The Newcomes*, in a letter from Clive Newcome:

“My friend bade me look at the picture, and kneeling down beside me, I know prayed with all his honest heart that truth might shine down upon me too: but I saw no glimpse of heaven at all. . . .

“The good, kind W—— went away, humbly saying ‘that such might have happened again (miraculous conversion) if heaven so willed it’. I could not but feel a kindness and admiration for the good man. I know his works are made to square with his faith, that he dines on a crust, lives as chastely as a hermit, and gives his all to the poor.”

It was in the streets of the city that Waterton liked to wander and take note of the various little happenings unnoticed and unrecorded by most travellers.

“When the returning warmth of summer has filled the upper air in the streets of Rome with multitudes of swifts and house-martins, the idling boys manage to capture these useful visitors by a process at once surprisingly simple and efficacious. They procure a silken line of sufficient length to

reach above the eaves of the houses. To one end of this they attach a small curled feather or two, and behind these is formed a running noose. This apparatus is taken up into the air by the current of wind blowing through the street, and as the poor birds are on the look-out for materials wherewith to line their nests, they strike at the floating feathers, and get their necks into the fatal snare, and are taken to the bird-market at the Rotunda for sale. This ornithological amusement is often carried on in the street of the Propaganda during the months of May and June.

"After the benediction by the sovereign pontiff from the portico of St. Peter's has given the world to understand that all the ceremonies of holy week are over, the strangers take their departure from Rome with a precipitation as though the pestilence had shewn itself within her walls. We, however, determined to prolong our stay, wishing to be present at the services during the month of May, the whole of which delightful time is dedicated to devotions in honour of the blessed Virgin. It is called in Rome, 'the month of Mary'; and these devotions are performed in the church of the Jesuits with a magnificence worthy of the occasion.

"The beautifully arranged blaze of innumerable candles on the high altar; the heavenly music; the fervent prayers of the people, and the profound attention of the officiating Fathers, all tended to make a deep and lasting impression on my mind.

"Our prolonged stay gave me an opportunity for collecting specimens of those birds of passage so rarely to be seen in our own land, and scarcely ever acquired in a state fit for preparation.

"We had the golden oriole, the roller, the bee-eater, the spotted gallinule, the least of the water-rails, the African redstart, the hoopoe, the egret, the shrikes, and several varieties of the quail, and I procured an adult pair of the partridge of the Apennines in superb plumage.

"Thus did time glide on, every day producing something new to engage the attention of my indefatigable sisters-in-law, and to give me sufficient occupation in ornithology, so

that we felt somewhat low in spirits when the day arrived on which we were to take our departure for Naples. I saw more birds on the route from Rome to Naples than I had observed in the whole of the journey from England. Kites and common buzzards, sparrow-hawks and wind-hovers, were ever on the wing in the azure vault above us.

"As we were resting our horses at a little inn on the side of the road, I had a fine opportunity of getting close to a very large herd of Italian buffaloes. These wild-looking animals have got a bad name for supposed ferocity, and when I expressed my determination to approach them, I was warned by the Italians not to do so, as the buffaloes were wicked brutes, and would gore me to death.

"Having singled out a tree or two of easy ascent where the herd was grazing, I advanced close up to it, calculating that one or other of the trees would be a protection to me, in case the brutes should prove unruly. They all ceased eating, and stared at me as though they had never seen a man before. Upon this, I immediately threw my body, arms, and legs into all kinds of antic movements, grumbling loudly at the same time; and the whole herd, bulls, cows and calves, took off, as fast as ever they could pelt, leaving me to return sound and whole to the inn, with a hearty laugh against the Italians.

"After I had seen the ram of Apulia in Naples, I no longer considered Homer's story of Ulysses with the sheep of Polyphemus so very much out of the way."

The pursuit of science is thought to render men sceptical, but this was not so with the Squire. Himself an honourable man, incapable of deception, he was inclined to believe what he was told. Thus, as we have seen, his clock was Sir Thomas More's; an inlaid gun given him in Spain was "the identical gun used by the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries"; while an ivory crucifix acquired at the same time had been "stolen from a church in Rome by a French General".

Waterton had specially made the journey to Naples to witness the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, which to his immense gratification duly occurred.

Indeed, his candour was such that he was apt to miss the point of eighteenth-century irony, as when he quotes with triumph the remark made by Sir William Hamilton to Lord Morton, President of the Royal Society, to the effect that an eruption of Vesuvius ceased the moment the relics of St. Januarius came in sight of the mountain.

"During our sojourn in gay, but noisy Naples, we had an adventure, as absurd as it was unexpected; and it was so mixed up with affected cleanliness, attempted extortion, and natural history, that I cannot refrain from giving a short description of it.

"I had a letter of introduction to the superior at the beautiful convent of San Martino, situated on the lofty hill where stands St. Elmo's stately fortress. One afternoon, whilst we were enjoying a drive up to this well-guarded citadel, I took the opportunity of delivering my letter of introduction to the convent; and, as ladies are forbidden by the law to enter such establishments, it was arranged betwixt us that they should continue their drive to the gates of the fort, and saunter there until my return from the monastery. It seems that the son of Bellona, who commands at the fort of St. Elmo, has his organs of sight and smell so particularly refined, that he cannot tolerate the least impurity on the road that leads to his domain; and thus every coachman is obliged to remove, without delay, what may drop accidentally from the caudal extremity of his horses, or pay a fine to a soldier for doing this important work for him.

"When I had inspected the convent, and enjoyed the magnificent view from its corridors, I joined the ladies; and to my surprise I found them and our Roman coachman, and the coach itself, and the horses, all under military arrest. The coachman was in a prodigious fury with the sentinel, and the sentinel was loud in his demand for work accomplished.

"'By the Pope,' said the coachman, 'I won't pay a single *baiocco*.'

"'You shall pay in full,' said the irritated sentinel, 'or I'll keep you all here till morning.'

"'What is there to do, Pasquale?' said I.

“‘Signore,’ said he, ‘they have falsely accused my horses of uncleanness, and they want me to pay the soldier for removing the pretended nuisance. Now I will do no such thing,’ continued he, ‘for my horses *non sono andati di corpo*, have not had one single motion, this afternoon, from the time that they left the stable; and the young ladies who are sitting there in the carriage can bear witness to the truth of what I affirm.’

“‘Your horses have committed the offence,’ said a soldier standing close to the sentinel, ‘for I myself removed what fell, and put it over the wall there, and I will be paid for my trouble.’

“‘Not by me,’ said our coachman wrathfully, whilst fire flashed from his coal-black eyes.

“‘Pray, friend,’ said I to the soldier who had just been speaking, ‘did you actually see the horses commit the fault?’

“‘No, Signore,’ said he; ‘but I removed what had dropped from them whilst it was still warm, and there has been no other carriage on the road to the fort this afternoon.’

“Now I saw clearly that I had the whip-hand of these extortioners; for, just as I left the ladies in order to deliver my letter at the convent, I observed a jackass going quietly on the road before us; and it was evidently this unfortunate beast of burden which had been under the necessity of breaking the rule of the place. Wherefore, putting on a look of ferocity, I told the sentinel that nothing should be paid, and that he might keep us under arrest all night long, if he thought fit to do so; and then I ordered him peremptorily to send for the officer on duty.

“Whilst we were thus hotly engaged, a handsome young officer made his appearance from the fort, and, stepping up to the side of the carriage, he begged to know the cause of the uproar. We each of us told our story; and, as the officer had no other clue to go by but the asseverations of both parties, there was not much appearance that things would go off to our satisfaction.

“‘The dispute can be settled in a minute,’ said I to the polite young officer, ‘if we repair to the place where the soldier has

deposited what has caused our arrest. I have the greatest confidence in the veracity of my coachman; and, moreover, as I am pretty well versed in natural history, it will be no difficult task for me to prove, by the size of the nuisance, that our horses have been basely calumniated. *Mon officier*,' said I, 'I saw a moderately sized jackass, with my own eyes, trot along the road before our carriage, just as I left it to go to the convent; and I am sure I shall be able to show, by admeasurement of the component parts of the guano, that the ass alone must have been the sinner in this unexpected and unpleasant affair.'

"The officer saw immediately that his soldier's claim was groundless. He rebuked the sentinel for having stopped the carriage, and then, making a bow, with a look full of good-humour, to the ladies, he requested that they would continue their drive. Pasquale moved onwards, growling like a bear with a scalded head, and declaring, as his horses started, that such an act of tyranny as this was just fitted for Naples, but never could have taken place at any fort in the papal states, or in any other country."

Having fully succeeded in the object of their visit to Naples, they took advantage of a steamer sailing for Sicily, "but not with any intention of staying there, as our projected return to Rome would merely admit of a transient visit to that renowned island. I had long wished for an opportunity to see Scylla and Charybdis; the first, so notorious formerly for the howling of her dogs under water—

'Scylla rapax canibus, Siculo latrare profundo';

the second, terrible for its hostility to ships—

'Ratibusque inimica Charybdis'.

"Stromboli's smoking crater was seen in the distance, as we were advancing to these famous straits. But I was sadly disappointed with their appearance, for they shewed nothing of that tremendous agitation so forcibly described by the ancients.

"I concluded at last, that either the poets had availed themselves of the licence which has always been accorded to those who drink the waters of Helicon, or that these two ferocious whirlpool genii had left their favourite residence and gone elsewhere.

"Indeed, I soon found to my cost that they had settled in the passport offices of Sicily, for I was all but worried alive there. The hungry inmates had found a flaw in my Neapolitan passport. It consisted merely of the omission of the word 'return'. This was a windfall for their insatiate cravings; and I had either to administer to their appetites, or to give up all thoughts of leaving the island, as the negligence of the authorities in Naples had subjected me to take out a new passport in Sicily.

"Then I had first to pay at one office and then at another; to wait here, to expostulate there; so that, what with the heat of the sun, and the roughness of the pavement, and the payment of fees, I could not have been much worse off had I been sucked into the vortex of the old straits themselves. In a word, there was no helping myself, and no mercy shewn, although I cried out most feelingly—

'Solvere quassatae parcite membra ratis?'

The vexations at the passport offices deduct considerably from the pleasure of a tour through the insular dominions of his Neapolitan majesty.

"I can fancy that Sicily must afford a magnificent treat to the votaries of ornithology both early in April and at the close of September, as the European birds of passage, in coming to the North, and in retiring from it, are known to pass in great quantities through this island. A person with a good telescope, and in a favourable situation, would have it in his power to mark down the many different species of birds which wing their way to this quarter; and I can conceive that the family of hawks, especially the *Windhover*, would be very numerous.

"In Sicily we saw an exhibition, the recollection of which haunted me like a spectre for many a week afterwards. It

might be termed a melancholy parade of death decked out in a profusion of gay and splendid colours. I could not comprehend by what species of philosophy these islanders had brought themselves to the contemplation of objects once so dear to them, but now shrunk into hideous deformity, and seeming, as it were, to ask for a removal from a situation which ill befits them, and which has robbed the grave of its just and long-acknowledged perquisite. This abhorrent spectacle is no other than that of the dead brought from what ought to be their last resting-place, when the dryness of the climate has preserved their flesh from rotting. They are decked out in magnificent attire; but death had slain their beauty; their god-like form was gone, and the worm had left upon them disgusting traces of its ravages.

'Matres, atque viri, defunctaque corpora vitâ.'

"We saw what once had been fine young ladies, and elderly matrons, and fathers of families, in dresses fit for a convivial dance; and we might have imagined that they were enjoying an hour of repose till the arrival of the festive time. But when our eyes caught the parts not veiled by the gorgeous raiment, oh, Heavens! there, indeed, appeared death in all his grisly terrors. I had never seen any sight in my life, before this, so incongruous, so mournful, so dismal, and so horrifying.

"These shrunk and withered remnants of former bloom and beauty brought to my mind the exhibitions of stuffed monkeys which we have in our own museums, with this difference only, that the monkeys have glass eyes most unnaturally starting from their sockets, whilst the hollow sockets of the Sicilian mummies contain a withered substance, discoloured and deprived of all the loveliness that life had once imparted to it.

"The churches in this delicious island surpass even those of Rome in the variety of rare and costly marble ornaments.

"The horns of the cattle are of surprising length. By the merest mishap in the world, I lost the opportunity of purchasing a pair of these, which would have deserved a place of distinction in any museum of England.

"We left Sicily under the full impression that we ought to have remained there for three or four months; but this could not be accomplished; so, on our return to Naples, having paid a farewell visit to Virgil's tomb, we left this laughing, noisy, merry city on a fine and sunny morning, to enjoy, for eight or nine months more, the soothing quiet of the Roman capital. To ourselves, as Catholics, a prolonged sojourn in the Eternal City was of infinite value. The venerable Cardinal Fransoni had been unremitting in his attentions to us; whilst his pious secretary, il Signore Canonico Natanaele Fucili, shewed a friendship for us as though our acquaintance had been of very long standing.

"My little boy was so fond of this amiable gentleman, and so devoted to His Eminence, that he would be in the Propaganda whenever an opportunity offered.

"The friendly offices, too, of Dr. Wiseman and Dr. Baggs, of the English College, added much to our enjoyment.

"But the church of the Gesù was the chief place of our daily resort. My little boy might be said to have lived in the convent. Its professed fathers and its lay brothers were unbounded in their friendship to him, and in imparting to him instructions the most invaluable and important at his tender time of life. The 'English angelico', as these good religious called him, never appeared to such advantage as when engaged in the sacred ceremonies at the church of the Jesuits. The decorum which is punctually observed in this splendid edifice renders it a place of universal resort, whilst the punctuality in the daily performance of divine service is beyond all praise.

"The doors are opened precisely at five o'clock of every morning in the year, but many masses are said before that hour.

"One Sunday, during the celebration of high mass, when this church was densely crowded, Miss Edmonstone had to witness a most appalling accident, very near to the place where she was kneeling. A man who was in the habit of lighting the uppermost candles which ornament the lofty cornice, had been ordered to discontinue his services on

account of a dizziness which had recently attacked him. Notwithstanding this injunction, he had the temerity to ascend that very morning, and down he came into the body of the church, mortally wounded himself, and mortally wounding a poor old woman, who was in fervent prayer upon her knees below. They both died in the course of the week.

"I would often in the morning, whilst waiting for the opening of the church doors, ask some of the good souls assembled there, what it was made the Jesuits such universal favourites with the people. I invariably received for answer that, although the other religious orders were very good and attentive to them, yet the fervour, and charity, and attendance, of these fathers were carried to a still higher degree; and that, during the cholera, their exertions were beyond all praise, for they were seen in the most infected parts of the city, both day and night, performing acts of charity and piety in every shape imaginable.

"As casual conversation is more easily entered into by the light of the moon or the lamp, than under the hard face of day, I was ever and anon exchanging words with those who were wont to assemble at the church of the Gesù ere the morning light had dawned. A person in very comfortable circumstances, if I might judge by the neat appearance of his raiment, and apparently not far from eighty years of age, would often be pacing to and fro in front of the church, full half an hour before the doors were opened. One morning I thought I would ask him if he had ever seen Benedict Joseph Labre, the unknown and humble beggar who had died at Rome in the odour of sanctity, on the 16th of April, 1783. He told me that he had often observed this pattern of humility and self-denial both in the streets and in the churches; but that he had never conversed with Benedict, for that this poor follower of Jesus Christ was never seen loitering in the streets through which he passed from one church to another, where he spent nearly the whole of the day, either standing in profound recollection, or on his knees absorbed in prayer. He added, that he saw all Rome in motion on the day in which

Benedict died, and on the following day, all ranks of people, from the highest to the lowest, were incessantly flocking to the church of Santa Maria dei Monti, where the body lay, in order that they might have an opportunity of shewing their respect for it.

"Benedict was a Frenchman, born of very respectable parents in the diocese of Boulogne-sur-Mer. He lies buried on the epistle side of the high altar in the church of Santa Maria dei Monti, with a slab of white marble over his grave, mentioning his name, and age, and death, and the day of his interment. Benedict will probably be canonized ere long, as the process of his beatification has already commenced.

"Formerly the church of the Jesuits possessed many fine paintings by masters of the first celebrity, but barbarity and injustice deprived the fathers of these inestimable treasures. The cause of their disappearance from the corridors of the Gesù does honour to the heart of man. They were sold for the maintenance of the aged Portuguese and Spanish missionaries who had been most cruelly deprived of every means of support, and driven into exile, by D'Aranda and Pombal, the infidel tools of the infidel philosophers, who had it all their own way at that eventful period.

"From the time of our return to that of our departure for Civita Vecchia in June, 1841, things went smoothly on, whilst every day was productive of information and contentment. My sisters passed their time as usual, and much of mine was spent in the bird-market and in its environs, and in preparing the specimens which I had procured.

"I obtained a fine gobbo, or white-headed duck, the only one in the market during the two seasons of my stay in Rome. I also got a very handsome red-crested duck with a red beak, equally as scarce.

"The large bat, '*altivolans*', is abundant in Rome. You may see it issuing from the lofty edifices at sunset, and proceeding with surprising velocity to its favourite haunts afar off. The Roman lizard is beautiful in form and colour. After dissection, which is very difficult and tedious at the tail, I could restore its anatomy perfectly, but the brilliant green

and yellow colours of its body soon began to fade, and at last they totally disappeared, the specimen gradually assuming a tint composed of grey and blue. A fresh-water tortoise, with a tail considerably larger than that of the one which lives on land, is well worth the trouble of dissection.

"Rome seems to have vast attractions for the English nation. Protestants as well as Catholics flock to it in multitudes, and apparently pass the winter season there with considerable satisfaction. But we Catholics have opportunities of seeing things which I fancy will never be accessible to our dissenting brethren, so long as they exhibit such want of decorum during their visits to the sacred temples.

"The Museum of Natural History at the Sapienza is a discredit to the name of the establishment, and I could see nothing in the department of zoology worthy of the least attention.

"I was not aware until chance put me up to it, how careful the Roman government is in providing for the spiritual wants of the soul. Having mistaken the hour of rising, I was in the street at half-past three in the morning; and seeing a man with a gun in his hand, and a couple of dogs by his side, I pushed on, in order to have a word or two with him. On my remarking that it was somewhat early to go in quest of game, he replied that his chase lay a good way off; and that he had just come from the three o'clock mass, which is always said at that hour for the accommodation of those who indulge in the sports of the field.

"Our English maid, once expressing a wish for a culinary utensil in order to pour some broth into it, the Italian servant had one in her eye which would just suit. She went and brought the brass pan in which we regularly washed our feet.

"But this is a mere trifle when compared with the pleasure which we enjoyed, and with the instruction which was imparted to us during our long residence in Rome.

"At last, however, the tide set in against us. It is a long lane that has no turning. Cervantes has told us that there is nothing certain in this life: '*No hay cosa segura en esta vida*'; and that, where you least expect it, up jumps the hare:

‘Adonde menos se piensa, se levanta la liebre’. All this we found to be very true, after our departure from Rome in order to reach England before the close of summer.

“We had been above a year and a half in southern Italy.

“We left Rome with our two servants on the 16th of June, 1841; and the next day, at four o’clock in the afternoon, we went on board the *Pollux*, steamer of two-hundred-horse power, at Civita Vecchia, and shaped our course for Leghorn.”

SHIPWRECK

CONDITIONS for a pleasant and prosperous voyage could hardly have appeared more auspicious: the ship a fine new steamer, the weather perfect, the sea so calm that its surface was scarcely disturbed by a ripple.

When night closed in, the brilliancy of the stars made up for the absence of the moon.

Yet, in spite of everything, the Squire had misgivings, for he had not been long on board before he "remarked a want of nautical discipline on board the *Pollux*; and ere the sun went down, I had observed to a gentleman standing by me, that in all my life I had never been on board of a vessel where unseamanlike conduct was more apparent.

"After making choice of a convenient part of the deck, I laid me down in my travelling cloak to pass the night there, having Mr. Macintosh's life-preserver in my pocket.

"He had made me a present of this preserver some twenty years ago, and I have never gone to sea without it. Contrary to their usual custom my sisters preferred to sleep that night on deck on account of the serenity of the weather; and as our two servants followed their example, none of our party went below, for my son Edmund had already chosen his spot of retirement near to the place where I was reposing. We had the great awning above us. It had been left expanded apparently more through neglect than with an intention to accommodate the passengers.

"Suddenly, our sleep was broken by a tremendous crash, which at first I took to be the bursting of the boiler. But I was soon undeceived; for, on looking around, I saw a huge steamer aboard of us, nearly amid-ships. It proved to be the *Monjibello*, of 240 horse-power, from Leghorn to Civita

Vecchia. She had come into us a little abaft the paddle-wheels, with such force that her cutwater had actually penetrated into our after-cabin. In all probability she would have cut us in two, had not her bowsprit fortunately come in contact with our funnel, which was smashed in pieces and driven overboard by the shock. The *Pollux* instantly became a wreck, with her parts amid-ships stove in; and it was evident that she had but a very little time to float.

"I found my family all around me; and having slipped on and inflated my life-preserver, I entreated them to be cool and temperate, and they all obeyed me most implicitly. My little boy had gone down on his knees, and was praying fervently to the blessed Virgin to take us under her protection, whilst Miss Edmonstone kept crying out in a tone of deep anxiety, 'Oh, save the poor boy, and never mind me!'

"Sad and woeful was the scene around us. The rush to get into the *Monjibello*, which thanks to Charles Bonaparte (Prince Canino) was still alongside of us, caused unutterable confusion. Some were pulled up on deck by the passengers and crew of the *Monjibello*; others managed to get on board of her without help; and others ran to and fro, bereft of all self-command; whilst our damaged vessel herself was sinking deeper and deeper every minute into her watery grave.

"Confiding in my valuable life-preserver, I remained on board the *Pollux* till nearly all had left her. I had managed to keep possession of my favourite travelling cloak, and should have saved it ultimately, but for the following misadventure.

"A fine young German woman, with a child under her arm, and apparently terrified out of her senses, seized fast hold of me by her hand that was free, just as I was in the act of trying to get into the *Monjibello*. Her convulsive grasp held me so completely fast, that I could neither advance nor retreat. I begged her in French for the love of God to let go her hold, as we should both of us inevitably perish. But she was unconscious of what I said; and with her mouth half open, and with her eyes fixed steadfastly on me, she

continued to grasp me close under the ribs, with fearful desperation.

"I now abandoned my cloak to its fate; and then, having both hands free, I succeeded in tearing myself from her grasp, and got up the side of the *Monjibello* by means of a rope which was hanging there.

"We were all saved except one man. He was a respectable ship-captain of Naples, and was on his way to Leghorn, in order to purchase a vessel. In talking over his death the morning after, it was surmised that he had all his money in gold sewed up in a belt around his body—a thing common in these countries; and to this might be attributed his untimely end, for I heard one of the *Monjibello* sailors say, that he had got hold of the captain's hand after he had fallen into the sea, but that the weight was too much for him; and so the poor captain sank to the bottom and perished there. . . .

"All our hopes of safety now depended upon the *Monjibello*. But the worst was apprehended, knowing that she herself must have received a tremendous shock at the time that she ran the *Pollux* on board. The general perturbation was much increased by a sudden report that the *Monjibello* was actually sinking, and a demand was immediately made by the passengers to be put on shore at the nearest point of land.

"Prince Canino (Charles Bonaparte) had come passenger in the *Monjibello* from Leghorn; and his exertions to save us were beyond all praise. The fatal collision had taken place some five miles from the Island of Elba. The prince immediately offered his services to go to Portolongoni, in order to obtain permission for us to land there. Indeed, under Heaven, we already owed our lives to Prince Canino, for when the *Monjibello* was backed from the wreck of the *Pollux*, and was in the act of sheering off from alongside of us, he with the characteristic judgement of his uncle Napoleon in the hour of need, ran to the helm, and, knocking the steersman aside, took hold of it himself, and placed the *Monjibello* in a situation to enable us to pass on board of her from the sinking *Pollux*. Had the prince not done this, the loss of life would

have been terrible, for we had been deprived of our boat, three people having made off with it to save their own lives, at the time when all was confusion.

"The prince having reached Portolongoni in one of the *Monjibello's* boats, he begged permission of the officer in command that we might be allowed to land. But all his entreaties were of no avail. Nothing could mollify the man's iron heart. He peremptorily refused the favour which the prince asked, adding, by way of excuse for his diabolical conduct, that he was bound by the law, which did not allow of us landing under existing circumstances.

"Finding all remonstrance of no avail, and seeing that the heart of this savage was too obdurate to be worked upon by any further recital of the horror of our situation, Prince Canino left Portolongoni in disgust, and returned to the *Monjibello*, where he announced to us, in terms of high indignation, the utter failure of his mission.

"We lay-to during the remainder of the night, got up our steam at early dawn, and reached the port of Leghorn, where we came to an anchor. Here, again, Prince Canino was a real benefactor to us. The wise men of Leghorn met in consultation, and gravely decreed that we must perform a quarantine of twenty days, because we had no bill of health to show. Now these Solons knew full well that the *Monjibello* had left her own harbour, in due form, only the evening before; and they were told that the people whom the *Monjibello* had received on board, had equally left Civita Vecchia in due form; but that these people could not possibly produce a bill of health, because that bill of health was unfortunately at the bottom of the sea in the foundered *Pollux*. Still the collected wisdom of Leghorn insisted on the performance of quarantine. The law ordained it, and the dead letter of the law was to be their only guide.

"Prince Canino pleaded our cause with uncommon fervour. He informed them that we had had nothing to eat that morning, as the *Monjibello* had only taken provisions on board to last till she reached Civita Vecchia. He described the absolute state of nudity to which many of the sufferers had been reduced,

he urged the total loss of our property, and he described in moving terms the bruises and wounds which had been received at the collision. In fine, he entreated his auditors to accompany him alongside of the *Monjibello*, where they would see with their own eyes the sufferings which he had just described.

‘ . . . quid facundia posset
Re patuit.’

“The council of Leghorn relented, and graciously allowed us to go ashore, after we had been kept for above two hours in suspense as to our destiny. We landed, in appearance something like Falstaff’s regiment. My ladies had lost their bonnets, and I my hat. Others were without stockings, coats, and shoes. I saw two worthy priests standing on the deck of the *Monjibello* with only one shoe each. I recommended them to cast lots for a shoe, so that one of them at least might walk comfortably up the uneven streets of Leghorn. They smiled as I said this, and no doubt they thought my levity out of season.

“A survey was immediately made on the *Monjibello*, and on finding that she had not suffered materially during the concussion, she was pronounced to be seaworthy.

“Having lost our all, we determined to return to Rome in the same vessel which had run us down. Wherefore, after thanking Mrs. M’Bean and her two excellent sons for their attentions to us during the day which we had spent at Leghorn, we went once more on board the *Monjibello*, repassed over the place where the *Pollux* had sank for ever, and landed at Civita Vecchia whence we posted it to Rome.

“At the Roman custom-house they knew how to feel for those in distress. We had purchased in Leghorn all the materials necessary to replace our lost wardrobes; these were liable to a heavy duty in the Roman States, but the officers of the customs let every article pass duty free, remarking at the same time that our forlorn situation demanded all the assistance in their power. Neither would the Roman police make any charge for the renewal of our ‘*carta di sicurezza*’; and on our leaving Rome for England a second time, nothing

was demanded by any of the different consuls for signing our passports; imitating in this, the disinterestedness of Mr. Barton, the British Consul at Civita Vecchia, who refused to take his fee, and was unwearied in his attention to us the day after our disaster. But, I must add, that when I went to the English consul at Leghorn for a new passport, he charged the full price for it, verifying the old saying, '*Quaerenda pecunia primum est*'.

"And now a word or two more on the dismal scenes which took place at the collision, and after our vessel had foundered.

"In the hour of danger several of the crew of the *Pollux* abandoned us to our fate, and saved themselves by getting into the other vessel. Our brave captain and his mate, in lieu of keeping alternate watch on deck, were both fast asleep in their berths below, when the *Monjibello* ran on board us. The captain was so scared that he forgot to put on his trousers, and his shirt was his only covering when he reached the *Monjibello*.

"At the very time that our boat would have been of the utmost service to us, I have already mentioned that three persons got into it, and rowed away for the land. A gentleman, by name Armstrong, had a narrow escape. He was struck and knocked down by the *Monjibello* as she entered us; and he was kept where he fell, by the falling fragments. He was sadly wounded, and he only just extricated himself in time to save his life.

"A Spanish duchess, who was sleeping below at the time of the accident, lost her senses completely. She persisted in remaining in bed, and no entreaties could move her to leave it. She was dragged upon deck by main force, and taken into the *Monjibello* with nothing but her shift on. She had not re-gained her self-possession on the following day, for she hesitated at the door of the hotel in Leghorn and would not pass the threshold until her attendants had shewn her that it would not give way under her feet.

"After we had got safe into the *Monjibello*, and the terror had somewhat abated, I went down into one of her cabins to see how things were going on. At the farthest corner of

it, I saw, by the light of a lamp, a venerable looking priest, dripping wet, and apparently in much pain. He informed me that he had fallen into the sea, and he believed that he had broken his arm, for that his sufferings were almost intolerable. I ripped up his coat with my penknife, and found his shoulder dislocated. With the help of three young English engineers, I replaced the bone in its socket, and then took off his wet clothes, and gave them in charge to my servant, that he might dry them in the following morning's sun. A good Samaritan, who was standing by, furnished a shirt for him. Having made him as comfortable as circumstances would permit, I got him some water to drink, and promised I would be with him every now and then to see he was all right.

"The people took me for a surgeon, and they requested that I would bleed the captain of the late *Pollux*, for that he was apparently in a dying state. This dastardly sansculotte was on the floor in horrible despair, sighing, sobbing, and heaving like a broken-winded horse. Having felt his pulse, I recommended that he should be taken on deck, and drenched with sea-water, adding that this would be a much safer process than drawing his precious blood; and that a mouthful or two of salt water, with a little fresh air, would tend to collect his scattered senses.

"The whole blame of this shipwreck must be thrown on the captains and the mates of the respective vessels. All four of these worthless seamen were fast asleep at the time of the accident, in lieu of attending to their duty.

"Hence the total loss of the beautiful steamer *Pollux*, at the very time when the absence of every thing that could retard her progress, or cause alarm for her safety, made us sure of a prosperous passage to Leghorn.

"Our own individual losses were heavy. The costly wardrobe of my sisters, the objects of art which we had purchased in Rome, our books, our writings, our money, our Palmerston passport, and our letter of credit—all went to the bottom with the foundered steamer. Miss Helen Edmonstone lost an ivory crucifix of rare value. It had been

sculptured by some first-rate artist of the 15th century, and its loss can never be replaced. My little boy was deprived of a relic of great estimation. It consisted of a *corpo santo* from the catacombs, and was expected to be placed in our chapel. He had received it as a present from the hands of the learned and virtuous Cardinal Fransoni."

It may be remembered that sixteen years before these events took place, the Squire, while stopping at an hotel at Niagara, was moved to write a few verses in the hotel visitors' book. Italian hotels also provided these temptations to versifying travellers, and the Squire could not resist it.

"In most towns of Italy, a book lies on the table of the hotel, for travellers to write their names, and in it they sometimes pen down a remark or two. In passing through the town of Novi, on our return to England, a book of this description was presented to me by the waiter. After entering our names, I gave the following brief account of our recent disaster:

'The *Pollux*, once so fine,
No longer cleaves the wave,
For now she lies supine,
Deep in her watery grave.

When she received her blow,
The Captain and his mate
Were both asleep below,
Snoring in breechless state.

If I the power possess'd,
I'd hang them by the neck,
As warning to the rest,
How they desert the deck.

Our treasures and our clothes,
With all we had, were lost.
The shock that caused our woes
Took place on Elba's coast.'

"Cervantes, who had studied the rise and fall of human affairs in all their different bearings, exclaims on one occasion, 'Thou art welcome, Evil, if thou comest alone'. Had my

disaster ended with the shipwreck, all would have soon gone right again; for the soothing hand of time seldom or ever fails to pour balm into the wounds which we are exposed to receive. But it pleased Almighty God not to stay the chastising rod, so justly due to me, for my many transgressions against his divine law. A fever attacked me, and although it yielded to strength of constitution, it seemed to have sown the seed of future ailment; for in a few days after its disappearance a thirst came on, as intense as any I had experienced on the other side of the tropic. This was an awful warning. A dysentery at last made its appearance, and it harassed me cruelly all the way through Italy and the intervening countries to Ostend, at which port I embarked for London, and thence took steam to Walton Hall, where the disorder visibly increased.

"The time had now arrived when duty called upon me to place my poor boy under other tuition; and sick as I was, I determined to accompany him to the place selected for his education.

"Ere we set off, I put the *Wanderings* and *Essays* into his hand, with short instructions written by myself on a few blank pages in the first. Perhaps the reader will not refuse to cast his eye over them. I have nothing else to show him, how much I love my darling boy; and how deep an interest I take in his future welfare.

"A. M. D. G.

TO MY DEAR EDMUND.

"—*Aspice vultus*

*Ecce meos. Utinamque oculos in pectora posses
Inserere, et patrias intus deprendere curas."*

OVID.

"You are now, my dear boy, about to enter into a college conducted by professors famed far and near for their learning, for their sanctity, and for their paternal care of those who are intrusted to their charge. This college will either be a paradise or a purgatory to you. If you love God above all things, if you give a good example to your equals, and attend

to your studies, happy indeed will be your hours and your days. But if, on the contrary, you neglect to perform your duty to God and man, there then will be no comfort for you, and you will be annoyed by brambles and by thorns at every step as you advance along. Now is the acceptable time. Never, never will you have such an opportunity of acquiring that knowledge, and those habits of virtue, which will infallibly insure your superiority on this side of the grave, and your salvation on the other.

“Treat, then, with attention and with gratitude these good fathers who sacrifice their own comfort to lead you safely through the paths of innocence and knowledge. Should any of your companions try to alienate your affection from these superiors, by turning them into ridicule, oh! my dear boy, listen not for one moment to the observations of such heartless young fools. The youth who is in the habit of scoffing at his superiors will never rank amongst the generous and the brave, when he shall enter into the world at large. Should any boy offer you a forbidden book to read, oh! request him not to approach you with a viper whose sting is mortal.

“Never give an impertinent answer to any of your superiors. Love them, and obey them to the best of your power; and they will most amply repay you by their kindness to you, and by their solicitude for your present and your future welfare. The scholar who reveres his superior is sure to become well informed, and to acquire a large stock of virtue; but he who takes a pleasure in thwarting them will probably be a dunce whilst he remains in the college, and become a vicious man after he shall have taken his departure from it.

“Sometimes there are certain youths, who find fault with everything which their superiors recommend to their notice. Turn a deaf ear to the remarks of these empty-headed simpletons; and treat them at the same time with gentleness and charity, and try to persuade them, by the progress which you yourself are making in virtue and in learning, how much they lose by running down the institutions of the college, and how much you gain by upholding them.

“Believe me, my dear boy, I would never send you to

Stonyhurst, were I not convinced, beyond all manner of doubt, that you cannot go to a better place for your education. I have the very highest opinion of it, and I hope that you will have the same. I am sorry that you should be separated from me; but your welfare requires that we should part for a while. In the meantime, you will find a parent at every step in the good fathers of Stonyhurst. O, love them then, my dear boy, and never do anything that may cause to their hearts one single pang of sorrow for your sake, or of regret, that they should have taken you under their charge. You cannot shew your affection for them better than by observing, to the best of your abilities, all the college rules. Take St. Aloysius for your mould. Pray to this angelic servant of Jesus Christ with confidence, and he will not fail to intercede for you at the throne of Divine Grace.

“In conclusion, let me advise you to be very punctual at rising in the morning. Acquire the habit of early rising when you are young, and you will never lose it in after-life.

“Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.”

So says Doctor Franklin. Take a part, with spirit and good nature, in all the public games which are instituted by the college. Carefully avoid particular friendships. They will injure you whilst you are at college, and they will be of no manner of use to you when you shall have left it for good and all. Prepare yourself with great assiduity to enter into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin; and when you shall have had the happiness to become a member of it, make a resolution to say her office every day, until it shall please God to take you out of this world.

“Ave Regina Coelorum:
Ave Domina Angelorum.
Salve Radix, salve Porta,
Ex qua mundo lux est orta.”

“Farewell, my dearest boy. I give you my blessing; and I promise you that you shall want for nothing, provided you perform your duty: and you cannot fail to do so, if you love

and revere your superiors, and follow implicitly the holy and excellent instructions which you will receive at their hands.

“I have one parting request to make to you. Say a short prayer for me, once a day, to St. Francis Xavier, the glorious apostle of the Indies.

“Farewell again, my dearest boy, and believe me to remain, your ever affectionate father,

“CHARLES WATERTON.

“WALTON HALL. Sept. 6, 1841.”

“On my return from Stonyhurst, the dysentery continued its ravages upon my iron frame with unabated fury. I now wrote to my invaluable friend, the justly celebrated Doctor Hobson of Leeds, and I explained to him how sadly all was going on. He was soon at Walton Hall; and such was the invincible composure of his countenance, that although my truly affectionate sisters-in-law and myself watched most narrowly his every look, not a single chance did he offer us by any unguarded change of features, to judge what might be the probable result of the alarming disorder.

“The masterly arrangements of this renowned physician, ably put into execution by our worthy family surgeon, Mr. Bennett, at last arrested the complaint. This took place in September, but an act of imprudence some four or five months afterwards brought me back to the state from which I had so happily escaped. On one cold and frosty morning I had occasion to cut away the shoots from certain stumps of trees on the bank of a brook. My foot betrayed me, and I slipped into the water up to the middle. As this accident had placed me in a more commodious position to trim the brambles on the sides of the brook, I remained in the water for upwards of an hour. The dysentery appeared again, and again Dr. Hobson triumphed.

“I have little or nothing more to add by way of memoir, except that the severe attacks of dysentery, and the former indispositions caused by remaining in unwholesome climates, and by exposure to the weather, seem to have made no inroad into my constitution; for, although life's index points at

sixty-two, I am a stranger to all sexagenarian disabilities, and can mount to the top of a tree with my wonted steadiness and pleasure. As I am confident that I owe this vigorous state of frame to a total abstinence from all strong liquors, I would fain say a parting word or two to my young reader on this important subject."

As the "parting word or two" of sound advice covers several pages, the young reader is recommended to procure for himself a copy of Waterton's *Essays on Natural History* (second series) and read and study them at his leisure.

It may be objected by some, that too copious extracts from Waterton's own pen have been included, but in extenuation it may be claimed that this is the best method of demonstrating his literary style, and reveals far better than the compiler of this book can ever hope to do, the deep piety, the humour, the joy of living, and the kindliness of this worthy and wealthy Catholic country squire.

Before resuming the tale of the Squire's life and activities at Walton Hall, here is a message to the people of England; together with a piece of sound advice.

He has been speaking of the new wonders of the age; of steam "which is now in general use, both on land and water", and which "transports us with such velocity from place to place, that we actually fancy ourselves in full possession of the long-wished-for wings of Daedalus", but with this word of warning, that when we least expect it, we may be killed on the road, "or like Icarus of old, perish in the water".

And here the Squire saw an opportunity for putting in another word of recommendation for Macintosh's Life-Preserver.

"When every hope of life has fled, how we should hail with ecstasy the arrival of a potent friend to save us! This friend is Macintosh's life-preserver, one of the most safe and simple assistants ever offered to man in his hour of need. Its price is trivial, and its size so small, that it will easily go into the pocket of a coat: and it can be inflated in less than half a minute."

It was because he had one on him at the time of the ship-

wreck that he "was enabled to act with great coolness"; for he knew it would prevent him from sinking.

"This inestimable little belt is admirably manufactured by Messrs. Charles Macintosh & Co., and sold at the establishment No. 38 Charing Cross, London, for the small sum of nine shillings. What lives are lost on rivers, how many sink when close in shore, and all for want of such a friend as this!

"Fifty years ago umbrellas were uncommon things. Now these useful protectors from the rain are in the hands of every body, from the duke to the delver; and they are not considered as encumbrances. Neither do walking-sticks nor travelling-caps incommode us; and, in countries abroad, we perpetually see smokers carrying their tobacco-pouches and half-a-dozen long German pipes tied up together.

"Let us then not despair of seeing the day arrive, when parties in pleasure-boats, and travellers by steam on the ocean, and those who bathe in rivers, shall have a Macintosh round their waists, uninflated till the time of danger: and, without the shoulder-straps, which are not essential to its success, the belt would merely have the appearance of a sash: and it would not be more inconvenient than that central ligature in our military uniforms. What a treasure it would prove, when the cramp comes on in bathing, or when the boat capsizes, or when the steamer founders!

"Although sudden gusts of wind from the wooded hills render sailing extremely perilous here inland, I have never any fears for my only boy when he is in the boat with hoisted sail, provided I see that Macintosh's life-preserver is round his waist. Happen what may, I know that he must always float in perfect safety."

Fortunate Mr. Macintosh! Did ever a shopkeeper receive a more glowing unsolicited testimonial of his wares?

LETTERS, LAW AND SNAKES

FROM the time he returned from the United States until his death, forty years later, Charles Waterton kept up an uninterrupted correspondence with George Ord of Philadelphia, to whom he wrote in one of his letters: "Of all my correspondents you hold the first place in my heart".

They are long letters, written in a firm, clear hand, and are crammed with vitality. The Squire wrote exactly what he thought, and did not mince his words or tone down his opinions on his pet subjects of aversion.

These were "closet naturalists", such as Swainson, Macgillivray, Morris—the author of that old family classic, *History of British Birds*—as well as other naturalists of note: but of them all, none came in for such constant abuse as did the American naturalist Audubon.

Others were Mother Damnable (the Church of England); the Hanoverian dynasty and the Hanoverian rat; factories and the national debt. Not one escaped his lash, and how thoroughly, you feel, the Squire enjoyed himself each time he took up his pen to write to his American friend.

His letters are, nevertheless, not only devoted to trouncing those of whom he did not approve. They also contain news about the weather at Walton Hall, and much about birds, for, like Waterton, Ord was an ornithologist.

One letter has already been printed in full, but a few extracts from his correspondence, taken at random, give a pretty clear idea of his style of letter-writing.

The first is dated February 14, 1831, and starts off with a lengthy and full-blooded attack on Audubon, passes on to the House of Commons, "that sink of iniquity", and to the House of Lords, "that temple of tyranny, folly, and plunder",

but as an expression of his own open-mindedness he adds, "I hate Whig and Tory".

"The King has got £500,000 a year for his wife in case of his death, and all his bastards are made peers.

"Lord Grey has got sixteen of his relations and connections in good fat places, and Henry Brougham" (afterwards Lord Brougham and Vaux) "a cartload of honours."

The following was written in reply to a letter from Ord asking for information about the Duke of Sussex, who had just been elected a member of the American Philosophical Society:

"In answer to your question about the Duke of Sussex, all I can say is, that I am not personally acquainted with a single Prince of the House of Hanover. I consider them a very bad and rotten breed. They have devoured all our clover, and left us nothing but thistles, rue, and wormwood"; though as an after-thought he admitted, "However, every body gives the Duke of Sussex a good word, kind, benevolent, and learned".

"October 1, 1832. I have just read the first volume, and struggled half through the second, of the most arrant trash that ever came from the pen of woman; *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, by Mrs. Trollope (a fit name), a jaundiced, ignorant old jade and dupe.

"O naughty Mrs. Trollope!
You deserve to have your clothes all up
And receive a good wallop."

"July 4, 1833. This is your great festival. Many happy returns of it to you. I shall drink to-day, in a bumper of pure spring water, the memory of the greatest Patriot that the world has ever produced. Keep out factories and paper money, and loans, and hereditary legislators from that fine country which he delivered from tyranny, and to which he gave the means of becoming an earthly paradise."

January 1, 1835. (In reference to Robert Jameson, part author with Charles Bonaparte of Wilson's *Ornithology of America*.) "Professor Jameson relies apparently more upon

his forty-three honorary titles than upon his knowledge of ornithology."

It was very seldom that Waterton referred to any newspaper or periodical other than one dealing with natural history, but, like Robert Louis Stevenson's hero in the *Wrong Box*, he had little use for *The Athenaeum*, "a vile periodical".

November 3, 1835, in a vigorous attack on the Rev. Francis Morris, he speaks of this worthy and popular writer as "an ignorant and impertinent coxcomb". The Squire had little love for the Church of England, but even less for dissenters. "Dissenters—mere spawn from a church by law established; Mother Thirty-nine."

He had heard a rumour that "that infamous strumpet" Maria Monk was coming to England from America as the "chaste Protégée of Parson Slocum, who will find plenty of support from Mother Damnable and the Dissenters who are her nasty spawn and are raising hue and cry against the Catholics".

In the same letter he refers to an outbreak of influenza:

"The influenza has been very prevalent in this neighbourhood and has carried off numbers of old people. We escaped it here by means of my giving every body a very strong purge on the first appearance of the indisposition."

William Yarrell, the zoologist, was one of the very few naturalists whom Waterton liked and respected and with whom he never quarrelled—"an honest, upright, and straightforward man".

That the Squire was apt to take a gloomy view of English politics is well illustrated by the following letter, dated July 1, 1839:

"Our political horizon is as murky as our natural atmosphere. I am sure we shall have a blow up ere long. Whig and Tory are now united into one band of plunderers, under pretence of watching the movements of the Chartists, who are becoming more numerous every day, and openly declare that they will no longer submit to starve in the midst of plenty. In the meantime our gracious Sovereign, head of the church

by law established, finds that she cannot do without a riding school, and Parliament has given her £70,000 to build one!!!! to say nothing of £30,000 a year to a beggarly German Prince, paid by bankrupt John Bull."

In the same letter Waterton describes a visit he paid to the famous Richard Owen when he was Hunterian professor at the Royal College of Surgeons museum.

"Owen at Surgeon's Hall was uncommonly civil to me."

The professor delighted the Squire by telling him the story of how John Hunter, the anatomist, obtained the corpse of O'Brien, the Irish giant, whose skeleton is still one of the most popular exhibits in the Lincoln's Inn Fields museum.

Not to be outdone, George Ord too wrote gloomily about political affairs in the United States and shared with Waterton a strong dislike for Audubon and all his works.

Here is a reply to one of Ord's letters from Philadelphia.

"April 22, 1842.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Last night I received your esteemed favour of March 17th. Most dark indeed is the picture which you draw of paper money and its baneful effects. On this side of the water, I assure you, things are much worse. All England seems to suffer in the most extraordinary manner; and this entirely through the effect of paper money. You are perhaps aware, that it was unknown here before Dutch William's time. That sordid tyrant, at the suggestion of the traitor Burnett, established it in England, expressly to keep out the catholic religion. See the justice of Almighty God—He had permitted it to work, and to raise England apparently to a vast elevation. But in the meantime, it has cursed her with a cancer, which no one can cure: and which no minister can prevent from spreading—Eight hundred millions of debt!!!

"Quack Peel, after above five and twenty years of peace, has just saddled us with an income tax;¹ declaring that the expenditure cannot be reduced; at the very time, that the Queen Dowager, who never had five hundred a year in Ger-

¹ 3½d. in the pound.

many, has now, out of our public purse, *three hundred pounds* every *day* of her life.—Things cannot go on so. Mad houses are being enlarged, prisons are found far too small; emigrants are leaving our shores every day: taxation increased: the poor reduced to misery beyond the powers of description; and the higher orders wallowing in every species of extravagance, with their estates over head and ears in debt; and so blinded by the sunshine of their lofty situation, as not to see a storm on our horizon which ere long will burst upon them, and drench them with justly merited misery.

“Add to this, Mother Damnable, the church of England, that intolerable pestilence, is now scared out of her senses, by seeing her sons of Oxford embracing the old faith; and by hearing them declare, that the reformation was a work of iniquity.”

After this outburst the Squire immediately recovers his temper and tells how he fell into a pond; gives Audubon a smacking; discourses on the ability of the tortoise to resist cold weather; points out Yarrell’s mistake over the yellow coloration of the feathers on the head of the swan; tells that he had caught a milk-white hedgehog with pink eyes, and ends up an entertaining letter: “The ladies send their kindest remembrance to you. Edmund is at Stonyhurst well and happy.

“Believe me your ever sincere and affectionate friend,

“CHARLES WATERTON.”

When Waterton returned home from Italy he liberated in the park five little owls, and thus may claim the dubious honour of being the first to introduce this pleasant little owl, so abused by gamekeepers and pheasant-shooters, into England.

The Squire had some difficulty in getting his five owls to England alive, and in one of his essays, “The Civetta, or Little Italian Owl”, he recounts his experience.

As there is going on to-day a warm controversy as to whether the little owl is a sheep in wolf’s clothing or a wolf

in sheep's, it is of value to learn what the Squire thought on the matter, as he was a very close observer of the habits of all birds.

"This diminutive rover of the night is much prized by the gardeners of Italy for its uncommon ability in destroying insects, snails, slugs, reptiles, and mice. There is scarcely an outhouse in the gardens and vineyards of that country which is not tenanted by the civetta.

"It is often brought up tame from the nest; and in the month of September is sold for a dollar to sportsmen, who take it with them in their excursions through the country, to look for larks and other small birds. Perched on the top of a pole, it attracts their notice, and draws them within the fatal range of gunshot by its most singular gestures; for, standing bolt upright, it curtsies incessantly, with its head somewhat inclined forward, whilst it keeps its eyes fixed on the approaching object. This odd movement is peculiar to the civetta alone. By it the birds of the neighbourhood are decoyed to their destruction. Hence its value to the ranging sportsman. Often and anon, as the inhabitants of Rome pass through the bird-market at the Pantheon, they stop and look and laugh at this pretty little capture, whilst it is performing its ridiculous gesticulations.

"Its flesh is relished by the natives of Italy. You may see the civetta, plucked and ready trussed for the spit, on the same stall at which hawks, crows, jackdaws, magpies, hedgehogs, frogs, snails, and buzzards are offered for sale to the passing conosciuti, who frequent the bird-market in quest of carnal delicacies.

"The inhabitants of this country are apparently blessed with stomachs as keen and strong as that of my old black friend Daddy Quashi, who could fatten on grubs of hornets and on stinking fish. Indeed, it would appear from what I have seen, that scarcely anything which has had life in it comes amiss to the Italians in the way of food, except the Hanoverian rat, for I could often see this voracious and needy intruder lying dead in the streets and trodden under foot.

"Thinking that the civetta would be peculiarly useful to

the British horticulturist, not, by the way, in his kitchen, but in his kitchen-garden, I determined to import a dozen of these birds into our own country. And still, said I to myself, the world will say it was a strange whim in me, to have brought owls all the way from Italy to England; seeing that owls, ay, and hawks too, are by no means scarce in our palaces, and in Parliament, and on the magisterial benches. Be this as it may, I agreed with a bird-vendor in the market at the Pantheon for a dozen young civettas; and having provided a commodious cage for the journey, we left the Eternal City on the 20th of July 1842, for the land that gave me birth.

"At Genoa, the custom-house officers appeared inclined to make me pay duty for my owls. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'these birds are not for traffic; neither are they foreigners; they are from your own dear country, *la bellissima Italia*, and I have already a strong reason to believe that they are common in Genoa, so that they can well be spared.' The custom-house officers smiled as I said this, and then they graciously allowed me and my owls to proceed to the hotel, without abstracting a single farthing from my pocket. We passed through the sunny regions of Piedmont with delight, and over the snowy summit of Mount St. Gothard without any loss, and thence we proceeded northward, through Lucerne to Basle. . . . All went well until we reached Aix-la-Chapelle. Here, an act of rashness on my part caused a serious diminution in the family. A long journey and wet weather had tended to soil the plumage of the little owls, and I deemed it necessary that they, as well as their master, should have the benefit of a warm bath. Five of them died of cold the same night. A sixth got its thigh broke, I don't know how, and a seventh breathed its last, without any previous symptoms of indisposition, about a fortnight after we had arrived at Walton Hall.

"The remaining five have surmounted all casualties, having been well taken care of for eight months.

"On the 10th of May, in the year of our Lord 1843, there being abundance of snails, slugs, and beetles on the ground, I released them from their long confinement.

"At seven o'clock in the evening, the weather being serene

and warm, I opened the door of the cage. The five owls stepped out to try their fortunes in this wicked world.

"As they retired into an adjacent thicket, I bade them be of good heart; and although the whole world was now open to them 'where to choose their place of residence', I said, if they would stop in my park I would be glad of their company, and would always be a friend and benefactor to them."

This year was also memorable for another important though far less pleasant event.

For the first and last time in his life the Squire went to law. The trouble had its beginning while he was away from home in Italy. Just outside his boundaries, there was a small plot of land which originally had belonged to the Watertons and which the Squire had many times tried to buy. On his return from Italy he was surprised and annoyed to learn that this land had been sold to a soap-boiler who had built a soap-boiling and bleaching factory on the site. This in itself was bad enough, but worse was to follow. The new concern soon began to flourish, and the more it flourished the more did it belch forth stinking poisonous fumes, which not only invaded the open windows of the hall, but killed the Squire's trees. The brook, which runs down the valley, was polluted by the chemical waste from the works, so that the cattle refused to drink it, and the fish were killed in hundreds.

At first the Squire tried persuasive means to get the owner of the works to abate the nuisance, but all in vain. The owner was recalcitrant, and he and the Squire remained ever afterwards bitter enemies.

At length the trouble became so serious that Waterton and his neighbour, Sir William Pilkington, brought an action for damages at the York assizes before a special jury. This was a case dear to the dispensers of the law. After enormous expense, the case was referred to arbitration, and it dragged on and on. The arbitrator called in was a lawyer from Leeds, who received ten guineas a day for his attendance. He paid three visits to the park, and was shewn the magnificent trees which had been killed, or were dying.

His personal opinion was that the smoke from the factory

was nothing near so bad as the prosecution maintained, but Waterton explained this by saying that any man who, like the lawyer, was accustomed to live in such a smoky city as Leeds, was in no position to judge on such a matter.

The case went on for two or three years, and although in the end Waterton won and received damages, he was greatly out of pocket, but the most bitter pill of all was that the Leeds arbitrator claimed, and got for his trouble, £528.

Fortunately Waterton died and never knew that his son, the twenty-eighth lord of Walton, sold Walton Hall, with the park and all it contained, to the soap-boiler, whose son now owns the property.

In a letter to Ord, telling him the result of the case, Waterton wrote:

"I was never in law before. Now don't you think that I have had my belly full enough? Jury law is always dangerous. But arbitration law, nine times out of ten, is certain death to the breeches pocket. Never more will I have doings with an arbitrator. Should our Leeds arbitrator meet me in the street, am I not entitled to exclaim with old Cromwell—'Sir Harry Vane. The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane'?"

Luckily for his presence of mind, the life of Waterton was crowded with exciting events. The arrival of "Mrs. Bennet", the Rumpless Fowl, was one of these. She was given her name in compliment to the Squire's family surgeon, Mr. Bennet. No explanation is forthcoming to enlighten us on this strange pseudonym. I do not know even if Mr. Bennet was a married man; if he was, still less do I know if the real Mrs. Bennet was formed differently to the wives of most country doctors.

Probably it was his usual thoughtfulness for the feelings of others which prompted the Squire to name a duck "Dr. Hobson" in honour of his own beloved physician. This duck was no ordinary duck. She was hatched on the estate with her head reversed and her bill pointed out, "and, indeed, immediately situate above" the feathers of her tail; "so that whenever food was placed upon the ground, she must turn a somersault before seizing it. This remarkable bird had no

web between her toes, but by dint of using her intelligence, swam as well as, or better than, the rest of the brood."

Mrs. Bennet, the Rumpless Fowl, was the apple of the Squire's eye. Having no rump, and therefore no tail, she had no oil gland, as other birds have, just in front of the tail bone. This was fortunate, for the Squire had a theory that it was all nonsense to believe, as most ornithologists still believe, that the object of this gland is to supply an oily substance which the bird uses to preen its feathers.

Mrs. Bennet's plumage was always immaculate, and so, according to Waterton, the theory about the oil gland was a myth. Mrs. Bennet was continually delighting the Squire by doing unexpected things. Although a good layer of eggs and a good mother, she created a scandal one day by crowing like a cock. This pleased the Squire, but not Ogden, the keeper, who urged the Squire to allow him to cut her throat as she was sure to bring bad luck.

As in the case of so many cherished pets, Mrs. Bennet's life came to a sudden and tragic end.

Usually she resided at Ogden's cottage, but as he kept a tame fox, the Squire foresaw that sooner or later Mrs. Bennet would fall a victim to its clutches, so orders were given for the hen to be brought up to the Hall, where she could live in safety on the island.

No sooner was Mrs. Bennet turned loose than a giant Malay fowl, evidently resenting her odd appearance, rushed at her and drove her headlong into the lake, where she perished before assistance could be procured.

"But though its vital spark has fled for ever," wrote the disconsolate Squire, "still its outer form will remain here, probably for ages yet to come. I dissected it, and then I restored its form and feathers in a manner that may cause it to be taken for a living bird."

A sermon which Waterton never tired of preaching was the fallacy of the popular belief that a poisonous snake will deliberately attack a man without provocation. He also held decided views of his own on certain points relating to the anatomy of the head of vipers, in connection with the poison

fangs. Therefore he was particularly pleased to accept an invitation from Dr. Hobson to meet at his house at Leeds several doctors who had arranged with an American animal-dealer to exhibit a number of live rattlesnakes. Waterton was asked to bring with him some wourali poison, in order to test its effects with the venom of the snakes. For the experiment, Dr. Hobson provided a few guinea-pigs and rabbits.

Anticipating that the dealer's box would not be suitable for the experiment, the Squire sent on before him a large glass cage which had been made to contain his great ant-bear.

When the meeting opened, there was considerable perplexity as to how the poisonous rattlesnakes were to be transferred from the wooden box to the glass cage. This gave the Squire the opportunity of coming forward on to the stage and from then onwards taking charge of the proceedings.

He was now in his element, and enjoyed every moment of it.

"Gentlemen," said the Squire, addressing the audience, "whenever we have to deal with wild beasts, or with serpents, all depends upon nerve and tact. Now, on this occasion, if you will only be spectators mute and motionless, the project which I have determined upon in my own mind will be carried out with ease and with safety."

Then, opening the door of the ant-bear's cage, the Squire cautiously approached the closed box and gently lifted up the lid. Scarcely had he done so, when one of the rattlesnakes glided about half its length through the opening.

Instantly the assembled doctors rushed out of the room in panic. This stampede brought to the Wanderer's mind those words of the poet—"when out the hellish legion sallied, away went Tam o' Shanter."

Fortunately one of the audience had not lost his head, so that with the help of Dr. Hobson the snake was gently coaxed back into the box, and the lid closed, and, being assured that all was well, the timid doctors returned to the room.

Waterton then again approached the box and quietly opened the lid. On this, the snakes raised their heads and



THE GROTTO, AS LAID OUT BY WATERTON

began shaking their rattles, but the Squire was in no way disturbed, and gently placing his hand behind the head of the snake nearest to him he silently and deftly transferred it to the other cage.

The remaining twenty-seven rattlesnakes he disposed of in a similar manner.

Like many men possessed of great courage, the Squire was acutely sensitive to rebuff. Dr. Hobson places on record the following instance of this:

"One day, on paying Mr. Waterton a casual visit, and immediately observing that his temper was somewhat ruffled—which irritated condition his countenance always speedily betrayed—I enquired if he was poorly, or if anything had distressed him, when he excitedly replied:

"Yes, I am grieved to the backbone; Mr. —, whom you would just now meet in the carriage road, and who professes to be enchanted and in rapture with the works of God's creation, has just left the house; and, what do you think? He coolly turned up his nose at my Bahir toad, calling it an "ugly brute". That a gentleman, avowing himself a lover of natural history, and pretending an anxiety to work in the same vineyard with me, should profanely designate one of God's creation "an ugly brute", was enough to "put me out" for a week,—so I left him on the staircase to his own cogitations.'"

CHAPTER XVIII
SCARBOROUGH

WATERTON'S favourite English watering-place was Scarborough, on the coast of Yorkshire. He and his sisters-in-law used often to spend several weeks there in the autumn.

During one of these visits Mr. George Wombwell arrived with his famous travelling menagerie. Needless to say, Mr. Wombwell had no more assiduous patron than the Squire of Walton.

Amongst the exhibits there was one in particular that he admired. This was a female chimpanzee, an animal seldom to be seen alive in England.

The shrewd Waterton was soon convinced that it was suffering from advanced lung disease, and laid his plans accordingly, for its corpse, properly treated by his own method, would make a fine addition to his museum.

As it so happened the menagerie was to go to Wakefield after leaving Scarborough, the Squire was there in readiness, and such was his power of prediction that the chimpanzee breathed its last breath in that town.

Then, just as the prize was almost his, he rather stupidly, but with great magnanimity, allowed Mr. Wombwell to take the body on to Huddersfield, "in order that the public of Huddersfield might be gratified in having this opportunity to inspect so singular an animal, so rarely seen in this country".

Mr. Wombwell promised to send the body to Walton Hall as soon as the chimpanzee had been exhibited; owing to the extreme severity of the weather, it would then still be in a fit condition to preserve.

Unfortunately things did not go so well as anticipated.

"The man whom he commissioned to bring it to me had a

cousin in Leeds, a fiddler and a soldier by profession. So in lieu of coming straight to Walton Hall, the fellow took off to Leeds, quite out of the direct line, in order to enjoy the company of his cousin the musician, and to hear him talk of battles lost, and others won. They both got drunk the first evening, as the man who had taken charge of the dead ape afterwards confessed to me, when I questioned him concerning his non-appearance at the time appointed.

"But my disappointment did not end there; for, instead of pursuing his journey on the morrow, this unthinking porter passed another day of mirth and mental excitement with his loving relative, and then another day after that. So, alas, the chimpanzee only reached me late on Sunday evening, notwithstanding that I had expected it on the Wednesday. This provoking loss of time cost me full five hours of nocturnal labour with the dissecting knife. After seven weeks of application I succeeded in restoring its form and features. Hollow to the very nails, it now sits upon a cocoa-nut (not, by the way, its correct position) which I brought with me from Guiana in the year 1817."

Waterton met with another member of the ape family some years later, and the meeting was so extraordinary that the Squire himself shall tell the story of it.

To appreciate it fully, the reader is to bear in mind that the Squire was then in his eightieth year.

"The second living ape which has come under my inspection is the great red orang-outang, from the island of Borneo. I went up to London expressly to see it at the Zoological Gardens, which are under the superintendence of Mr. Mitchell, a gentleman so well known for his talents in office, and for his courtesy to visitors.

"Most amply, indeed, was I repaid for the trouble I had taken.

"The orang-outang was of wrinkled and of melancholy aspect, entirely devoid of any feature bordering on ferocity. As I gazed through the bars of his clean and spacious apartment, I instantly called to my recollection Sterne's affecting description of his captive, who was confined for life, and was

sitting on the ground, 'upon a little straw, and was lifting up a hopeless eye to the door'.

"The more I inspected this shaggy prisoner from Borneo, the more I felt convinced, that, in its own nature, it could lay no manner of claim to the most remote alliance with the human race, saving in faint appearance of form, and in nothing more. The winding up of the interview which I had with it, confirmed me firmly in the opinion which I had long entertained of his entire family. Having observed his mild demeanour, and his placid countenance, I felt satisfied that if ever the animal had been subject to paroxysms of anger when free in its native woods, those paroxysms had been effectually subdued since it had become a captive under the dominion of civilized man.

"Acting under this impression, I asked permission to enter the apartment in which it was confined, and permission was immediately granted by a keeper in attendance.

"As I approached the orang-outang, he met me halfway, and we soon entered into an examination of each other's persons.

"Nothing struck me more forcibly than the uncommon softness of the inside of his hands. Those of a delicate lady could not have shewn a finer texture. He took hold of my wrist, and fingered the blue veins therein contained, while I myself was lost in admiration at the protuberance of his enormous mouth.

"He most obligingly let me open it, and thus I had the best opportunity of examining his two fine rows of teeth.

"We then placed our hands around each other's necks, and we kept there awhile, as though we had really been excited by an impulse of fraternal affection.

"It were loss of time in me, were I to pen down an account of the many gambols which took place betwixt us; and I might draw too much upon the reader's patience. Suffice it to say, that the surrounding spectators seemed wonderfully amused at the solemn farce before them. Whilst it was going on, I could not help remarking that the sunken eye of the orang-outang, every now and then, was fixed on something

outside the apartment. I remarked this to the keeper who was standing in the crowd at a short distance. He pointed to a young stripling of a coxcomb. 'That dandy', said he, 'has been teasing the orang-outang a little while ago: and I would not answer for the consequence could the animal have an opportunity of springing at him.'

"This great ape from Borneo exhibited a kind and gentle demeanour, and he appeared pleased with my familiarity. Having fully satisfied myself how completely the natural propensities of a wild animal from the forest may be mollified, and ultimately subdued by art, and by gentleness on the part of rational man, I took my leave of this interesting prisoner, scraping and bowing with affected gravity as I retired from his apartment. Up to this time, our ape had shewn a suavity of manners and a continued decorum truly astonishing in any individual of his family; I say of his family—because, in days now long gone by, when our intercourse with Africa was much more frequent than it is at present, I have known apes, baboons, and monkeys brought over from Guinea to Guiana, notorious for their forbidding and outrageous habits.

"This orang-outang, however, by his affability and correctness, appeared to make amends for the sins of his brethren.

"Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him', and I bade him farewell, impressed with the notion that he was a perfect model of perfection, which might be imitated with advantage even by some of our own species.

"But, alas, I was most egregiously deceived in the good opinion which I had entertained of him; for scarcely had I retired half a dozen paces from the late scene of action, when an affair occurred which beggars all description.

"In truth, I cannot describe it; I don't know how to describe it—my pen refuses to describe it.

"I can only give an outline and leave the rest to be imagined.

"This interesting son of Borneo advanced with slow and solemn gravity to the bars of his prison, and took up a position exactly in front of the assembled spectators. The ground upon which he stood was dry; but immediately it became a pool of water, by no means from a pure source.

"Ladies blushed and hid their faces, whilst gentlemen laughed outright. I was scandalized beyond measure, at this manifest want of good breeding on the part of this shaggy gentleman from the forests of Borneo."

But we must return from foggy London to sunny Scarborough, where the Squire was always happy and which he visited year after year, "a week or ten days after the arrival of the woodcock", when he knew for certain that fires would be burning in every grate, for "without fires I find myself nearly as torpid as the little land-newt under its winter stone".

Waterton doted on Scarborough, and wrote a long essay in her praise. It opens in these words:

"Scarbro'—gay town of Yorkshire's eastern confines, I do admire thy site, thy walks, and thy environs:—for I never come to pass a month amongst them, without enjoying all the blessings of health and peace, and balmy ocean breezes—thine own inheritance."

"Happily indeed for thee, no beds of coal lurk underneath thy quiet surface; for wherever there is coal in great abundance, it is sure to invite long chimneys, from whose sable mouths volumes of murky smoke rush out to poison Flora's choicest produce. At its fell touch, her plants turn pale and wither. Her trees themselves, diseased and blackened by unwholesome vapours, perish at last: and when we cast our eyes around us, we see too clearly, that these unsightly works of brick and stone are tolling vegetation's parting knell, and giving to the neighbouring fields that melancholy look, so well depicted by the Roman poet, '*Triste solum, sterilis sine fruge, sine arbore tellus*'."

He promises his readers to "sit down to write a word or two, on pretty, healthy, sweet, and enchanting Scarbro': the boast of Yorkshire, and old Neptune's pride".

He then devotes twenty-three pages to giving a minute account of this enchanting watering-place, and in so doing affords us a clear picture of how he and "the girls" passed their days there.

He noted in particular the splendid "health and vigor" of the numerous elderly admirals who had retired to Scar-

borough, though he attributed this more to "Neptune than to Galen".

Foreseeing that his warm tribute to Scarborough was likely to bring her many fresh visitors, he offers a few suggestions to them about lodgings.

"The town offers to its visitors in the way of comfort, what could not be unacceptable to royalty itself. Thus the accommodations in the hotels are equal to those in London. I should do an injustice to Miss Reid, of the Royal Hotel, near the cliff, were I to omit the observation, that I have always found her attention and arrangements of the very first order; surpassed indeed, by none in any hotel, where I have ever taken up my quarters."

On rainy days the Squire would visit Mr. Robert's museum, or perhaps indulge in the luxury of a warm salt-bath at the "remarkably clean and well-attended" establishment of his "old friend Mr. Champley".

A morning never passed but he paid a visit to "Mr. Theakston's most excellent establishment for books and newspapers". He did not always stay at the Royal Hotel, but sometimes at the comfortable lodging of Mrs. Peacock, also on the cliff.

There was one diversion the Squire enjoyed at Scarborough which he does not mention in his Essay, but does so in a letter written to Dr. Hobson. This was sea-bathing, which is all the more extraordinary when we read that he had a "dip in Neptune's briny washtub" so late in the year as November. Since he was riddled by malaria, hated the cold, and was in his seventy-third year, this is somewhat remarkable.

Here is his letter:

*"November 4, 1854.
"SCARBRO'."*

"MY DEAR SIR,

"We received your last communication with great pleasure, and read it with contented smiles. Having now taken our last dip in Neptune's briny washtub, nothing now remains but to square accounts betwixt ourselves and good Mrs.

Peacock, of Cliff No. 1, which we always arrange satisfactorily on both sides.

"To-morrow morning we shall leave Scarbro' with a sigh, and journey on to those gloomy regions, where volumes of Stygian smoke poison a once wholesome atmosphere; and where filthy drainage from hells upon earth is allowed by law, for the sacred rights of modern trade, to pollute the waters in every river far and near.

"To-morrow being our great detonating festival, I shall have a leisure hour to ruminate on the dreadful consequence of old Guy's atrocity, had he succeeded in blowing to atoms a few dozens of miscreants who ought all to have been hanged for their crimes against heaven and earth.

"The vicar of this place is expected to be ferociously eloquent in the pulpit, in denouncing the horrors of Popery to a holy congregation of terrified old women.

"You will be shocked to hear that Archdeacon —, after having cruised for years among the shoals and sandbanks of heretical England, is on his way to the sea of eternal bliss—having gone bump ashore on St. Peter's rock. There he is, high and dry, and it is the universal opinion that, were all the steam-tugs of the country put into requisition their united force would not be able to get him into deep water again.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"CHARLES WATERTON."

Besides her permanent attractions, Scarborough had her "transitory exhibitions". First amongst these was Wombwell's menagerie, which was, later on, conducted by Mrs. Wombwell, who became a close friend of Waterton, and they would take tea together, with Jenny, a chimpanzee.

A novel form of public entertainer was the mesmerizer. The Squire quickly suspected this brotherhood of being charlatans, and whenever members of the audience were invited to step up on to the stage to be put under the influence, he was always the first to volunteer, but always the mesmerizer raised objections. "Probably", thought Waterton, "my nerves are too strong to be enfeebled or my tendons

too springy to be stiffened, by the passing hand of the performer."

He did not believe in mesmerism even before he "was informed that this cunning dogmatizer had a preconcerted arrangement with a young person of the softer sex, to be ready in the crowd, when he should require assistance: and she actually came forth, apparently a volunteer to act the part he wanted. A clever way to draw him out of the mud!"

At Scarborough you never knew what novelty would appear next. What excitement and amusement must have been caused by the "appearance of a young American lady, who had come to England in the hope of persuading the female part of our community to lay aside forever its own absurd costume, and put on one similar to that in which she appeared".

Needless to say, the Squire of Walton and his ladies were present at this dress parade. Here is his description of the scene, worthy of a modern feature reporter:

"Upright and confident in her pet cause, the stranger actress stood before us, with a smirking countenance, and fully bent on victory.

"It would require transcendent powers of pen (and I have them not) to give the reader an adequate idea of the nymph in her new dress.

"Old Hogarth's pencil might have hit her off.

"The costume which this young lady had adopted might have suited an ambiguous character in a fancy ball room, neither masculine enough for a man, nor sufficiently feminine for a woman. 'Celia, Laelia Crispis, nec puella, nec juvenis'; and I may add, 'nec anus'.

"Had she presented herself in the attire of elegant simplicity, such as so well becomes some ancient statues, whose flowing robes shew off the female-form in all its just proportions, she might possibly have been successful:—for, say what you please, I denounce the turgid, angular, and inflated dresses of these our modern times, as folly's worst inventions.

"This young lady's newly assumed costume might have suited Harlequin in its upper parts; and Mohomet in its

lower ones. She told us that she was a Bloomer, but omitted to inform us, how, or whence the fashion rose to notice. . . .

"However, this peregrine visitor was well received at the Mechanic's Institute in Scarbro'. During the course of her evening lecture, she made some observations on the now fashionable mode of feminine attire, which coincided with my own. She pointed out, with excellent humour, the extreme folly of ladies wearing long attire, when taking exercise in the open air; and she said that it was a pity for ladies to conceal their feet and ankles at any time.

"In this she would have the united support of every lady in Spain. They consider a well-formed foot and ankle of great value;—and take much pains in exposing them, whether out of doors, or within the house.

"Probably, in times gone by, when flowing gowns were seldom worn in England, some fashionable dame of high degree, having splay feet, or gummy ankles, might have put them under cover. If so, she would become the admirer and the advocate of a new fashion; and her weighty example would be imitated by the multitude. Thus we see, that when one sheep takes it into its head to drink, every sheep in the entire flock will do the same."

Although Waterton finds much to praise in Scarborough, he admits to one or two drawbacks, the principal one being the clamour of the church bells of the town on the "fifth of cold November's dawn". His objection is not so much to the noise as what it celebrated. To Catholics, or as he terms them "our wounded flock of Albion's ancient fold", these "unnecessary peals of Anglican-church bells which astound the slumbering ear, are sure harbingers of pulpit-virulence".

"By Heavens, gentlemen," he goes on, "we Catholics of Great Britain are not to blame for Guy's misdeeds. We are proud to merit your good-will, and we ask a mutual feeling. . . .

"But, *'verbum sapientibus'*. Let us hope, that Scarbro' will no longer toll the peal of prejudice; and thus bury for ever, in the grave of forgetfulness, recollections that can only tend to inflame the ignorant mind and engender uncharitable feelings."

CHRISTMAS AT STONYHURST

DURING the last twenty years of his life Waterton seldom left his home, except to go to Scarborough or Aix-la-Chapelle in the autumn and every Christmas to Stonyhurst.

Sometimes visitors came to stay at Walton Hall, while numbers called to inspect the museum.

Every few years his American friend, George Ord, would be his guest at the Hall, where he spent a good deal of his time fishing in the lake and eating cherries.

The Squire never fished, not at least in an orthodox manner, but occasionally would shew his skill with the bow by shooting pike with arrows as they lay basking on the surface of the water.

Most of the visitors to Walton Hall were naturalists.

The Reverend J. G. Wood was one, and a devoted friend and admirer of the Squire. Another was the poet and naturalist-postmaster of Barnsley, Thomas Lister, who has left us this record of his visit to Walton Hall in 1853:

"On the way I caught sight of the veteran naturalist mounted on some high moveable steps, shearing a thick holly hedge.

"I am preparing suitable sheltering places for my birds', called down the Squire. 'Holly, yew, and other evergreens give shade, shelter, and food. I always trim these hedges myself, and I am repaid for my toil in music all the year round.'"

While the two naturalists were talking, a cormorant happened to swim past on the lake, at which Mr. Lister expressed astonishment at its fearlessness.

After explaining that no gun was ever allowed to be fired in the park, Waterton told him how, not long before, a man came to the Hall with the body of a cormorant, and offered to sell it.

"I dismissed him", said the Squire, "with a sharp rebuke.

"'Thou rascal,' said I, 'thou would shoot thy mother, if anything could be got by the sale of her skin.'"

The Squire kept up to the very end of his life the annual Christmas visit to his old school. Stonyhurst can scarcely have had a more faithful or more devoted son than Charles Waterton.

Each year, without fail, he left Walton on Boxing Day, and remained at the college for ten days.

He looked eagerly forward to these visits, and just as eagerly must the young gentlemen of Stonyhurst have welcomed him.

The crowning event of the Christmas festivities was a play acted by the boys in a large hall fitted up as a theatre, called the Academy Room.

From time immemorial it had been the custom, after the audience of boys was seated, for the members of the Community, that is to say the Fathers and lay teachers, with a few distinguished guests, to take their places in the front row by way of the stage.

As each in turn appeared before the footlights, the audience cheered and applauded, the more popular getting the loudest applause. But the loudest, most prolonged and spontaneous shout of appreciation welcomed the old Squire.

He always wore the old school uniform of sixty years before, blue swallow-tail coat with gold buttons, check waistcoat, and grey trousers.

But he did more than this. Each year he had some little surprise in store for the boys, who were on the lookout for it.

One time he would appear on all fours, at another walking on his hands with his feet in the air; or perform other athletic feats; or perhaps he would come on to the stage disguised. You never knew what form his "exuberant if somewhat eccentric humour" would take.

When asked why he did these antics, he would explain that it was in order to assure his young friends that in spite of his years (he went on doing it to the age of eighty-two) his agility was unimpaired.

After the performance was over, the actors would sit down to a supper provided by Waterton.

No wonder the boys cheered.

To-day, when we are all become amateur psychologists, this desire on the part of the old man to amuse and please would be put down to exhibitionism, but in those days the young were less critical and more easily amused.

There was one particular task which he never failed to carry out at the school each Christmas. This was to mount a step-ladder and clean two enormous oil-paintings hanging on the east staircase. One was of St. Thomas of Canterbury, the other of St. Hugh of Lincoln. Both of them had been brought from Liège, and probably before that from St. Omer.

A Stonyhurst boy, Percy Fitzgerald, whose sketch of Waterton appears opposite page 318, kept copious notes of his recollections at the college. He was at Stonyhurst from 1843 to 1849.

The following brief extracts certainly help us to visualize the old naturalist at the age of sixty-nine. Under the heading "A visit to Stonyhurst 1851" he writes:

"Father Clough (the Rector) always did the honours and filled away for everyone.

"We had breakfast, the same party as at dinner the day before, viz.: Mr. Unsworth, Mr. Poole, and old Waterton, who used always to sit crouching over the fire, curled-up, while the others were at breakfast, supping a cup of water with a thimblefull of tea in it brewed by himself, and looking as miserable as could be.

"That was the way always with him during the whole period of our visit. I have him completely before me now, with his shrivelled head and wizened mouth, and his blue coat and brass buttons, and his grey hair.

"He would deal out his droll observations and curt sayings

from a distance, in a sort of country tone, as if he was munching walnuts, with a strong spice of the Lancashire dialect."

"*Monday night, 11.30.*

"Had the usual sitting in the Parlour with Father Clough and Mr. Tickell. Mr. Waterton was excessively entertaining, rolling-out his adventures like ribbands.

"He dictated to me his Pill prescription, which he recommended for my face."

The next note refers to the scene in the theatre:

"There they all were, their beaming faces lit up with brilliant lights that played on them from the stage. There was old Waterton, always associated with anything belonging to Stonyhurst."

During one of his Christmas visits to Stonyhurst, Waterton was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. Dr. Hobson was telegraphed for, and after travelling all night by train and post-horses, arrived at the Squire's bedside at four o'clock in the morning. Happily the patient was out of danger by then and the doctor was able to return to Leeds the same evening. The Fathers, then as now the very soul of hospitality, made much of him during his short stay at the college, "so that instead of my sojourn there, during the day, being one of sorrow, it was truly one of very great satisfaction, there being from the first moment of my entering this seat of learning, an universal anxiety to thoroughly promote my comfort, consequently during my brief stay among the Jesuits I was, in every way, really in clover". On taking his leave of him, the Squire observed to Dr. Hobson: "I am right glad that you have had an opportunity of mixing in the society of these good men. You have, it is true, now and then accidentally met with a stray Jesuit or two at Walton Hall, but here you have had a chance of associating with a bevy of them in their natural and familiar lair, and of judging of what sort of stuff they are composed as a body. Surely you are now satisfied and convinced that a Jesuit is an animal neither dangerous nor repulsive of approach, and from what you have seen to-day, are

you not confident that our dear Jesuits are always triumphant, and that they never stumble, and that one of this body would convey your soul across the Stygian creek more judiciously, and with less fear of upset, than one of those pharisaical Parsons who think it damnation to whistle on a Sunday?

"I only allude to the pharisaical, recollect."

To complete the picture of Waterton's happy days at his old school, here are three letters written from Stonyhurst to his sisters-in-law:

"STONYHURST,
"Tuesday, December 1858.

"MY DEAR ELIZA AND HELEN,

"I wrote to Eliza yesterday for a shoe. Edmund who is all affability and chat pointed out to me in the train that I had a shoe and a slipper on. I made the mistake in the dark.

"We had grand doings here in the theatre last night. Lord Petre is here; and the Admiral came late in the evening. Percy Fitzgerald is expected to-day.

"I have been so engaged with the cray fish that I have hardly had time to say a word to any body. I have not even seen Father Postlethwaite.

"I delivered your plants to Father Clough in excellent order: presuming that they were for the gardener. We had not a drop of rain the whole of yesterday—'O res miranda gentibus!'

"I managed to leave behind me the flannel listing which goes at the bottom of the glass. Can you send it? Probably it is in the second drawer, from the top of my bureau; or some where in my room. If you can't find it, there is plenty in the far black box which contains the porcupine.

"You may knock the porcupine about as much as you like, you cannot damage it. I have left other things behind me, but I want *nothing at all* except the flannel listing.

"The good Fathers have paid our family a compliment never to be sufficiently estimated.

"A very clever artist has represented Walton Hall, on a large scale, from the print, and fixed it in the theatre, for a drop scene. It looked splendid last night.

"Joe Tempest is to be here to-morrow; and it is hinted as a kind of secret, that he is to represent Mr. Pickwick.

"I hope that you are happy and in health.

"Believe me your ever affectionate Brother,

"CHARLES WATERTON.

"P.S. I write this letter betwixt four and five in the morning."

"STONYHURST,

"*Tuesday morning. December 1859.*

"MY DEAR ELIZA AND HELEN,

"Our journey hither was quite prosperous and the crab arrived without any damage whatever.

"The experienced Fitzgerald has not yet arrived, so we were put to our wits' end for a substitute.

"We got an Irish lad and wrapped him up in my Roman cloak with your white cap.

"He entered the theatre with Father Clough, and he imitated me so well, that every man Jack in the house was taken by the deception, and roars of applause resounded through the place.

"He then divested himself of the cloak and cap, and I said, 'Gentlemen, you have mistaken your man'. I then, in a nook close to the theatre, and covered with a large damask, acted the 'Mountain in Labour', and spouted the following verses:

'Stonyhurst mountains are in labour
To the dread of every neighbour,
Out comes neither bug nor louse,
But a genuine Jesuit mouse.'

"You may guess what followed in the theatre!

"We have no company yet, saving an Arundel and Mr. Walmsley, the last from Essex.

"He is a thorough Nimrod, and I found his conversation most interesting.

"I expect Thursday will be a very grand day, with much company.

"We had a capital play last night, the acting not inferior to that of London itself.

"I have no Catholic news for you as yet.

"The snow is nearly all gone; and the thaw seems positive, as far as we may judge in a mist.

"Take care of yourselves and keep *a good Christmas table*.

"I had four masses and a half this morning.

"Father Postlethwaite as usual. He and Father Clough and Fathers Peto and Cooper send their kind remembrances to you. Edmund is all attention to me. This really does my heart good.

"Believe me, my dear Sisters, your ever Affectionate Brother,

"CHARLES WATERTON.

"Edmund's kindest love to you."

"STONYHURST,

"*Thursday, December 1860.*

"MY DEAR ELIZA AND HELEN,

"A good and cold journey yesterday. The lobster quite well: so is Edmund, and so am I.

"No company whatever yet. The snow is supposed to scare them.

"What next? Why, nothing. Some are skating; some reading, some praying. Some doing nothing at all, namely Edmund and myself.

"In two minutes I am going a-walking with Father Clough who is killing me with kindness: so are they all.

"So no more at present from your ever affectionate Brother,

"CHARLES WATERTON.

"Joe Tempest and Admiral Manners expected for a grand dinner. About seventy in all. They won't catch me there. I shall dine with the prefects at half-past twelve."

Like many of the most charitable people, Waterton never allowed his gifts, either to institutions or individuals, to become known. This was not so in the case of his kind offices to wild birds; of these he liked to talk and write.

He had many calls for assistance from the needy, and none

was ever refused when the petition appeared genuine: nor did it make any difference to him whether the supplicant was Protestant or Catholic.

The Superioress of the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Dalbeth once wrote to ask for the scraps from his table to feed the poor.

Here is his reply:

“WALTON HALL,
“November 30, 1853.

“DEAR MADAM,

“In your letter of petition, in support of your excellent institution, you have asked for the crumbs which fall from my table. If a joke may be allowed on so serious a subject, I would say in answer, that all the crumbs which fall from my table are mortgaged to a huge Cochon-Chine fowl, which receives them in payment for awaking me by his crowing every morning at three o’clock. But as he does not feed on my cheese, I find that I can spare a mite from it.

“Pray accept it; and if you enter the trifling donation in your book, please put it down as coming from a friend.

“I always make this stipulation on similar occasions.

“I remain, dear madam,

“Your obedient humble servant,

“CHARLES WATERTON.”

The Squire would never put his name to a subscription list, though he often gave. Sometimes he was abused for not contributing to some fund, when actually he was one of the largest donors to it.

He shrank from any form of public testimonial. Once at Nottingham he heard that a service of plate was about to be presented to him for his exertions in a case of hydrophobia, and he immediately left the town and wrote to ask that the money might be given to the sufferer’s widow.

His books were general favourites with the reading public, and must have brought him a considerable sum in royalties. Every penny he gave away.

Most of the profits from the *Wanderings* he gave to the

poor of Walton and Sandal Magna, those of the third volume of *Essays* to the widow of his old friend J. C. Loudon, editor of the *Gardener's Magazine*, who died in 1843, leaving Mrs. Loudon very badly off.

Destitution always touched his compassion.

In the middle of the last century the roads were much frequented by hungry ragged paupers, whose only hope of assistance other than the jail-like workhouse was the occasional charity of strangers.

The sight of these poor creatures deeply affected the Squire.

He always carried in his pocket an old knife, and if he met a shoeless tramp when on his walks, he would give him the knife and tell him to take it to a certain shoemaker in Wakefield.

The Squire had an arrangement with the shoemaker, that anyone who produced the knife was to be furnished with a pair of shoes, and the bill sent to him.

On one occasion he met a tramp trudging along with bare and bleeding feet. As this was a case for the token he put his hand in his pocket, only to find he had left home without it, so he removed his own shoes and stockings and handed them over to the wayfarer, and walked home barefoot.

There can be no question about his credulity. Himself a man of upright honour and truthfulness, he took it for granted that others were like himself.

Therefore it is not surprising that from time to time advantage was taken of this benign weakness by unscrupulous rogues.

It was abuse of his charity that led him to carry a penknife to give to footsore beggars.

One day he met, near the village of Walton, a miserable, half-starved-looking tramp, apparently footsore, who "entreated charity in such a piteous tone, and in such apparently genuine humility", that the Squire was induced to give him half a crown, which happened to be the smallest coin in his pocket.

Later in the same day, on passing the inn at Sandal on the way to Wakefield, the Squire came across the man, who was

drunk, but not too drunk to recognize his benefactor. In a loud voice the man shouted across the village street, "How do you do, old boy? I owe you one; come in and I'll treat you to a pint of heavy wet out of your own half-crown, as I've got fifteen pence left in the button-park."

"This drunken exhibition", said the Squire when he returned home, "so annoyed and so thoroughly disgusted me, that I set my wits to work to discover a better method of affording relief to the poor than by giving them money. It has so far worked well; consequently, my old and well-known knife has gone the same errand so frequently, that I think it would find its own way now to the cobbler's shop at Wakefield."

Naturally the news of this miracle-working knife soon became general property amongst the beggars of the neighbourhood, and no doubt some of them got happily drunk by selling the shoes which the knife procured for them. Such a mean trick would never have entered the head of the guileless Squire but for an incident which occurred one day, just outside the park walls, when Waterton and John Ogden were busy repairing a tree which had been damaged in a violent storm.

A tattered creature came up and accosted him in "a mournful and tremulous strain" and at the same time "directed his attention to his bare feet".

Here, thought the Squire, is just one of those deserving cases for the knife, and in a minute he had it in his hand "ready to send it on its mission of charity" to the Wakefield cobbler. Just then Ogden came up and whispered into his ear that he had just seen the tramp take off his shoes and hide them in a thick hedge, before entering the field where they were at work—and added that the shoes were then actually in his shooting-jacket pocket.

Out loud the Squire said, "Jack, do you think my shoes would fit this poor fellow, who is barefoot?"

"No, sir," replied the keeper, "yours won't fit him, but I have a pair in my pocket which seem about his size; try them on to those poor feet of his."

The culprit, recognizing his own property, pleaded guilty, and the keeper pulled out his dog-whip from his universal pocket and was about to thrash the tramp, when the Squire begged him off but threatened to have him imprisoned if ever he appeared again in the neighbourhood of Walton.

One more recital of a meeting between the Squire and a mendicant must bring this subject to a close, and it shall be introduced by Dr. Hobson, if for no other reason than to shew to what lengths he brought the art of using ten words where two would suffice:

"In conversation with the Squire one day, as to his indulging to a fault in promiscuous charity, I adduced as an instance, in support of my assertion, an incident which had occurred that day, saying, that I had been accosted at the entrance lodge by a woman soliciting alms, who had a profusion of flowers in her bonnet, and on my assigning this inconsistency as a reason for refusing her request, she replied with an air of dignity, 'There is, sir, no necessity for an apology. Your appearance warranted me in the expectation of a silver penny, but my chequered life has taught me to submit to miscalculations of this character, and never to implicitly rely on outward appearances; good morning, sir.'"

This anecdote highly amused the Squire, who then capped it by telling the doctor how he himself had had a passage of words with the "identical damsel".

"Meeting me on the Wakefield road, this gaudily bedecked butterfly checked my onward career, by really a graceful courtesy, accompanied by a rather simpering entreaty for alms.

"You know my aversion to finery, even when prevailing usage sanctions such folly, but this exhibition, under such circumstances, was beyond all endurance; therefore, with some warmth, and, I dare say, a countenance expressive of my inward feeling, I said, 'How dare you, bedizened about your head with such trash, assume your present position, that of a mendicant?'

"The impertinent hussy immediately cut me short by

"'Oh, my dear sir, pray don't get into a passion. You

appear to have totally mistaken my request. I did not ask your advice, nor yet to preach me a sermon. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. How am I to live without food? and how is food to be obtained without money?"

"The 'weaker vessel' did not give me time to 'turn the tables', but rotating on a high-heeled shoe, she gracefully ejaculated, 'Adieu!' and with superciliously contemptuous affectation finally disappeared."

Although the Squire was the most polite of men, and, unless roused to anger, the mildest, there were occasions when he could turn and rend.

Criticism he did not take well, except when very tactfully administered by some old and trusted friend, and even one of these would be rash if he found fault with any of the Squire's museum specimens.

The apple of his eye was his stuffed peacock, and Dr. Hobson shall recount what happened one day at Walton Hall:

"A self-opinionated and conceited young coxcomb, who was visiting the staircase at Walton Hall, and whose dress, exquisite, and extreme in the fashion of the day, had, from this very circumstance, already unfavourably attracted the keenly observant eye of Mr. Waterton.

"This aspiring youth, having separated himself from his accompanying party, coolly called the Squire's attention to 'two or three little errors in the attitude of the peacock' in the extension staircase, terminating his criticism by saying, 'On the whole, Mr. Waterton, the execution of this bird does you considerable credit, but I have a strong suspicion that it is not an honest bird, or in other words, that it is decked with a few borrowed plumes in its tail which is unusually long'."

And then the coxcomb got—as the expression is—what was coming to him!

This is how the Squire dealt with the critic of his peacock.

"I looked this man-milliner, so profusely got up, full in the face, and enunciated what I had to say with an emphasis which would not fail to leave an indelible recollection, for I had taken an accurately estimated measure of his natural history attainments."

Then in phrases worthy of Samuel Johnson at his best he continued: "Sir, I should degrade myself by holding any cavilling argument with so mere a stripling in natural history as you, and the more especially, as it is palpably evident, from your remarks, that your ignorance far outshines any ordinary qualifications which you may possess in the bewitching science of ornithology.

"Go home, Sir, I beseech you, and carefully pore over some elementary A.B.C. work relative to the anatomy of the peacock, and endeavour to ascertain *where* the tail of a peacock is situated, as at present your ignorance may constitute *self-bliss*, but it must give much pain to your friends if they happen to possess any knowledge whatever of natural history."

It is much to the credit of the chastened coxcomb that several years after this disagreeable scene amidst the visitors to the museum he "made his second appearance on the stage, where he was dressed like a Christian, and conducted himself like a gentleman".

"He had come to offer to the Squire his profound apologies for 'his former ostentatious display of science . . .' admitting that he richly merited the severe castigation which was then meted out to him, and was grateful in the extreme, that his punishment had not been carried out to absolute ostracism, appending in all humility an ample apology, by saying, 'Mr. Waterton, I admit that I then thought myself a Solomon, and am ashamed to add, that I even considered myself competent to mistrust you, but now, by close application in consequence of your invective cat-o-nine tails, I am beginning to discover my incapacity, and to clearly see how little I really do know, and at the foot of Gamaliel I shall now be thankful for the falling crumbs'.

"The Squire was much pleased by this handsome apology, 'which no gentleman could slight', and observed, 'I was myself half inclined to apologize for my original warmth, but, on further consideration, I merely remarked, that I was much pleased to see the once barren and unprofitable tree bringing forth fruit, and that a learned Bishop of the Orthodox Church as by law established had said, "I had rather confess

my ignorance than *falsely* profess knowledge, as it is no shame not to know all things, but it is a just shame to over-reach in anything”.”

Henry Dixon, well known as a sporting writer under the pseudonym “The Druid”, once paid Waterton a visit. They went for a stroll round the lake, and Dixon remarked upon the swarms of water-voles which infested the banks and asked why he did not have them killed.

“Kill my water-rats!” exclaimed the horrified Squire. “They are my greatest comfort, they are the English beaver.”

He told Dixon that whenever “some clown” cut his initials in one of the trees, the carpenter was sent for to remove them and insert a little piece of wood in the place.

They went to see the Twelve Apostles, and the Squire explained that one of them had been broken down in a thunderstorm, and had been spliced up again with iron, and was thereafter known as Judas Iscariot—“I hear it groaning like a turbulent spirit when the wind is high”.

Waterton told Dixon a small anecdote of his schooldays, how he once wanted to hatch out a bird’s egg, and so placed it in his armpit and then tied up his arm in a sling. All went well until he was, as he said, within a few days of becoming a mother, when a schoolfellow pushed him and broke the egg.

Dixon was interested in prize cattle but not in birds, so that he found it somewhat tiresome to be almost dragged out of doors after nightfall in October to stand to listen to the quacking of mallards and the calls of other water-fowl.

One statement of his is surprising, that “the late Archbishop of Canterbury frequently visited Walton Hall”, and Dixon suggested that the Prelate “must have smiled when he ascended the noble staircase, to encounter among the many cases of humming-birds, toucans, and other results of his Wanderings, the ‘English Reformation, Zoologically Illustrated’; John Knox as Old Nick, and Titus Oates, Cranmer, and Bishop Burnett illustrated by reptiles of the lowest order”. But he confesses “you cannot feel angry with the old man for relieving his mind in this characteristic exhibition of

his opinion. Moreover, Mr. Waterton was a very earnest and religious man, and if he did ridicule Protestantism in his own harmless way, he would have been kindly and respectful and loyal even to Queen Bess if she could have called upon him, just as he was to the Archbishop of Canterbury. You thought only of his deep devotion when you saw him bend his shrunken form before the Eucharist and heard him bear his part at Vespers in the Hymn of St. Bernard."

"The Druid" gives one the impression that he was not altogether at home with the Squire, despite his highly appreciative account of him.

For one thing, he found him too stubbornly in favour of his own pet theories.

The Squire possessed a picture of a prize bull of which he was very proud. As Dixon was, probably, the greatest living judge of pedigree cattle, and had just come from inspecting Mr. Bruers's famous herd at Braithwaite, the Squire thought it would be interesting to hear the expert's opinion of his picture.

Unfortunately, Dixon was too honest to pretend the bull in the picture was anything but second-class, and this much hurt the Squire's feelings.

DR. HOBSON AND OTHERS

WATERTON was a firm believer in orthodox medicine and the friend of many doctors, but was broad-minded enough to regard bone-setting as a reputable art.

This regard for the unorthodox was strengthened after an accident which happened to him when he was nearly seventy years of age.

One day he was pruning a pear tree and was standing on the very top of a tall ladder when it slipped and threw him heavily to the ground.

He was slightly concussed but otherwise apparently not injured beyond some severe bruising of one arm.

However he was taking no risks, so on returning to the house he opened a vein and removed thirty ounces of blood, and followed this up with a strong aperient. This heroic treatment proved disappointing, for each day his arm grew more stiff, withered, and useless, and the pain prevented him from sleeping or eating.

The leading practitioners of Leeds were called in, but his arm only got steadily worse.

His nights were disturbed by terrifying dreams. He was eternally fighting wild beasts, with a club in one hand, the other being bound up to his chest. One night he dreamed that nine bull-dogs attacked him in the high road, some with the heads of crocodiles.

He became so ill and suffered so much pain that at last he seriously considered having his arm amputated, and probably would have done so but for the advice of his keeper, Ogden, who assured his master he would certainly die unless he called in Joseph Crowther the bone-setter.

Waterton took his advice, and on Lady Day the aged and well-known bone-setter, whose family had exercised their art for generations, came to see him.

He at once diagnosed a dislocation of the elbow-joint, and after a prolonged and extremely painful course of manipulation he reduced the dislocation and the Squire regained the use of his arm.

Waterton had learned his lesson. Never again, he declared, would he trust himself to a ladder when mounting a tree.

Waterton was something of a "quack" himself. He liked nothing better than to dose his household and retainers, and was always ready, if they would submit to the operation, to bleed them.

His self-assumed medical practice extended even beyond the high wall of the park, where "Squire Waterton's Pills" were well known and held in high repute amongst the neighbouring poor.

As a patient when ill, the Squire was apt to be what is sometimes described as a "handful". All his minor ailments he treated himself, by copious bleeding and rigorous purging. When these failed he called in Dr. Hobson of Leeds.

One of the doctor's most difficult problems was to professionally attend the Squire during a Church fast. Even in his extreme old age he refused utterly, however ill and weak he might be, to mitigate by one iota the strict rules ordained by the Catholic Church.

In spite of priest or doctor, Waterton would rigorously observe the rules of his Church in regard to fasting.

Otherwise, when seriously ill, he faithfully carried out Dr. Hobson's orders, except that he would, under no consideration whatever, go to bed.

"Reclining on a sofa was the utmost concession that could be obtained, and that was yielded with by no means a good grace."

One cannot but sympathize with a doctor who on ordering his patient to rest is met with:

"Corpori tantum indulgeas quantum bonae valetudini satis est."

Dwelling on this subject in his memoirs, Dr. Hobson wrote:

"On personally remonstrating with Mr. Waterton, and contending in a somewhat admonishing tone, that his advanced age necessitated a more liberal diet, less physical exertion, and a diminution of mental labour, he would with the utmost apparent gravity observe:—'Age! Well, my dear fellow, I am scarcely yet in the prime of life, this question can be mooted many years hence.'

"Or he would take an opposite tack, remarking that I was in error in supposing that increased years required more liberal diet; on the contrary he would say, and on more than one occasion has quoted Cicero as his authority for disputing the soundness of my advice, '*Habeo senectuti magnam gratiam, quae mihi sermonis aviditatem auxit, potionis et cibi sustulit*'. I owe many thanks to old age, which has increased my eagerness for conversation, but has diminished my hunger and thirst."

Once the Protestant Dr. Hobson, perhaps thoughtlessly, perhaps purposely, invited the Squire to dine with him during Lent; the reply runs:

"You will have learned from the pastoral lips of your D.D., that we have not quite arrived at mid-Lent, therefore you may be sure that the Pope's padlock is still on my grinders."

One of the Squire's lifelong foibles was never to accept a gift, although he himself was the soul of generosity.

Dr. Hobson recounts—rather pompously, as was his way—how he once persuaded him to break this rule.

"On one occasion, his fondness for what he termed 'a bit of surgery' upset his hitherto firm determination not to be a recipient. On my arrival alone one day unexpectedly at Walton Hall, I observed a countenance evidently betraying anxiety to enter into some explanation which was painful to him, and the moment I was seated he said: 'I am, my dear sir, very very solicitous that all nonsensical professional etiquette should be hurled to the bottom of the sea until you can accomplish a wish that sorely distresses me. It is that you would condescend to soil the M.D. by opening an abscess for a poor,

poverty-stricken but amiable patient of mine. I have carefully examined it, and I assure you that it wants digging into very much.'

"I replied: 'If the case be one of absolute poverty, and the abscess is in the condition and situation you represent, there can be neither difficulty nor impropriety in your opening it.'

"This reply was just what the Squire wanted, as his object was to get what he considered a legitimate privilege 'to do a bit of surgery'."

In fact, he had long yearned for such an opportunity in order to practically exercise a vocation of the character.

"This is one step gained," he observed, "but I have no surgical instrument proper for the purpose."

"I drew a Syme's knife from my pocket which I generally carry with me to supply a country surgeon, in case of urgent need.

"The Squire's eyes glistened with delight as he admired the form of the knife. He evidently luxuriated in anticipation of the exploit in prospect.

"I thought this a happy occasion to get him to receive a trifle from his friend, and therefore presented him with the Syme's knife, on condition that he would keep it to be ready for future operations if required, not supposing that he was alive to my inward thoughts.

"He immediately replied with a smile, 'You have tackled me on one of my many failings, I accept the knife with many thanks, it will be invaluable to me' . . . and was ever afterwards proud of 'his operating knife'."

Waterton's health and vitality were amazing. This, he maintained, was due to his abstemiousness and to his frequent blood-letting. His abstemiousness was not confined to his rule never to drink alcohol: he ate little and of the simplest kind, and never smoked. His hearing was good, and he never owned a pair of spectacles. He never sat in an armchair, and would always walk rather than drive in a carriage. He never, even when over eighty years of age, rested for one hour during the day. When remonstrated with by the doctor, he would reply, "*Labor ipse voluptas*", and continue to

skin a bird or cut down a tree or whatever work he was doing.

This practice of self-venesection began in Guiana.

He was first "depleted by venesection" when suffering from pneumonia at the age of eighteen; and such was the relief he obtained after each operation that when he went to British Guiana he persuaded the surgeon at Georgetown, Dr. Marshall, to instruct him "according to the rules of art" to perform this operation on himself.

Dr. Hobson "repeatedly witnessed the Squire operate on himself with the lancet, using either the right or the left hand as dexterously as if he were a practised expert.

"In bleeding himself, he was seldom satisfied or obtained sufficient relief, until he had drawn from sixteen to twenty ounces of blood.

"He would never permit anyone to render the least assistance in tying up his arm on such occasions; and would receive no help of any description whatever from anyone excepting his servant, whom he designated his 'cup-bearer', allowing him, as a sort of favour, now and then to hold the basin into which the blood flowed; but usually he insisted on supporting it himself.

"In the most delicate manipulations of any kind he notoriously excelled, having fingers as nimble, as pliable, and as sensitive as those of a well-bred lady.

"With one hand and his teeth he tidily bound up his own arm preparatory to wielding the lancet, which was not always in the best order. With either right or left hand he opened a vein without the least difficulty when furnished with an instrument in good condition, and was equally skilful in applying his compress and fillet. The amount of blood taken, entirely depended on the relief obtained in respiration and general feeling. He was not at all influenced by any particular number of ounces of blood.

"The Squire's rule was, not to close the vein until he could freely expand the chest, and allow this expansion to be made without suffering the least pain.

"I may add, that on one occasion, when sent for to see

Mr. Waterton late in the evening, I found him suffering from very acute pain, and vainly trying to bleed himself. He repeatedly punctured the arm, but always ineffectually as regarded getting a flow of blood.

"On an examination of his lancet, I found the edge, if it could be said to have one, was so blunt that it shirked the vein every time he punctured the arm. I therefore set it for him on a common slate-stone. He then used his lancet with the utmost precision, and succeeded at once.

"The Squire greatly astonished me by never in the least degree flinching, when he repeatedly pierced his arm with so blunt an instrument. On explaining to him the danger of such bungling operative practice, he replied after his humorous fashion, 'Teach your grandmother to suck eggs. How could any mortal readily open a vein with an instrument that had been from under his care for the three previous months, and, during that period, had been the common corn-cutting hack for the servant girls of the establishment?' . . .

"I have, over and over, again and again, entreated the Squire to deal less extravagantly in what he termed 'tapping the claret'; and although I sometimes prevailed upon him to restrain his hand for a short period, yet in my absence his resolution generally failed him, and he reluctantly, I believe, yielded to a feeling which he really did endeavour vigorously to combat, but was seldom able to conquer.

"Even in his eightieth year, he did not hesitate to take away from twenty to twenty-four ounces of blood, with not merely temporary freedom from all suffering, but with all the permanent benefit that could be desired. It is very surprising that the largest bleeding never appeared in the least degree to enfeeble him.

"If, previously to venesection, he had been so ill, oppressed, and prostrate, as not to be able to leave the house, he invariably, after his arm was tied up, became sprightly, and in his usually cheerful and merry mood, and was able to make his elbows meet behind him, which he could always do when in good fettle."

In the year 1863, when he was eighty-one years old, Waterton told his friend J. G. Wood, that he had been bled one hundred and sixty times, mostly by his own hand.

The agility of the old Squire was quite extraordinary. One striking instance of this, recorded by the observant Dr. Hobson, has already been referred to, when Waterton at the age of seventy-seven scratched the back of his head with the big toe of his right foot.

Two years later the physician was lost in admiration when his old friend and patient "in one of his jocose moods, after taking a run of fifteen yards, bounded over a stout wire fence, without touching it with either hand or foot, and this I very carefully measured to three feet six inches in height—a callisthenic feat which probably not one person in ten thousand could accomplish at so advanced an age".

The doctor then goes on to recount another and even more astounding feat of dexterity and daring.

"I have frequently, in painful suspense and much against my own inclination, seen the Squire, when beyond seventy years of age, leap on one leg along the brink of a rock forming the highest terrace in the Grotto, whilst the other leg was dangling over the chasm below; and, when thus hopping at a rapid rate, he would whirl himself entirely round in the air, and dropping on the other foot, would return again by hopping back on the contrary leg.

"On cautioning him, he would reply, '*Non de ponte cadit qui cum sapientia vadit*', 'He falls not from the bridge who walks with prudence'.

"I have said to him, when painfully affected by his uncalled-for freaks and thus exposing himself to danger, 'Some of these follies will be the death of you; pray do not commit suicide in my presence'; when he replied, 'Don't be alarmed, there is no fear that you would be accused of being my murderer; our friendship is too notorious for a supposition of that sort, even in the present corrupt and destructive age'."

This anecdote reminds Dr. Hobson of yet another instance of the Squire's amazing nimbleness.

"I have seen the Squire repeatedly sitting on the grass or

on the carpet cross-legged, as tailors will sit on their work-boards, when he would, to the astonishment and great delight of any surrounding friends, rise up into an erect position, without touching the ground with either hand. His power and consequent agility in the lower limbs were marvellous, having the best formed leg and the finest muscular development I ever saw, whilst the transverse capacity of the chest was somewhat defective; at all events, it was not proportionate with the lower extremities, which were enormous, but beautifully formed."

One thing leads to another in Dr. Hobson's memoirs, and not unnaturally the subject of legs should remind him of ankles, and so of a day when "the Squire casually consulting me relative to what he termed 'an unseemly swelling of the ankles in a gentleman in the prime of life, and on the look-out for a buxom widow, or a fat, fair and forty-five lady', I observed that the calf being so enormously brawny rendered the ankles less unseemly than they otherwise would have been, when immediately he facetiously rejoined:

"'Harry, I cannot think', says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not recollect", says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry"'"

This impromptu was too good for this "Dr. Boswell" to miss, so he immediately asked the Squire to give him a copy, which he did, writing the lines in pencil on the back of an old letter placed on his hat.

Charles Waterton was possessed, according to Dr. Hobson, of considerable inventive genius.

"He had for a considerable period conceived some crude and ill digested idea, that the act of flying was within his grasp, and that in a short time he would become a second Pegasus in execution.

"Under this surprisingly delusive impression, he invented and manufactured duplicates of a peculiar character of mechanism as substitutes for natural wings, to be fixed on each arm, and to be united by their surrounding the thoracic and dorsal portion of the trunk.

"How the Squire proposed to dispose of his lower extremities he did not explain to me, but I remember he stated that a man's legs, however symmetrically formed, were inconveniently 'long and heavy for an atmospheric trip, unless they could have something more sustaining than air on which to rest, or to sustain the lever they represent, and consequently, were too unwieldy and unmanageable to be of any service to the aeronaut in navigating the atmosphere'; adding, that the only time during his life he had found his legs in the way, was when he attempted to fly."

Fortunately for the Squire, he was "clipped and healed" at his first attempt, from the roof of the barn, by the opportune arrival on the scene of "an intimate friend, 'Alicui toto pectore deditus'", who accidentally walked into the farmyard and persuaded the Squire to descend by ordinary methods.

He enjoyed a joke as much as any man, and was never above playing a practical one on his somewhat pompous old friend, Hobson.

"To shew the playful levity of my octogenarian friend I may mention a circumstance which occurred without a moment's warning of a very unexpected nature.

"In the north-east corner of the front entrance hall of the mansion stood a table on which to place the hats, great coats, gloves, etc., of arriving visitors, which was covered by a large cloth, hanging down to the floor.

"On seeing me drive up to the bridge in front of the house, the Squire once secretly crept on all fours like a dog under the table, waiting my arrival in the hall, in order that I might place my great coat etc. etc. upon this table; and whilst I was thus unsuspectingly engaged, he had in his private retreat commenced to growl like a savage dog behind the cloth, and had seized my legs in such a practically canine manner, that I really had no idea at the time, but that some fierce dog was attacking my lower extremities."

For once the Squire had gone too far.

Dr. Hobson could enjoy a joke, even if it was not a very good joke, but there are limits.

After all, a Leeds consulting physician has his pride and

dignity like any other professional gentleman, and he let the dog-impersonator clearly understand that he had been not only scared but insulted.

Immediately, Waterton was overwhelmed by remorse and most humbly begged pardon of his old friend.

Having paid his visit to the patient upstairs, and while the butler was helping him on with his greatcoat, Dr. Hobson found that the pockets had been stuffed with apples, pears and filberts, and on entering his carriage discovered a further supply of eggs and other edibles.

All was well, and twenty years of friendship remained unbroken.

When we consider the Squire's fondness for climbing tall trees and high buildings, or performing acrobatic feats such as hopping on one foot along perilous balustrades, it is difficult to understand his refusal to allow the famous Blondin permission to walk the tight-rope across the lake at Walton Park in 1862.

It sounds just the sort of dangerous and yet rather spectacular affair that Waterton would have approved of, and in fact would have wanted to take part in himself.

After all, he was only eighty years of age and still thought nothing of swarming to the top of a tall tree to examine a bird's nest.

Certainly the lake was admirably suited for such an exhibition, for thousands of spectators could have watched the acrobat from the gently rising banks of the lake, or, as Dr. Hobson has it, "the surrounding grounds, being of so amphitheatrical a configuration——"

The doctor was of the opinion that the Squire's refusal was due to fear that the vast concourse of visitors might cause damage to his property, but he had never had cause to complain of the behaviour of the innumerable holiday-makers whom he allowed to spend a happy day in the park, not even the inmates of the Wakefield Asylum.

These latter were particular favourites with the Squire. Twice every summer they arrived, two hundred of them, all imbeciles except Dr. Cleaton, the Superintendent, who brought

them. In the case of all the other parties it was the rule of the Squire to keep well aloof until his guests were about to leave, when he would appear before them and stand bare-headed while they sang and gave their hearty huzzas. But in the case of the Wakefield lunatics he broke his rule and spent the whole day either rowing small parties of them about the lake or else dancing with them on the lawn, and ending up a glorious day by sitting down with them to a dinner in the Grotto.

In the evening two hundred tired but happy, "even tranquilized", lunatics would return to their asylum with a glorious, happy memory to last them until the next outing.

John Davis Cleaton was a very dear friend of the Squire's, and a distinguished member of the medical profession.

He was Medical Director and Superintendent of the West Riding Mental Hospital at Wakefield from 1859 until his appointment as a Commissioner in Lunacy seven years later. During these years the entire asylum was transformed under his brilliant administration to become not only of national but of European fame, for the treatment of the insane and for the prosecution of scientific research. He introduced such humanitarian innovations as weekly dances, music and glee singing; he also formed a choir and a band of twenty-two performers who played at the Walton Hall picnics. The high standard of the asylum was maintained by his successor, Sir James Crichton-Browne, and it still holds its place of honour amongst English mental hospitals.

Although Waterton was uninterested in dogs, it might have been thought that, as a past follower of Lord Darlington's fox-hounds, he would take an interest in horse-flesh.

This was not the case. Indeed it was a cause of no little humiliation to his sporting doctor that "if a horse stood upon a short leg, and had short and nearly upright pasterns, and carried a good head and tail, he was, in the eye of the Squire, perfection".

And nothing that Dr. Hobson could say would alter the Squire's opinion. "You could never convince Mr. Waterton that a lady's pad should stand on a somewhat longer and less

upright pastern than a hack destined to carry a gentleman's weight, or that a more lengthened and oblique pastern contributed greater elasticity and resiliency of spring than the short and upright pastern did."

Though the Squire took little interest in his horses when in good health, beyond making windows between their loose-boxes for neighbourly conversation, it was quite another story when they were ill, or when they appeared to him to be ill. Never mind which, or what the illness was, the remedy was the same, and the medicine which was good for the master was good for his horse.

Out came the lancet, and half a pail of blood would be drawn off, to be followed by a drachm each of calomel and tartarized antimony.

According to the doctor, who prided himself on his knowledge of horses, the ailment which most often afflicted the Squire's horses was sheer starvation.

"Whilst he was liberal of oats beyond measure to my horses, he was in the same ratio parsimonious to his own, contending in unaffected sincerity, that a great many horses were ruined by conceited and empty-headed grooms who believed that all diseases arose from a want of oats, and that all diseases were prevented and cured by their inordinate exhibition."

The Squire's friend, Dr. Hobson, who was a pioneer in photography, took several photographs of Walton Hall and the park, but the Squire always refused point-blank to be included.

His admirers often wrote asking him for his photograph, and here is a letter in reply to one when he was eighty-two:

"WALTON HALL,
"February 3, 1864.

"MY DEAR FATHER LOMAX,

"I am sadly bothered with a quertan ague, which sticks to my old ribs like resin to a fiddle-stick. But for this I would have answered your very kind letter sooner.

"Pray excuse my not sending you a photograph. I have

not one to send: and what is more, I shall never send one; as I have sworn by old Nimrod the huntsman, that I will never submit my ugly old phiz to the tomfoolery of exposing it to an interview with either the sun or the moon, and I may add, the dog-star.

"As for my dear patron St. Francis, I will make it up to him in another way more congenial to my feelings."

Another letter, which he wrote five days after the last, though it has nothing in it about being photographed, is included because it gives his views on gamekeepers and their evil ways. It is addressed to Alfred Ellis, Esq., and dated February 8, 1864.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Attacks of ague, botherments and other trivial occurrences, have prevented me from answering sooner your favour of the 26th.

"We have great quantities of wild fowl here but scarcely any fieldfares. I have not seen a dozen as yet.

"This, I attribute to the want of food, as our blockhead dandy farmers crop their hedges down to the size of gooseberry trees, so that there is neither shelter nor aliment for them.

"Add to this the perpetual attacks of gunners upon them to obtain them for the pot. I am fully of opinion that there can be plenty of game and plenty of what keepers term *varment* in the same district.

"But keepers are miserable savages; and they do more harm to our fauna, than can possibly be imagined.

'Non saevior illis—pestis.'

"I have tried the question for a long series of years. One year I had a heron's nest, a carrion-crow's nest, a magpie's nest, an owl's nest, a blackbird's nest, a wild duck's nest and a redstart's nest and a pheasant's nest all within two hundred yards of each other.

"Last year I had six young barn owls, one brood of jackdaws and a redstart's nest, all in the hollow of a large oak tree.

And these tenants entered the tree at the same door. In fact there was only one hole for entrance. This I witnessed with my own eyes.

"Cannot you come and spend a few days with me? I want to talk to you about the Nile."

Two posthumous busts of Waterton were executed, one by Waterhouse Hawkins, the other by Henry Ross.

Norman Moore, who knew Waterton in his last few years, said of these two busts that "the former represents him in a coat and buttoned-up waistcoat,—a fashion he never adopted. It gives the true idea of the general aspect of his head and the shape of his forehead, but the mouth is very unlike.

"Mr. Ross's bust leaves the throat and chest bare. It has more vigour than that of Mr. Hawkins, but both sculptors have failed to catch the true expression, and Waterton's saint-like and love-inspiring smile will be preserved only in the minds of those who knew him."

The bust by Hawkins is now with the Linnean Society; the other, by Ross, is in the possession of Sir Alan Moore.

There is a pencil drawing of Waterton as an old man, standing in a characteristic attitude, warming himself before the fire at Stonyhurst. This was drawn from life by Percy Fitzgerald, and is in the National Portrait Gallery. It appears as the tailpiece to this book.

Waterton was the author of four published books: *Wanderings in South America*, and three volumes of *Essays*; though he wrote numerous articles on natural history for periodicals, the principal one being Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*.

Now and again he published a pamphlet at his own expense for private circulation. They have become very scarce and I have been able to trace copies of only four.

The title of the first is *Maynooth College*, and it was printed in Wakefield in 1836.

It is a "powerful and fighting appeal" in favour of the Irish College, and he asks those readers who feel moved to do so to sign a petition "lying in Mr. Stanfield's shop at Wakefield". Another, *A Letter to the Church of England*, is

an answer to "Parson Gregg's unprovoked attack on the Catholic Religion at Willis' Rooms, Wakefield".

This was printed and published at Wakefield in 1837. It may be described as being one of Waterton's "pungent" letters. On glancing through it, such expressions catch the eye as—in reference to the Church of England: "Tottering Harridan", "acts of reprisal of", "sanguinary career of that old swine Harry" (King Henry VIII), "Mrs. Thirty-nine is so rotten, so putrid".

This "powerful" tract appears to have silenced Parson Gregg for good and all.

Another pamphlet—on the *Reformation*: Wakefield 1838—contains this reference to Queen Elizabeth: "The supposed chastity of this Low-Church she-pope will not bear investigation".

The fourth is a *Letter to the Right Honorable Robert Peel* from the Author of the *Wanderings in South America*. Wakefield, 1829.

All of these pamphlets are full-blooded defences of the Roman Catholic religion, and they suggest to a Protestant reader a century later that the writer of them was a devout and stalwart champion of his Church, but apt, perhaps, to allow his zeal for his faith to outrun his sense of proportion.

AT HOME

BY no means all the visitors to Walton Hall who went there to see over the museum were naturalists, and to these others, the principal attractions in the exhibition were not the preserved birds, quadrupeds, and reptiles, but the freaks.

These curious evidences of the Squire's impish mind still exist in perfect preservation in the Waterton museum at Stonyhurst College.

Most of them are grotesque in the extreme, being formed by skilfully grafting part of one reptile to part of another. Some of them are truly repulsive in their hideousness, and almost frightening.

They remind one of the forbidding monsters so often depicted in ancient ecclesiastic scenes of hell: in fact, this impression is so marked that it seems probable that such pictures gave Waterton the strange idea. They are nothing else but nightmares under glass cases. The notorious Non-descript probably started him off in this very unscientific side-track of taxidermy: that joke of his was the first of its kind.

Most of these monstrosities are meant to represent some outstanding Protestant notability at the time of the Reformation.

To the loyal Waterton any enemy of the "infallible Church" was his enemy and deserved no quarter.

Certainly he gave none.

And yet, with all his vehemence and ruthlessness, there was always an undercurrent of sprightly good humour beneath the surface, even in these terrible uncouth dwarfs. John Knox is there, in the shape of a black frog, while the arch-traitor Titus Oates, six times expelled from institutions of learning

and religion, one the Jesuit College at St. Omer, takes the form of a particularly repulsive-looking toad.

Queen Elizabeth is let off fairly lightly as a lizard. A political freak is *Old Mr. Bull in Trouble*. This is a monkey, covered by the shell of a tortoise; and bowed down by a sack, *Diabolus bellicosus*, the £800,000,000 of National Debt.

A favourite with the Squire was a creature called *Noctifer*, or *The Spirit of the Dark Ages*. This was made up of the breast and legs of a bittern, neatly joined up with the head and wings of an eagle owl.

The skill, ingenuity, care and patience employed over their construction may have been energy wasted, but the same cannot be said of the legitimate specimens.

Even after all these years, well over a century, they are just as the naturalist left them, except that in some cases the brighter colours have faded. The attitudes, particularly of the birds, are life-like and could only have been produced by a skilful taxidermist who was also a true naturalist. And not a single one is stuffed. Every one is simply a hollow skin, hardened by corrosive sublimate and nothing more.

Not a shred of cotton-wool has been used, not a wire in leg or wing or elsewhere.

The process, long and laborious, need not be gone into, beyond mentioning the two principal factors which comprise the method invented by Waterton for preserving the skins of birds and animals.

After carefully removing the skin and cleaning it of every trace of flesh and integument, it was soaked for a very long period in a solution of corrosive sublimate. When this stage was completed, the skin was allowed to become almost dry and was moulded into its original shape by means of a rod or stick worked from the inside. A little was done each day, adjusting a group of feathers here, coaxing a wing-cover or tail there. The process of completing a single bird skin took several weeks.

Waterton's system died with him, but although no taxidermist to-day follows his method, he revolutionized the art by shewing that it was possible to make a stuffed bird look

like a living bird, instead of the grotesque travesties of nature which used to disgrace the natural history museums of his day.

He was a great believer in corrosive sublimate; he found that it hardened the skins of birds, quadrupeds, serpents, fish and insects, and preserved them from the ravages of moths and other insects, so he saw no reason why it should not be put to other uses. Whenever he bought a new top-hat, and every gentleman in his time continually wore a beaver, he gave it a good soaking in corrosive sublimate solution.

When his friends remonstrated with him for spoiling the appearance of a new hat, he explained that the corrosive sublimate made it waterproof.

He soaked his coats and trousers in the solution and treated the cushions of his carriages with it, as well as the furs and bonnet feathers of his sisters-in-law.

No doubt when caught in a downpour, it was a consolation to those gentle ladies to know that anyhow their muffs and bonnets were proof against the rain.

Dr. Hobson, who was exceedingly correct in his dress, as became a leading medical man practising among the élite of the West Riding, was much put out over the Squire's shabbiness. Not only was the top-hat a disgrace to any country gentleman, but he took no pride whatever in his clothes. Strangers to the Hall often mistook the Squire for one of his own gardeners.

His shoes also were generally in a dilapidated condition. Not once, but many times, did the doctor remonstrate with his friend over his disgraceful apparel, but what hope was there of improvement when the delinquent, with a sweet smile, would quote Cicero, whose advice, he said, he always followed: "*Adhibenda est munditia, non odiosa, neque exquisita nimis, tantum, quae fugiat agrestem, ac inhumanam negligentiam.*"

Sometimes the Squire's disregard for his personal appearance led to diverting mistakes.

On one occasion he went on foot to call on Lady Pilkington at Chevet, a few miles off. It was a hot, dusty day, and when

he arrived there, he certainly was not very smart in appearance. A new footman came to admit him, and not in the least suspecting it could be the lord of Walton Hall, directed him to the back entrance. The Squire, who thoroughly enjoyed the situation, entered the kitchen and humbly requested the cook to "tell her ladyship that an old man is waiting to see her".

Lady Pilkington accordingly came down, though without much haste, and was horrified to find her dear and honoured friend modestly seated on one of her kitchen chairs.

On another occasion, the Squire was loitering leisurely along the road near the village, when a countryman accosted him, saying, "Good morning, my man, can you direct me to the Hall belonging to Squire Watterton? I want to try to buy some wood of him, but they tell me he is a queer old chap if he happens to be the wrong side out; do you happen to know aught of him?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the Squire, "I know him well. In fact, no one in the neighbourhood knows him better, or is so much in his company as I am. He is as queer as Dick's hat-band; you will have to get up early in the morning if you mean to get to the blind side of the old Squire."

"Well," rejoined the countryman, "this is a lucky hit; you are the very man for me; come into 'the public' and I'll stand a pint of beer, and bread and cheese also, if you will make it worth my while."

Watterton civilly declined the proffered bribe by saying that he had already breakfasted, and advised the countryman to have nothing to do with "the old chap", but to go direct to the woodman.

The woodman was found; the purchase made; and as the countryman and the woodman were returning through the park, they accidentally came on the Squire.

The countryman was so highly satisfied with his purchase that he could not refrain from tipping a sly and grateful wink to his accomplice for having recommended him "to have nothing to do with the old chap".

All would have passed off satisfactorily if just then the

woodman had not, to the horror and consternation of the countryman, stopped and touched his hat to the Squire.

The cat was now out of the bag, but the countryman's stammering attempts at an apology were cut short by the Squire, who ordered the woodman to take him up to the Hall and entertain him well.

All his life he wore, "on extraordinary occasions", the blue swallow-tail coat with gold buttons, but when at home, working in the park, he changed into "a brown jacket without skirts, very wide trousers, worsted stockings, and shoes that were always worn so loose on the foot, that he could, by giving his leg a sudden jerk, throw them a considerable distance in any direction he might desire, and which singular exploit he delighted to perform when in happy harmony with all around him".

This little exploit came in usefully when the Squire was about to climb a tree, for he always went up in his socks, so as to benefit by the full use of his toes.

What worried Dr. Hobson most about the Squire's appearance was his "shocking bad hat". Not only had it been well soaked in corrosive sublimate when new, but he never allowed his hats to be brushed.

The doctor, on one occasion, tried by subtle means to rectify this. It was when the Squire was dining with him that he gave his servant orders to carefully sponge the Squire's hat with weak vinegar and water while they were at dinner, and then to thoroughly brush it until "its outward aspect had undergone an entire change, in my opinion for the better". When about to return home, Mr. Waterton took up his hat in the entrance-passage many times and as often put it down again, in evident doubt, distrust, and apparent distress—at last observing, under a countenance of some irritation, and in a tone of indubitable displeasure, "Now this is really too bad; some one has taken away my hat, leaving in its place a Miss Nancy looking concern, which none but some fashionable Tom Fool would put on his head".

Seeing that the Squire was becoming annoyed, Dr. Hobson thought it time to confess, and told him it was indeed his own

hat but that he "had desired it to be brushed up a little, and to convince him, pointed out the letters, C. W., written by himself in the interior of the hat".

The little stratagem had failed; the Squire was not amused.

"Dr. Hobson," said the irate Squire, "if any other person had taken such a liberty with my hat I should never have forgiven him, and I hope you will never do so again, as you have completely ruined my long-worn and favourite beaver."

Waterton's refusal ever to wear evening dress, or indeed the ordinary cut of clothes fashionable in his time, but always his famous blue tail-coat and gold buttons, once lost him the privilege of an introduction to Pope Gregory XVI.

Etiquette demanded that if a uniform could not be worn, the presentee must appear in ordinary evening dress.

Now, had Waterton qualified as Deputy-Lieutenant, he could have followed the usual custom and worn that uniform, but as he had refused to do so, evening dress was the only alternative.

He refused to put on, even for so important an occasion, evening dress, and so lost the presentation. Another time, however, the difficulty was overcome in a very characteristic manner.

He remembered his commission in the Demerara militia, but he had no uniform and there was no time to have one made. So with the help of some naval friends, one of them Captain Marryatt, his blue coat with its gold buttons was made to look like a uniform, by fitting on a pair of epaulettes, so that with a naval captain's cocked hat and a sword he was able to attend the Audience.

It is not surprising that a man so outspoken as the Squire and so ready to take offence, often at the mildest expression of criticism, should now and again have had quarrels, but, although quick to take umbrage, he was at heart a gentle and forgiving soul.

Few of his squabbles lasted for long, and he was always ready to forget and to forgive.

But not quite always.

There was one aspersion which even the great-hearted

and good-humoured Squire could not stomach. A closet naturalist, Professor Robert Jameson, referred to him in print as "the eccentric Waterton". The Squire was so deeply hurt by that "eccentric" that we may be sure the professor would never have used it if he had guessed how much his unlucky phrase would haunt the honest old gentleman.

Whenever this topic came up, as it frequently did, while he strolled about his park with one of his guests, the Squire would pause in his eager talk about the birds and trees and beasts he loved so well and demand to know if he were eccentric.

"But no," he would answer himself, "it is a vulgar calumny. I am the most ordinary, the most commonplace of men. It would be impossible for me to do an eccentric thing, so ordinary am I."

And then, kicking off his shoes, he would add, "But come, my dear friend, let us forget this fellow, *monstrum horrendum, informe*. Mount with me to the top of this noble elm. I want to show you a sparrowhawk's nest."

And up the octogenarian Squire would go, barefooted, on account of his "prensile" toes, as nimbly as a middy up the rigging.

Miss Edith Sitwell, an ardent admirer of Waterton, aptly put the case when she wrote:

"He was an eccentric only as all great gentlemen are eccentric, by which I mean that their gestures are not born to fit the conventions or the cowardice of the crowd."

J. G. Wood, who knew the Squire intimately, wrote with perfect truth:

"It was perhaps eccentric to have strong religious faith, and act up to it. It was eccentric, as Thackeray said, to 'dine on a crust, live as chastely as a hermit, and give his all to the poor'. It was eccentric to come into a large estate as a young man and to have lived to extreme old age without having wasted one hour or one shilling. It was eccentric to give bountifully and never allow his name to appear in a subscription-list. It was eccentric to be saturated with the love of nature. It might be eccentric never to give dinner parties,

preferring to keep an always open house for his friends; but it was an agreeable kind of eccentricity.

"It was eccentric to be ever childlike but never childish. We might multiply instances of his eccentricity to any extent, and may safely say that the world would be much better than it is if such eccentricity were more common."

CHAPTER XXII
A LADY VISITOR

THERE exist several accounts of visits paid to Walton Hall by men, but only one, as far as I can ascertain, of a visit paid by a woman.

In 1861 the Squire, then in his seventy-ninth year, invited Mrs. Pitt Byrne to be his guest, and in May she arrived at Walton Hall, with her maid and with her note-books, to stay for six weeks, and so it is we have a description of the Squire and his home from a woman's point of view.

The story of her visit is to be found in a chatty two-volume work, entitled *Social Hours with Celebrities*, published posthumously in 1898.

Mrs. Pitt Byrne was a Lion-hunter, a close observer of social life, and a born keeper of diaries.

She had recently met with a sad bereavement, and the Squire, hearing of this through a mutual friend, then and there, in his kindly fashion, invited her to come and stay at Walton Hall.

Mrs. Byrne was a sister of Hans Busk "the younger", a remarkable man who, amongst other things, originated the Volunteer movement in England, was famous as a gastronome and opened a school for cooking at South Kensington.

Apparently Mrs. Byrne and the Squire became fast friends at sight, and no doubt her whole-hearted admiration of him must have been highly gratifying to the old gentleman.

Much of what she tells has been recorded before by others, but here and there in the eighty-five pages which she devotes to the Squire there are fresh details which are worth while setting down, as they help to complete his portrait as an old man.

For example, she noted that his favourite authors were

Horace, Cervantes, Dante, Molière, Shakespeare, Sterne, and Byron, from whose writings the Squire was in the habit of quoting in conversation "... he delighted in Sancho's proverbs, which he archly quoted now and again, when he wanted to clinch an argument or illustrate a narrative, when the occasion added its *à-propos* to their drollery".

Mrs. Byrne was impressed, as were so many others, by the Squire's extraordinary memory. "He would often", she wrote, "quote Uncle Toby and would recite whole chapters of the *Sentimental Journey* with real dramatic effect. 'The Franciscan Monk', 'Maria', and 'The Starling' were among his favourites, but most of all 'The Dead Ass'. With these he scarcely ever failed to bring tears to the eyes of his listeners."

Woman-like, Mrs. Byrne gives us, what no male guest ever thought of giving, a description of her bedroom at Walton Hall.

This is it.

"Being shewn upstairs to the quarters destined for my occupation, I found myself in a lofty and spacious room, furnished in that antiquated style which offers a picturesqueness all its own. Its last occupant, I may remark, had been Cardinal Wiseman, who had paid more than one visit to Walton Hall, and, being altogether a congenial spirit, entertained the greatest friendship for the Squire.

"The bedstead was one of those ancient four-posters, examples of which still survive at Holyrood, at Chenonceaux, and in the old *Palazzi* of Italy. Its dimensions were such that a biblical patriarch might perfectly well have slept in it with his *fore-fathers*; the crimson of the satin quilt was mellowed by time, and the fringed and brocaded draperies were festooned with an art, the grace of which is unknown to the modern upholsterer. A large square, bordered carpet covered the middle of the floor, and all round appeared the old black boards shining like a mirror. In the antiquated fireplace blazed a brilliant fire, the glow of which, diffusing itself over the whole room, imparted to it a roseate tint and a warming cheerfulness in keeping with the generous welcome from my

host's lips, but seemed an almost superfluous luxury on a sunny May afternoon. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been natural to feel confused at being the object of so much attention from strangers, but though it penetrated me to a profound degree, the Squire's kindness was bestowed with such tender subtlety, that so far from being in any way oppressive, it only drew the recipient more closely to him.

"I must mention among Walton Hall customs that of burning fires all the year through, and the Squire was so used to this that he thought no room looked bright and homelike, however warm the weather, if the 'cold grate grinned unconscious of a fire'.

"Whenever he came to stay at my house, which was generally in July, I used to make a point of having fires lighted in all the rooms. The only difference he made between summer and winter was that in hot weather all the doors and windows were left open day and night.

"Even the house-door at Walton Hall was never closed, nor were shutters used, perhaps because the house was sufficiently isolated by the lake in the midst of which it stood, perhaps also because the Squire was so much beloved and venerated that no one would have allowed a hair of his head to be touched, yet there were in the house valuables enough in plate, jewellery, curios, etc., to have tempted the 'armed burglar', against whom there was no muscular protection but that of the infirm old Squire himself and the two men-servants who slept in the house; gardeners and stablemen lived out of hearing."

As evidence of the warm friendship kindled between host and guest, the Squire granted Mrs. Byrne the rare privilege of inspecting his bedroom, "an invitation" the flattered lady describes as "not only interesting but a surprise—indeed a succession of surprises".

In case some excuse should be needed for once again portraying the interior of the Squire's attic, this was the most interesting, most personal room in the whole house, and also we learn what impression it made on a lady of wealth and fashion.

"The room to which we ascended was actually in the roof, for, being not even ceiled, it was open to the rafters.

"Across a rope loosely stretched from one side to the other was thrown a striped blanket and some working clothes, among which was an apron with a pocket in front, hung on pegs; beside them two or three rough shelves, one being appropriated to books, while on the other were various bottles of oil, varnish, spirits of wine, etc. Among these were little jars containing pigments, various substances in powder, and boxes holding wire, pins, nails, beeswax, pieces of cork. Above them hung a map of some of the countries the Squire had traversed, and his 'wanderings' were marked on that with a red line, very interesting to trace. . . . I looked curiously round the rough, coarse, and scanty furniture, the worn, shapeless old deal table (on which lay a pheasant under preparation) and three crazy cherry-tree chairs, the deal press and chest of drawers and the unplanned, uncarpeted deal boards.

"I was fairly puzzled; the Squire had called this his 'bed-room' as well as his workshop, but I could discover nothing that would justify the supposition that there could be anywhere within the irregular walls facilities for sleeping, still less for dressing. Toilet accessories I could scarcely believe were represented by the cracked red pan, glazed white inside, which stood on a backless deal chair, and that the substitute for perfumery was a square piece of yellow soap which seemed to live in a broken white earthenware saucer beside it, while a hard, rough jack-towel hung from a roller behind the door. After the survey, which revealed what there was *not* as well as what there was, I hesitatingly ventured to remark on the anomaly of a 'bedroom' lacking the piece of furniture which essentially entitled it to be so called, for I was beginning to wonder whether this misnomer was due to a stretch of imagination, or was a figure of speech. But no; the Squire knew perfectly well what he was talking about.

"'Bed!' said he. 'Aye, aye, that's always a puzzle to the few confidential friends I bring in here; but it's very simple; I'll shew ye how I manage. Life in the wild woods', he con-

tinued, 'teaches us to dispense with many things which encumber us in civilized life, though we get to consider them necessary, but I've long learnt that a bed is an absolutely useless luxury.'

"While speaking, he drew out from some remote corner an oblong block of root oak about two feet long, some nine or ten inches wide, perhaps eight inches deep; it appeared to be worn slightly hollow, and was also much polished in the middle, but I did not guess its employment till the Squire having pulled down the striped blanket I mentioned before, rolled it round him and lay down on the bare boards, for carpet there was none, resting his head on the block by way of illustrating his nightly practice.

"'There,' said he, 'it's soon done and very simple, and I'll answer for it none of you sleep more soundly than I, and after all,' he continued, 'my couch might be even *less* luxurious; don't you remember the story of the old Highland Chief in one of Walter Scott's prefaces, who finding his youngest son, a mere boy, sleeping on the battlefield with a huge snow-ball under his head, kicked it away, exclaiming, "What do ye want wi' a pillow? I'll nae hae such effeeminacy in my family."'"

This spartan rule of the Squire's was apt to lead to surprise and misunderstanding when he slept away from home.

On one occasion when staying with Mrs. Byrne at her London house, feeling tired he went up to his room to "bed" at his usual hour of nine o'clock.

The German maid, not supposing that any guest would retire so early, entered unsuspectingly to take in a can of hot water, when she gave a piercing scream and rushed out again.

On being asked for an explanation of such extraordinary behaviour, the maid breathlessly replied: "Ach Yesus! vell may you ask: I vent into de room, and vat did I see? A long body roll up in a blanket on de floor, and a cray head on a portmanteau."

Mrs. Byrne was initiated by the Squire into the secrets of his method of stuffing animals, and was greatly impressed by the results.

She attributed his success in the art of taxidermy to three gifts, in the following order:

An eye that can see Nature,

A heart that can feel Nature,

A boldness of spirit that can follow Nature;

and then adds this tantalizing remark:

"To a want of the last has been attributed the failure of Gosse", a reference to my grandfather that I wish she had enlarged upon.

Mrs. Byrne appears to have had the entry to all the bedrooms at Walton Hall, and the contrast between that of the father and son is striking, and goes a long way to explain the lack of sympathy between them.

She begins with a description of Edmund Waterton when she first met him, at the age of thirty-one, who appears to have come straight out of one of Ouida's novels:

"At the time of my visit he was just in the prime of life and a splendid specimen of manhood.

"Six feet three in height, and broad-chested in perfect proportion, yet holding himself with conscious ease and grace. The exact correctness and elegance of his dress, his decidedly stylish figure and manner—though not really so polished, perhaps, as his father with his blunt courtesy—made him a sort of anomaly in the old-world mansion. This anomaly was still more apparent in the interior of his apartment. Everything therein betokened a taste for ease and luxury.

"I must confess his correct taste led him to endeavour that all the forms of the furniture and decorations should be made as far as possible in harmony with the date of the building, but draperies, curtains, tapestries and *portières*, pillows and cushions, all of the richest material, abounded; carpets in which the feet were embedded, *fauteuils* and *poufs* into which one sank, and mirrors and *girandoles* corresponding with the decorations; over the mantel-shelf a full-length, life-size portrait of himself in the becoming costume of *Cameriere Segreto*, which well suited his fine figure, and in another room, another portrait of similar dimensions in the equally becoming Highland dress.

"From the ceiling depended a very elegant and costly chandelier of lustrous old glass from Venice; handsomely bound books everywhere, and pipes and cigars in profusion, for Edmund was an inveterate smoker; moreover, all the paraphernalia with which he had surrounded himself, and the jewellery he wore, though in faultless taste, were procured entirely reckless of cost.

"As for natural history, he not only had no proclivities towards it, it even seemed to be his pet aversion! So much for 'atavism'!"

That Edmund regretted his lack of interest in the subject so close to his father, is confessed in a letter he wrote in 1854 to George Ord:

"You will be sorry to hear I have not much taste for Natural History. My natural inclinations lead me to the study of Archaeology, in which I take great pleasure and interest. I have for some years been a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, which ranks second only to the Royal. . . . When I say I have no taste for natural history, I would not have you understand that I dislike it. On the contrary, I only regret that I cannot take the same interest in it that my Father does. I can, however, sufficiently appreciate his invaluable collection of birds."

"A marked annoyance to him", continues Mrs. Byrne, "was his father's indifference to dress and appearances, and nothing irritated him more than to witness the *naïf* amusement of the old man when mistaken for a son of the soil. I do not think, excellent, good-hearted fellow as he was, he cultivated a single taste in common with those of his father."

Although the day began for the Squire before dawn, the rest of the household did not appear until the more reasonable hour of eight sharp, by Sir Thomas More's clock, when, in answer to a bell, they gathered round the breakfast table.

Whether Edmund joined the family at that hour is not recorded, and is unlikely.

But the Squire would be there before the others, crouching

over the fire toasting his own piece of bread. One piece of dry toast and a basin of hot water, in which he put one teaspoonful of tea, a little sugar and no milk, made up his breakfast.

Mrs. Byrne's visit happened to take place during the reign of "Whittie", the colossal tabby cat, who used to sit upon the Squire's knees at breakfast, and lap cream and sugar out of a china bowl which he held for her.

Of the many stories the Squire told Mrs. Byrne, one was about his mother:

"During the period when Catholics were subjected to the most humiliating indignities she was one day driving out with four horses; at the first turnpike she reached she was peremptorily refused a passage through the gate by the toll-keeper, who informed her she was defying the law of the land, Catholics not being allowed to drive four horses.

"The spirited lady remained seated in her carriage by the roadside while, by her orders, her servants unharnessed the horses and took them back to Walton, returning with four bullocks, with which she continued her drive to Leeds."

The old man and his guest used to go for long rambles in the park while he entertained her with stories of his adventures in Guiana or shewed her his various "dodges" for the birds.

It was on one of these walks that Mrs. Byrne made some remark to which she expected a reply, and as none came she turned round, to repeat it.

Imagine her feelings when she discovered he was nowhere in sight, although she felt positive that but a minute before he had been walking by her side.

There was no trace of Mr. Waterton, who seemed to have disappeared into thin air.

Poor Mrs. Byrne was "thrown into the greatest perplexity", and no wonder, and "began to think it was all a dream", when suddenly she heard her name called, and looking up, there was the old gentleman, peeping down at her through the foliage of a tree, which he must have scaled with the agility of a cat.

"It was", she said afterwards, "quite delightful to witness the glee with which he greeted the success of this clever and harmless practical joke. I have been told that he once played the same off on a young lady with whom he was walking on the *coupure* at Ghent."

A favourite walk of the Squire's was to a part of the farm called St. Joseph's Acre. A tenth part of all his revenue went to the poor, but a larger proportion of the produce of St. Joseph's Acre was specially put aside for pious use. This acre was said to produce the best crops of all, particularly large and excellent "flukes" or potatoes, which the Squire used regularly to send to Mrs. Byrne in London.

Much fruit was grown at Walton, but he would only cultivate white strawberries—no other sort was grown.

The Squire kept up one Catholic custom which had been observed by his family at Walton from time immemorial. That was the annual blessing of the fields on Rogation Days, and Mrs. Byrne was fortunate enough to see this picturesque ceremony.

It was a calm, bright, spring morning as "The priest, preceded by two acolytes in scarlet cassocks and short white cottas, walked first, aspersing the soil and chanting the Rogation litanies, the responses being taken up by those who followed. The little procession took its winding way round the farm lands, passing through here and there a copse or a clump of trees, from behind which it might be seen now and again emerging, or crossing a bridge, or gently sweeping round some farm building; the voices, as they chanted, floating on the air with a unison which told of the earnestness and sympathy of all.

"Immediately behind the priest walked the Squire, bare-headed and wearing his goodly eighteenth-century costume, and heading his family and household, these being followed by the farm labourers and the Catholic villagers, delighted with the privilege of being associated in the pious rite."

In the dining-room at Walton Hall hung one of the Squire's most treasured possessions. It was believed to be a portrait of Queen Mary I, and he honoured it accordingly and would

have continued doing so but for the well-meaning but sometimes officious Mrs. Byrne.

One morning at breakfast, after attentively examining it, she boldly declared the picture to be of Queen Elizabeth, and not of her Catholic sister, and pointed out to the Squire her reasons for so thinking.

Waterton rose from his seat, examined it, said nothing, and returned to Whittie and his basin of weak tea.

Next morning, when the family entered the dining-room, there hung the picture—with its face to the wall.

Waterton could not be described as a lover of music, but in one of the lobbies in the hall there was a "fine finger-organ" and it delighted him to get one of his sisters-in-law to play some of the old national airs, especially of Scotland—"Auld Lang Syne" being his favourite.

A custom of his which greatly distressed the ladies of his household was his habit of remaining in his clothes when wet through, although he vehemently condemns this very practice in his writings.

"I have seen him", writes Mrs. Byrne, "come in drenched, in his working clothes, and though about to dress for dinner keep them on, deliberately fetching a footstool and sitting down on it in front of the large morning-room fire, almost lost in a cloud of steam drawn from his wet clothes by the heat. I have more than once, too, seen him mop up water accidentally spilt on the floor, or rain that had come in through a badly closed window, with the sock on his foot and then put it back in his slipper, refusing to dry it at all."

A YOUNG VISITOR

WHEN a man is in his eighty-second year he does not usually form new friendships, but the Squire was to prove the fallacy of this belief.

One September morning, in the year 1863, a short, thick-set young man was striding along the road which runs between Wakefield and Barnsley. When he reached the village of Sandal Magna, some four miles from Wakefield, he turned down a lane to the left, and after walking another mile crossed a bridge over a canal and came to a tall green gate standing between two lodges.

On either side of these lodges ran a high wall, forming the boundary of the Park of Walton Hall.

Each gate-post was surmounted by a globe, and on the inner side of each globe was carved a cross.

The gate was opened by an old woman who directed the stranger to continue along the drive until he came in sight of the Hall.

After proceeding a short way down the drive, the house suddenly appeared in sight, a tall, somewhat severe-looking Georgian mansion, standing upon a small island at the end of a large lake. One side of the lake was thickly wooded, the other consisted of meadow-land.

At the end of the drive was another gate, a green barred one, and not many yards farther yet another, a small one which admitted him to a narrow iron bridge joining the main land to the island.

For a stranger on foot to arrive at Walton Hall without an invitation or even a letter of introduction betokened both courage and determination, for the last part of the journey across the bridge runs in full view of twenty-two windows.

But this young man was full of determination, as his future career was to prove.

After taking notice of a life-size bas-relief of an otter holding a fish in its mouth, the Waterton crest, on the wall above the front door, and a shield bearing the Waterton arms with the motto, "Better kinde fremd than fremde kynd", the stranger was for a moment in doubt what to do next.

The front door was a double one, and on each was a large knocker: one representing a laughing, joyous face, the other a sad one. It may have been a happy augury that induced him to choose the laughing one, for had he taken hold of the other, the sad one, he would have waited on the doorstep in vain to be admitted, for it was one of the Squire's little jokes; however hard it was knocked, it made no sound. However, in answer to his knock on the smiling face, the door was duly opened by a boy in buttons.

While the visitor was explaining that he had walked from Manchester to see over Mr. Waterton's museum, a wizened old man, six foot in height, very thin, and with close-cropped white hair, came to the door and in a kind voice invited him to enter but first to scrape his feet. Then, muttering something about being "very busy", he thrust a catalogue of pictures into the boy's hand and disappeared.

Norman Moore was now left alone to explore the museum to his heart's content. It was typical of him to do the thing thoroughly, not a picture or a stuffed specimen was missed.

He made meticulous notes on this and on all the subsequent visits he paid to Walton Hall. He wrote down what he did, what he saw, what his host did and what his host said. Everything went down on those large foolscap sheets of paper.

In order to miss nothing he began with the wide landing on the top floor, which was reached by a broad, open staircase running up three sides of the great hall.

He commenced with the works of art, then examined, in order, the collection of birds from the market at Rome; the British birds; the foreign birds, mostly from Guiana; the

collection of crustacea, lobsters, crabs, crayfish, etc., and then the various stuffed animals.

He missed nothing, and was a little bewildered by the strange assortment of small monstrosities, bearing on the label, "England's Reformation, Zoologically Illustrated"; and another called, "Old Mr. Bull in Trouble, or *Diabolus bellicosus*".

To the young Quaker, the first was particularly puzzling, though as a close student of the *Wanderings in South America* he recognized the Nondescript as an old acquaintance.

Having at last thoroughly exhausted the exhibition, and closely examined every object, both on the top floor and on the staircase, as well as the stuffed specimens in the hall, he took up his hat and stick and was leaving the house when an old butler arrived, carrying a tray on which was a cold lunch sent by the master.

When he had finished his meal, the polite young man asked the butler if he might see Mr. Waterton to thank him for his kindness.

From that meeting between the sixteen-year-old student and the eighty-two-year-old naturalist a close friendship was formed which was to last until the latter's death.

When he left to walk back to Manchester, Norman Moore took with him an invitation from the Squire to return one day and stay at Walton Hall.

Who was this young man who had so won the Squire's affection and to whom we owe almost everything which is known about the last three years of his life?

Norman Moore was the son of Robert Moore, a barrister, and came of Quaker stock from North Ireland.

He had been put into the cotton trade at Manchester, but as soon as his time was up left it, to enter as a student at Owen's College, with a view to becoming a medical student. In due time he went to Cambridge, and then to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and qualified as a doctor.

He eventually rose in his profession to become President of the Royal College of Physicians of London, a Baronet, and world-famous as the most learned medical-historian of his

time. His name does not occur in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. He shares this contrariwise distinction with other famous men.

No doubt had Norman Moore been an eighteenth-century divine who had published one volume of sermons, the erudite editors of the *Dictionary of National Biography* would have considered him worthy to be included in their list of immortals.

Therefore it is to his son, Sir Alan Moore, that I am indebted for this necessarily brief account of his father's early life.

The present writer had the very great privilege of being one of Sir Norman Moore's pupils at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and so had an opportunity of appreciating his profound knowledge, not only of medicine and of history, but of natural history as well.

It is a strange coincidence that all three of Waterton's biographers were connected with St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Sir Norman Moore was student and physician on the staff for nearly fifty years, and wrote the biography of Waterton which accompanied the 1870 edition of the *Essays* while he was still a student there.

The second, the Reverend J. G. Wood, was chaplain to the hospital from 1856 to 1862. He edited the *Wanderings* in 1879, and wrote a long biographical introduction to it.

From this time onwards Norman was a constant and welcome visitor to Walton Hall, and was, in spite of the sixty-six years' difference between their ages, a close friend of the old Squire; in fact, in his journal he refers to the Squire as "my first intimate friend". He was treated as one of the family, which consisted of Charles Waterton, Miss Eliza and Miss Helen Edmonstone, and their niece Lydia Edmonstone.

In Richard Hobson's book *Charles Waterton: his Home, Habits, and Handiwork*, from which extracts have been taken, the author dwells far too much on the eccentricities of the Squire, and draws an exaggerated picture of his oddities, although this strange and formless volume of reminiscences contains much that is valuable and amusing.

When it appeared in 1866, shortly after the Squire's death,

the family was deeply shocked by it, and it received a scathing review in *The Zoologist*, written by Edward Newman, the editor.

He accused Hobson of making out Waterton, who "died full of years and full of honour", to be a buffoon, and of drawing a picture of a very eccentric and particularly silly country squire. He ended his review by stating that the true portrait of Charles Waterton must wait "until some kindred spirit shall arise, and so hold his mirror up to Nature that we may see a faithful portrait of a man for whom, from our very boyhood, we have felt the warmest affection". Whether a kindred spirit has arisen the present writer is not competent to say. If it has not, he hopes that very shortly one will arise who will do justice to the immortal memory of the Squire.

Although Sir Norman Moore is not included in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the obscure Dr. Hobson is, and his biography, written by Moore, is one of the most blighting in the whole series.

His book about Waterton was Hobson's only essay in literature: his real interests lay in the kennel and the stable.

If Hobson was flippant, in his clumsy way, over his hero and patient, young Norman Moore certainly was not. He was in deadly earnest about him, and took his hero and host extremely seriously, as became a young man of his age.

Every action of the old Squire, every word which fell from his lips, was carefully noted down in the boy's journal.

Whenever he arrived at Walton Hall the two would go off to look for birds' nests, climb trees, row on the lake, or perhaps watch the threshers at their work in the barn or the sheep being shorn on the farm.

In the evening, they would forgather in the Squire's bed-and-bird-skinning attic at the top of the house, where they would talk for hours.

Moore recounts how, on one of his visits, they went first of all to examine the starling's tower and then went on to the Grotto, where they sat by the fire and roasted chestnuts while they talked about Sterne and his starling.

Starlings seem to have been their chief interest that day,

for they next proceeded to climb up to the top of the crucifix at the Grotto, to count the eggs in another starling's nest.

The following day, a Sunday, Father Watson came over from Leeds to say Mass, and afterwards the three of them went rowing on the lake in the boat "Percy"; the barge, "Charon's Ferry", being used only to bring coal and heavy luggage to the island. They counted between thirty and forty coots and saw several kingfishers. One coot was observed slinking away from the "Eight Beatitudes", where she was suspected of having her nest.

Before the Squire built the great wall, there were very few coots and no kingfishers.

On another visit in April, Moore found the Squire looking well but suffering from frequent attacks of ague, contracted half a century before in the swamps of Guiana, and never cured.

The Squire liked every day, in any weather, to make a round of inspection of the park, to see that all was well with his birds, and to make sure that all his "dodges" for their comfort were in good order.

There was a wood-pigeon's nest in almost every tree, for since the order had been given that no guns were to be fired in the park, these usually shy birds had increased by vast numbers and become as tame as those in the London parks.

They visited the hollow trees, made rain-proof by wooden shelters, for owls and other birds which like to nest in dark places. Some of them are still standing in the park to-day. They stopped to admire the large bunches of mistletoe which the Squire had grafted on to various sorts of tree.

The "Seven Deadly Sins", a lime tree with seven trunks, and the "Twelve Apostles", a willow with twelve, the smallest being known as "James the less", would be examined, and the "Church and State", an elm and a fir, artificially entwined by the Squire, would be admired.

After this the two would pass on to one of the heronries and count the nests. The largest contained thirty-four. It was the keeper's duty, after a night of storm and high wind, to visit the heronries and gather up any young herons which had fallen out of their nests and then report to the Squire.



Courtesy of "The Illustrated London News"

CHARLES WATERTON'S FUNERAL : THE PROCESSION OF BOATS ON THE
LAKE



As no one else at Walton Hall would risk his neck climbing up to the top of these tall elms, it fell to the eighty-year-old man to do it, and up he would go, holding under one arm a squawking young heron, to replace it gently but firmly in its nest.

On very cold winter days they would remain indoors. In one of the windows of the drawing-room stood a large and powerful telescope with which the Squire was able to scan the lake in all directions. Through this telescope he and his guest would employ themselves counting the numbers of water-fowl in sight at one time. One day in January they counted 1640 mallard, widgeon, teal, and pochard, thirty coots, and twenty-eight Canada geese, while there must have been many more out of sight of the window. In addition to all these were a few cormorants, goosanders, tufted ducks, and quantities of moorhens.

One particularly cold day when the lake was covered with ice, wild duck kept arriving in parties from five or six to a dozen. After watching them for a while, Waterton turned and said, "Look, Norman, at the way the wild duck settle on the ice. They sail round, and come close to it, and you think they are going to settle, but no! they take another round, and then another.

"You think each time that they are going to end their flight, and each time you are disappointed. It always reminds me of a preacher in church. You think he has done his sermon, but no! he goes on with renewed vigour for another period. As you never know when the ducks will alight, so you can never tell when he will end."

The only birds to be fed in the winter were the jackdaws, for whom a few boiled potatoes were put out on the island in severe weather, although the water-hens would generally come and take their share.

It was not only water-birds which congregated in great numbers inside the protecting walls of Walton Park.

Not every bird-lover extends his charity to the carrion-crow, but Waterton did, for they were particular favourites of his. He held the theory that this bird, so hated and perse-

cuted by game and poultry-keepers, suffered unjustly from its unfortunate name. One of his essays, on the carrion-crow, begins:

"This warrior bird is always held up to public execration. The very word carrion, attached to his name, carries something disgusting with it; and no one ever shews him any kindness. Though he certainly has his vices, still he has virtues too, and it would be a pity if the general odium in which he is held should be the means, one day or another, of blotting out his name from the page of our British ornithology.

"With great propriety, he might be styled the lesser raven in our catalogue of native birds, for, to all appearance, he is a raven; and I should wish to see his name changed, were I not devoutly attached to the nomenclature established by the wisdom of our ancestors."

Waterton was proud of the number of "lesser ravens" which lived under his protection. The poultry-girl at Walton Hall was not, and was everlastingly complaining that they kept stealing eggs and chicks.

The Squire would boast, "I turn loose on the public, from my park, about threescore carrion-crows per annum; which no doubt are considered as a dangerous lot of rascals by the good folks in this neighbourhood".

Now and again he took a census of the carrion-crow population, and it was a proud day when he could at last report having counted over one hundred of these birds together!

Although protected by him, the Squire was not averse to a carrion-crow pie occasionally, which he found to be as tasty as a rook or pigeon pie. Sometimes he would have carrion-crow pie served up for his guests, and as long as they did not know what they were eating, they declared it delicious.

"Having fully satisfied myself of the delicacy of the flesh of young carrion-crows, I once caused a pie of these birds to be served up to two convalescent friends, whose stomachs would have yearned spasmodically had they known the nature of the dish. I had the satisfaction of seeing them make a hearty meal upon what they considered pigeon pie."

Other birds designated "vermin" were plentiful. On one day the Squire counted twenty-four kestrels' nests with eggs or young, and sparrow-hawks, owls, and in particular magpies, were equally plentiful.

He afforded protection to the magpie "with greater care than, perhaps, any other bird, on account of its having nobody to stand up for it. Both rich and poor seem to entertain so great an antipathy for this gay and lively bird in its wild state, that I often wonder how the breed has managed to escape utter extermination in this populous district. The country gentlemen all agree in signing the death-warrant of this friendless bird, because it is known to suck eggs, and to strangle young game; whilst, in general, the lower orders have an insurmountable prejudice against it, on the score of its supposed knowledge of their future destiny. My keeper both hates and fears a magpie; but self-interest forces upon the fellow the unpleasant task of encouraging the breed, in order to keep well with me."

Again writing of this bird, he says:

"I love in my heart to see a magpie, for it always puts me in mind of the tropics. There is such a rich glow of colour, and such a metallic splendour of plumage in this bird. . . ."

Nothing could demonstrate more clearly the Squire's attractive personality than the fact that in spite of all this steady encouragement of vermin, he was always on the best of terms with all his sporting neighbours.

In spite of protection (or because of it), the Canada geese never increased beyond some thirty birds. This was due almost entirely to the carrion-crows, which got most of the eggs, and even when a few were successfully hatched the "lesser ravens" ate most of them. When the present writer visited Walton Hall in 1939, a flock of ninety of these birds was on the lake, but not one carrion-crow was to be seen or heard.

Norman Moore mentions some other visitors to Walton Hall.

Most picturesque must have been Dr. Cornthwaite, Bishop of Beverley, who on warm days would sit dressed in his purple cassock in an armchair on the lawn of the island.

Another frequent visitor was Dr. Cleaton, the Superintendent of the West Riding Lunatic Asylum at Wakefield.

Canon Browne, who was the Squire's private chaplain and lived in the house, liked to describe how the lizards used to run along the ceiling of the refectory of the English college at Lisbon. He was an angler, and it was his duty to catch fish in the lake for the cats.

Once when Moore was there, the Squire's neighbour, Sir Lionel Pilkington of Chevet, arrived in high spirits to present Waterton with a bittern he had shot. The Squire was very angry and told the baronet, "Your father murdered the last raven in Yorkshire".

An unusual visitor who called on the Squire in March, 1865, was the French giant Monsieur Brice, who stood seven feet seven inches high and was stout in person, well made, and very polite. He brought with him his diminutive Irish wife, who apparently had not yet mastered the French language, for they were accompanied by an interpreter.

The object of Monsieur Brice's visit is not divulged; perhaps it was just mutual curiosity and admiration.

In May, 1865, Moore arrived on one of his now frequent visits just as the Angelus began to ring. He found another visitor there, a very old friend of the Squire's, Mr. Alexander Fletcher, who took part with him in that memorable walk to Rome in 1818.

The Squire disliked gossip, and avoided joining in it. One afternoon some people lamented over a lady of quality who had married her children's tutor, a person of low degree. Waterton said nothing at the time, but when a little later he and Moore were walking in the park, he suddenly turned to him and said, "You heard what they said, but the person I pity is the tutor".

The Squire's eighty-second birthday took place during one of the visits, and to celebrate the occasion he kicked off his shoes and, accompanied by his young guest, climbed almost to the top of an old oak tree. As Moore truly observes, "From constant practice he could ascend trees at an age when most men can hardly hobble with a stick".

There was one day in the year which Waterton never failed to celebrate. This was July 4, the anniversary of American independence. Then he would drink, in a glass of cold water, to the memory of George Washington, whose portrait hung in a place of honour in the dining-room.

Moore's note-books are full of curious little odds and ends about Waterton; not in themselves important, but they help to bring before us a clear portrait of the naturalist in his extreme old age.

Many are small, insignificant facts—that the Squire's watch had notches along the edge by which he could tell the time in the dark, being one example. He had learned this device when living in the tropics.

One day when the carriage had been ordered to take the ladies to Leeds, Waterton told Moore how, whenever his mother wished to go to Leeds, some twelve miles off, the big bell at the top of the house was rung as a signal for four horses to be brought down, perhaps from the plough, to draw the family coach.

In those eighteenth-century days no one at Walton Hall ever thought of going to London: and when one of the sons became a gamekeeper, no one appeared to think it strange.

Moore used to jot down little scraps of conversation which took place when they were sitting in the attic, or before the fire in the Grotto, or wandering about the park; how, for instance, at one time, owing to the general hardships and restrictions laid upon Catholics, the Watertons were wavering in their loyalty to the old faith, John Huddleston, the Benedictine monk who received the dying Charles II into the Roman Church, came to Walton Hall and "strengthened them in their faith".

Coffee used to be brought into the drawing-room after dinner. On the first evening Moore declined it, saying he had never acquired a taste for it. "Oh," said the Squire, "this is a West India House, you must take coffee", and thereupon poured him out a cup. After this he not only developed a taste for coffee, but, according to his son, became a prodigious drinker of it.

Once, as they were talking of Prince Charlie, the Young Pretender, Waterton whistled the tune of the *White Cockade* and then said, "Oh, we were once very proud of that here. If only that Prince Charlie had not turned off to debauchery, depend upon it we should not have the Brunswicks here now, but he did not fulfil the expectations he raised."

Another time the Squire warned Moore how imprudent it was to talk about birds' nests and their localities, as it might lead to their discovery and destruction by unscrupulous egg-collectors.

Speaking of the treatment by planters in Guiana of their slaves, Waterton put them down in the following order of merit: first, Spanish; second, Portuguese; third, Dutch; and last of all, the English.

Many words of wisdom which fell from time to time from his hero's lips were duly noted by Moore, with date and place, under the heading: *Praecepta Watertonica*.

These are a few of them:

"Never on any account omit to say your morning and night prayers, and always do so on your knees."

"Go to bed early, and get up early: the earlier the better."

"Make one firm resolution, never to touch wine or anything of the kind—say you promised the old Wanderer of Guiana that you would never do so." (As we were walking down the Ryeroyd Bank.)

"As much as you are able, look after your own property and your own affairs yourself." (At the fold.)

"I would rather have to do with a knave than with a fool."

"Learn from the cat to move quietly."

One of Waterton's idiosyncrasies was that he would never tell the day of his birth, though his friends knew that it was near the beginning of summer.

One day in 1864 he asked his sisters-in-law to come and see a cross which he had put up between two fine old oaks, said to be five hundred years old, in a distant part of the park. He said he specially wished them to come that day, which was the 3rd of June.

He rowed the ladies in the boat to the far end of the lake,

where it narrows, and when they arrived at the spot, he told them he intended to be buried there, and put his arms round the cross.

"Squire," said Eliza Edmonstone in Italian, for there was a man at work within hearing, "it is your birthday." Waterton smiled and bowed assent.

Thus it became known that he was born on the 3rd of June.

The Squire was fond of saying he wished no "storied urn, no animated bust" to stand over him when he was dead, only the simple epitaph:

ORATE PRO ANIMA
CAROLI WATERTON,
CUJUS FESSA
JUXTA HANC CRUCEM
SEPELIUNTUR OSSA.

Although he was by now eighty-two, the Squire was never idle for one moment.

Moore records how one evening in May at a quarter to six he found the Squire sitting in his little room before a roaring fire reading *Don Quixote*. To entertain him, Waterton shewed him a stuffed lobster, a fine fungus in process of preparation for the museum, and a large Bahia toad which he was painting. After this they sat and talked about Sterne, a favourite author of his, and about Dr. Henry Manning, who had just been made Archbishop of Westminster.

The following morning before breakfast, Moore was back again with the Squire, who had other treats in store for him; which included a hideous sea-monster made out of a devil-fish, and other creations of his lively imagination and ingenuity. He also shewed him a curious-looking object which he used to cure sciatica.

It was a dried fungus of some sort, into which a wooden peg had been fastened. According to Waterton, if this was rubbed briskly up and down the back of the sufferer it would cure that painful malady without fail.

Norman Moore was a keen and close observer. He missed nothing. Every detail was noted down in his journal, even a

complete inventory of the contents of the Squire's attic, of all those odds and ends which many men like to have around them, things which would be considered unworthy and unwelcome in the rest of a house.

He made his catalogue in November, 1864. It contains, amongst others, the following:

An old and stout sword, with buck horn hilt.

A picture of two cocks and a rabbit. Several stuffed objects.

A hornbill's head, a dried mushroom, and a Norwegian lobster.

Shelves filled with books—*Don Quixote*, Ovid, Johnson's Dictionary, Cobbett's *History of the Reformation*, *Life of St. Francis Xavier*, *Life of Giuseppe Labre*, a Spanish Grammar.

Waterton was a great reader of Cobbett. His *History of the Reformation* he would naturally approve of, and they shared the same views about other matters, such as the National Debt, factories, etc.

Over the door was a painting of a lobster with some fruit.

Next the door stood a chair with a jug and basin on it.

A "clever" pen-and-ink sketch of *Cocodoemon Noctifer* by Charles Weld.

A map of South America, shewing the track of the Jesuit missionaries.

Above the mantelpiece hung a small painting of a saint's head, and a photograph of the picture of the Virgin at Vicovaro.

By the window hung the brush of a cub fox.

The home life of naturalists differs from that of others.

To an ardent naturalist such as Waterton it did not appear strange to dissect a gorilla, far gone in decay, in the drawing-room after dinner.

That is what took place one February evening, 1865, at Walton Hall. The dead gorilla was a gift from an unknown admirer, but had, apparently, been delayed in transit.

Whether the Misses Edmonstone were consulted or not, history does not record: but it does say that after dinner the corpse was brought into the drawing-room in a wooden trough, and that the Squire, assisted by Dr. Wright of Wake-

field and young Norman Moore, made a thorough post-mortem examination.

Moore's note is brief: "Beast must have been a huge one—epidermis peeling off—a sad case".

One can make a shrewd guess at the reason for this unusual brevity on the part of the chronicler.

One day the Squire was much disturbed when John Ogden came up to the Hall to report that a fox had somehow got into the park and had killed several Canada geese.

"The Devil has got into Paradise," exclaimed the Squire, "he must be killed."

The following morning the keeper appeared at the front door and brought with him the corpse of the marauder.

Norman Moore had become so favoured a guest that he was allowed the rare privilege of being permitted, indeed welcomed, to visit the Squire in his attic at any hour of the day or night.

On the night of May 24, 1865, he paid his last visit.

He was working for an examination at the time and had been studying mathematics in his room, the Red-room closet, until nearly midnight, and not feeling ready for bed he thought he would go and peep into the Squire's room to see if he was still awake.

He found the old man asleep in his chair by the fireside, wrapped up in his great Italian cloak, with his head resting on his wooden pillow on the little table.

Waterton was always a light sleeper, and he awoke and invited Norman in, while he went, as was his invariable habit at midnight, for a few minutes into the chapel to visit the Blessed Sacrament. When he returned they talked together for three-quarters of an hour about brown owls, night-jars, and on many other topics of mutual interest.

At breakfast the following morning the Squire said to Moore, "That was a very pleasant little confab we had last night; I do not suppose there was another such going on in England at the same time."

THE LAST

THE day which began so cheerfully was destined to end in sorrow.

After breakfast, Father Aire, who had said Mass, went fishing, and Norman rowed the Squire to the farther end of the lake and moored the boat opposite the cross which stood between the two ancient oaks.

A farm-hand, George Etherington, went with them in the boat, to cut down some alder trees by the "Twelve Apostles", which the Squire was to mark.

As the three of them were walking across a narrow plank bridge, the Squire, who, although eighty-three, was carrying a large log, caught his foot in a bramble and fell heavily.

He was severely shaken, and after making an attempt to walk, lay down on the ground, saying, "Oh! I think I am dying". However, after a rest he struggled up and called to Etherington to say he would mark the trees, and pointed out which were to be felled.

He firmly refused Norman's offer of his arm, but when getting into the boat said apologetically, "I am afraid I must ask you to help me in".

Norman had to lift him in, but as he weighed less than ten stone in spite of his six feet height, this was easily managed. The Squire sat in the stern holding the tiller, but he did not steer; this was done by Norman with the oars.

When they landed on the island Waterton was able to walk unaided to the house, where, after changing his coat, he went and sat on the sofa in the downstairs sitting-room, saying he felt a little better.

While he was out of the room Norman told Lydia and Alexander Fletcher about the accident.

As soon as the Squire entered the sitting-room, Fletcher asked him how he felt, at which the Squire turned to Norman and said, "I thought you knew better than to talk out of school; I meant to have told you before we came in".

While the whole household was bustling about, Norman went off on horseback to Wakefield to fetch Mr Horsfall the surgeon. For some reason or other all intercourse between the Squire and Dr. Hobson had ceased a few years earlier. On his way back he met Lydia driving in the whitechapel, a light two-wheeled springed cart, on her way to Wakefield for the holy oil.

When he reached the Hall he found his old friend in great pain, and demanding to be allowed to go up to his own room at the top of the house. A chair was brought to carry him in, but he refused it, and pushed aside those who offered to help him, and although doubled up with pain, he persisted in walking up the stairs without help, and would have gone up to his own room if, for the sake of saving trouble to others, he had not been induced to stop half-way in Elizabeth's sitting-room.

Here he lay down on a sofa in the middle of the room—nobody had the temerity to suggest a bed—while the doctor attended to him.

Notwithstanding his distress, the Squire was interested when some leeches were applied to his skin, and said, "Now let us do things neatly".

In spite of his little attempts to joke and be cheerful, it soon became obvious to everybody that he was desperately ill.

A telegram was sent to inform his son Edmund, who was in attendance on the Pope, Pius IX, at the Vatican.

Later on in the day a telegram arrived from Rome bringing the Squire the Pope's benediction.

During the afternoon his old friend Dr. Cleaton called, and the Squire told him how the accident happened and invited him to stay and have a dish of tea with him.

The following morning the patient seemed a little better, and asked Norman if the men had got the turnips in yet, and

what natural history he had observed, and was very much pleased to hear he had seen two cuckoos.

Mrs. Tottie, the old housekeeper, kept annoying him by repeatedly trying to cheer him up by saying, "You'll be better in the morning, sir"; to which he would reply, "I'm not so sure of that". In the late afternoon Mr. Horsfall called again and brought with him in consultation Dr. Wright.

When they left him to go into the next room, the Squire asked Norman if he had any change, if not, to tell Elizabeth to pay the doctors, saying, "I always pay them immediately after a consultation".

During the night, while Norman was sitting by the sofa, the Squire told him to tell Lydia about Mass, as there were to be two the next morning, one at six and one half an hour later.

As the night progressed he became weaker and was in great pain. He asked to have the window opened so that he could hear the corncrakes, which kept creaking all through the night in the meadow across the moat.

When Father Browne told him he would give him the Last Sacrament, the old Squire pulled himself upright without help, sat in the middle of the sofa, and gave his blessing in turn to his grandchildren, Charlie and Mary, to both his sisters-in-law, to his niece Lydia, and to Norman, and left a message for Edmund, who was hurrying back from Rome.

He then received the Last Sacrament, repeated all the responses, the whole of the *Confiteor* in Latin, St. Bernard's hymn in English, and the two first verses of the *Dies Irae*.

The end was now drawing very near, and shortly after two in the morning of May 27, 1865, the old Squire died, clasping in his hands a malachite and bronze crucifix which had belonged to one of the English royal line, the Cardinal of York.

Norman Moore, who was at his side till the end, wrote in his journal:

"The window was open. The sky was beginning to grow gray, a few rooks had cawed, the swallows were twittering, the landrail was creaking from the Ox-close, and his favourite

cock, which he used to call his morning gun, leaped out from some hollies, and gave his accustomed crow.

"The ear of his master was deaf to the call. He had obeyed a sublimer summons, and had woke up to the glories of the eternal world."

With his death the story of the Wanderer might well be brought to a close, but it would be incomplete without some account of the Squire's funeral, for as his life differed from the lives of other men, so did the manner of his burial.

After his passing, Mass was said by Canon Browne in the family chapel. This was larger than the Squire's own little chapel under the roof. It stood on the island and abutted on the house.

After the service, the Altar of Our Lady caught fire and blazed up, and for a short while it seemed as if the Hall itself might be set on fire and burnt down, but fortunately the flames were extinguished in time.

The funeral did not take place until a week later, on Saturday, June 3. He had left minute instructions for the ceremony, which commenced at nine o'clock. Long before that hour the mourners had begun to arrive, to follow the Squire to his grave.

Charles Weld of Chidlock, Dr. Cornthwaite, the Bishop of Beverley, Father G. Waterton of Ushaw College, Canon Walker of Scarborough, Alfred Ellis of Belgrave, Henry Maxwell of Scarningwell, Alexander Fletcher, and many of the neighbouring gentry of the West Riding, were present.

As neither of the chapels was large enough, the entrance hall was turned into one for the occasion, and draped with black cloth.

After the Office for the Dead was said, a requiem high mass was sung by the Bishop of Beverley, for the first and last time in the history of Walton Hall. Before the door on a catafalque rested the coffin, which after Mass was borne in procession headed by the Bishop accompanied by the mourners and fourteen priests carrying lighted tapers, and followed by Edmund Waterton, the chief mourner, through the old water-gate and placed in the barge, "Charon's Ferry", which was draped with black.

On the oak coffin was a brass plate bearing the Waterton family arms—Barry of six ermine and gules over all three crescents sable—and motto—

“Better kinde fremd than fremde kynd.”

The slowly moving procession of boats along the lake must have been an impressive spectacle.

At the head was a large barge carrying the Bishop of Beverley in his purple vestments, and the officiating black-robed priests, chanting the Office for the Dead as they slowly rowed along.

Next came “Charon’s Ferry”, which bore the coffin.

Then followed the mourners in boats draped in black.

At the close of the procession came another boat, also draped, but empty.

This was the “Percy”, the Squire’s own boat, in which he had spent some of the happiest hours of his life on the lake on whose banks he had chosen to be buried.

The tenantry with hundreds of other mourners walked along the two sides of the lake, keeping pace with the slowly moving boats.

The burial service, held at the grave between the two old oak trees, was conducted by the Bishop, assisted by the fourteen priests, the ceremony terminating with the Benedictus.

While the clergy were chanting the canticle, a linnet in one of the oaks joined its song to theirs.

Into the open grave at the foot of the plain stone cross the mortal remains of Charles Waterton were laid to their eternal rest, within sight of the trees and within sound of the birds he loved.

On the base of the cross was the inscription, chosen by the Squire:

ORATE PRO ANIMA
CAROLI WATERTON
CUJUS FESSA
JUXTA HANC CRUCEM
SEPELIUNTUR OSSA.

Natus 1782

Obit 1865

Eighty-three being his age, eighty-three aged men and women, who had been invited to attend the funeral, received on leaving a loaf and a sixpence each.

The new Squire of Walton was a very different man from his father. When he came into his inheritance Edmund Waterton was thirty-five years of age and "a tall and strongly built man, quite unlike his father, and indeed seemed to me of some little-known race".

This is an interesting observation, for when it was made, Moore apparently did not know, or else had forgotten, the ancestry of Mrs. Charles Waterton; otherwise he would have guessed that the little-known race was the Indian tribe of the Arowaks of Guiana.

In almost every attribute the son differed from the father, except in being a devout Catholic.

As we learned from Mrs. Byrne, he was extremely good-looking in an ornate way, of a type sometimes spoken of as "too good-looking".

From his school-days he had an overpowering love of finery, even at Stonyhurst he was famous for the colour and number of his fancy waistcoats.

This love of dress must have been a constant source of sorrow to his father, who had a strong dislike for what he termed "men-milliners".

Edmund was educated at Stonyhurst but never took up any profession.

Later on he became a privy chamberlain to Pope Pius IX, from whom he received the Order of Christ in 1858.

He married twice; first, the daughter of Sir John Ennis, Bart., of Ballinahown, Co. Westmeath, much to his father's annoyance, who refused to sign the marriage settlement. By this marriage he had two children: a son Charlie, who was baptized Edmund Charles Maria Joseph Aloysius Pius, and a daughter with the single and simple name of Mary.

His second wife was the only child of John Mercer of Alston Hall in Lancashire, by whom he had two daughters.

He was extravagant, generous, and lived beyond his means.

Besides making a collection of historical rings, part of which is now in the South Kensington Museum, he collected editions, printed and manuscript, of the *De Imitatione Christi*, two hobbies which were likely to be very expensive ones.

His only publications were a brief description of some of his rings and several essays on devotion to the Blessed Virgin in England.

He was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant of the County.

When he travelled on the Continent, he used to describe himself on his visiting-cards as the "28th Lord of Walton, of Walton Castle".

He was a very kind man and generous to a fault.

To young Norman Moore he offered to give a first folio edition of Shakespeare's *King Richard II*, which contains a reference by name to Sir Robert Waterton, and had been purchased by his descendant Thomas Waterton when it was published in 1597. This Moore refused to accept, saying that such a precious heirloom ought to remain in the family. In its stead he accepted a wooden inkstand which had belonged to Edmund's aunt Bedingfeld, given to Sir Edward Bedingfeld by the poet Gray, who used it when writing the "Elegy". In the Squire's day it used to stand on a table in the drawing-room at Walton Hall.

It is now the treasured possession of Sir Alan Moore.

In 1870, only five years after he inherited Walton Hall, Edmund Waterton, owing to his extravagant way of living, was compelled to throw his affairs into Chancery, and on May 30th of that year the Hall was on view for the sale of the furniture.

But this did not have the effect of teaching Edmund the necessity for economy, and six years later he was declared bankrupt and the whole estate, Walton Hall, Park, everything, was sold for the sum of £114,000.

Thus the family, which had continued at Walton Hall in unbroken succession from father to son from 1435 to 1876, lost their possessions and became strangers to the county

which had sheltered fourteen generations of them for over four centuries.

And who was the wealthy purchaser of Walton Hall?

None other than the soap-boiler whom the Squire fought in the law courts and compelled to abate the nuisance which caused his trees to die from the poisonous fumes from his factory.

It was a favourite pleasantry on the part of the Squire to say that after he was dead and buried his spirit would return to wander about the house of his ancestors and the park he so dearly loved, which had been the home of the Watertons for twenty-seven generations.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the Squire's ghost never does return.

Poor Waterton; what changes he would find. No one of his name or family there; gone the brave and happy days of old Yorkshire hospitality.

Certainly he would find little change in the general aspect of the park, and his ghost would note with pleasure that his thirty Canada geese have increased to nearly a hundred, due, no doubt, to a drastic reduction in the population of carrion-crows. Should his spirit enter the Hall and glide up the wide staircase to revisit his little attic and the chapel of St. Catherine, what will it find?

The attic turned into a lumber-room, though it is difficult to see to what other purpose it could be put. As to the chapel, his ghost would find it contained two objects. One would puzzle the Squire, for it is a ping-pong table.

The other he would recognize and highly disapprove of, since he held the view that dogs should be kept in kennels and not in houses.

It is a circular wicker basket for a spaniel to sleep in, complete with blanket and drinking-bowl. It may be mere mawkish sentiment, but somehow, when we remember what that little room meant to the Squire, and how he never failed to kneel there and pray at midnight and again in the early hours each morning, one cannot but wish that it had been put to some other use than a dormitory for a dog.

As to the grave, it is, or was a few months ago, a sad and sorry sight. The two ancient oaks which stood on either side of the tomb lay rotting on the ground, still entwined with iron bands which some friend of the Squire's must have placed to support them.

The rusty iron railing which surrounds the grave was broken. The whole place looked sad and neglected, as though the old Wanderer was forgotten and uncared for.

It would cost so little to remove the dead tree-trunks, to mend and paint the railings, and to cut the nettles and brambles which grow there in such profusion.

But if Edmund Waterton had had his way things would have been even worse.

He was a man who liked display. He revered the memory of his dead father, even if, in life, the two had little in common except their religion.

He announced one day to his horror-stricken aunts, Eliza and Helen, that he had decided to erect over his father's grave a magnificent mausoleum. It was to be something really handsome and worthy of his illustrious sire, and expense was to be of no consideration whatever. The aunts and the Squire's friends were horrified, and pleaded all in vain, and that magnificent mausoleum would have been erected but for the providential intervention of the Duke of Norfolk.

The relationship between Charles and Edmund Waterton must have been that of many a "Father and Son" whose tastes and outlook are divergent, as is borne out by Mrs. Pitt Byrne. In all the one hundred and eighty long letters which the Squire wrote over a period of forty years to his friend George Ord, and which are full of trivial news about the family and household, there is scarcely a mention of Edmund after he grew up.

If they did not get on well together it would be unfair to blame the son, who from all accounts was a kindly and likeable person.

But to be a friend of Charles Waterton you needed to be something of a naturalist, to like and be interested in the out-of-door things he loved.

Edmund cared for none of these; probably he did not know the difference between a bullfinch and a chaffinch, or between a jackdaw and a crow.

Also his love of fine clothes must have been an ever-present source of annoyance to his father.

He did what the Squire would never consent to do; allowed himself to be appointed a magistrate and deputy Lord-Lieutenant of the county, an honour which incidentally carried with it the right to wear a handsome uniform on official occasions.

After leaving Walton Hall, Edmund Waterton was content to believe that an obscure house near the village of Deeping St. James in Lincolnshire, which he renamed Deeping Waterton Hall, and which he afterwards lived in, was part of a more ancient possession of the Watertons. There he died in 1887, and was buried in a lead coffin in the private chapel of the house.

Thirty years after the Squire's death, Mrs. Pitt Byrne made a grave mistake.

In the autumn of 1891, happening to be in Yorkshire, the idea came to her to revisit the scenes of the happy days spent at Walton Hall.

She should have known better; for what could she expect but sadness and disappointment.

Far better to retain happy memories unspoiled than to ruin them for ever by going back.

"The Estate", she knew, "had passed into other hands—was shorn not only of its ancestral glories, but of all its traditional idiosyncrasies, and had become so utterly desecrated as to have fallen into the hands of, we are told, a *parvenu* soap-boiler.

"Poor old Squire! Though humility in person, he had never felt called upon to divest himself of an honourable pride in his forebears—the pride of well-preserved chivalrous and religious antecedents. Now, all connection with these was ignored. His 'sacred clay' sold with the soil—bought and owned with the estate—like a slave on a slave-owner's estate—by an uncultivated and unappreciative successor.

"Alas, that such things should be! Life is indeed made up of terrible and startling paradoxes. 'Sunt lachrymae rerum!'"

Although we may blame her tactlessness, yet it is impossible not to sympathize with her rage and indignation when we read the description of her reception at the house of her old friend.

"I had addressed a polite note to the occupiers of the moment, briefly telling my reasons for troubling them with the request to be allowed to invade the—to me—endeared precincts for a few moments, the last opportunity I was ever likely to have of revisiting them. . . ."

The visitor to the Hall walked from the railway station at Sandal Magna and found little changed until she reached the narrow bridge connecting the Hall with the mainland, where she "was disappointed to observe that ruthless and ignorant hands had been at work clearing away relics eminently interesting to those who knew their history, and probably no one in the Hall was in that number".

Arrived at the front doors, no longer thrown hospitably open, she was comforted to see the same grotesque knockers.

In answer to her knock, in due time one door was opened by "a rough lad in a shabby page's livery", who returned into the house with her card.

After waiting some while, soliloquizing over the old days and the old order of things, there entered the hall, not the new owner of Walton, but "a flippant, off-hand, but not altogether disrespectful, young man-servant. There was nothing of the venerable family butler about him, but he was very well for the mushroom flunkey of a *nouveau riche*."

We can almost see the wrath rising in the indignant Mrs. Byrne, who was still more infuriated to note that the flippant footman advancing towards her was twisting between his fingers her own visiting-card.

"Mrs. Soap-boiler was evidently indifferent to the Squire's friends, and did not care to hear about him . . . she had not even enough manners to ask me into the house, and probably had not appreciation enough to understand that I had desired to revisit some of the rooms."

We will not accompany Mrs. Byrne and the footman on their walk of inspection. Vandalism, neglect, and sacrilege—according to the poor lady—followed one after the other.

At length they reached the grave at the lake-side.

“When we approached the consecrated little nook where reposes all that now remains of the active, energetic frame of him who erst animated this place, its utter solitude and abandonment was chilling in the extreme, and its neglected appearance was sadly suggestive of the fact that of the dear man’s kith and kin none were near to honour his memory.

“The cross indeed remained standing, but the lettering was so thickly overgrown with moss that it could scarcely be deciphered by any one not previously acquainted with the words, and so could never tell the visitor *whose* ‘weary bones’ lie near that cross.”

Thus this experiment to bring to life for an hour the living past with its joys and sunshine had proved a dismal failure. The ending of it was well in keeping with the rest.

While in the middle of the park, out of reach of any sort of shelter, they were caught in a violent storm. The rain came down in torrents and quickly drenched the old lady and her little granddaughter, as well as, we hope, the footman. Their umbrellas were useless in such a gale.

By the time they neared the house, the old lady and her granddaughter were drenched to the skin. Did the footman offer them shelter? No; not even of a shed, nor did any of the family, who the footman had admitted *were* at home, think to invite them in to dry their clothes. Traps and horses there were in plenty in the stables, but the sopping, sad, angry, and disillusioned old lady was left to tramp back to the station with the little girl, through the rain and mud.

Her final comment is: “The dear old Squire little thought when he so affectionately pressed me to pay Walton another visit, that this was the sort of reception in store.”

The charming incident which took place at the Squire’s burial, when a linnet burst into song while the priests were

chanting the canticle at the graveside, grew in time into a legend worthy of St. Francis of Assisi himself.

The original story appeared in Waterton's obituary notice in the *Illustrated London News* of June 17, 1865.

A few years afterwards, Mrs. Byrne was told in all seriousness and absolute good faith by the Squire's sisters-in-law that while his coffin was being slowly rowed along the lake towards the grave beneath the oak trees a flight of small birds, gathering numbers as it went, followed the procession, fluttering over their friend's coffin, until it reached its final destination.

The ladies were quite positive about it.

This surely is an example of how such beliefs are born, grow, and at last become firmly established in the minds and hearts of perfectly honest and devout persons.

Should the Squire ever be canonized, and become Saint Charles of Walton, and Patron Saint of the Birds of England, what an enchanting story will be attached to his memory.

After all, why should not Charles Waterton be canonized? In the *Book of Saints* there occur the names of many who have less claim to saintship than the devout and lovable Squire of Walton.



CHARLES WATERTON

from a sketch by Percy Fitzgerald

By courtesy of National Portrait Gallery.

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